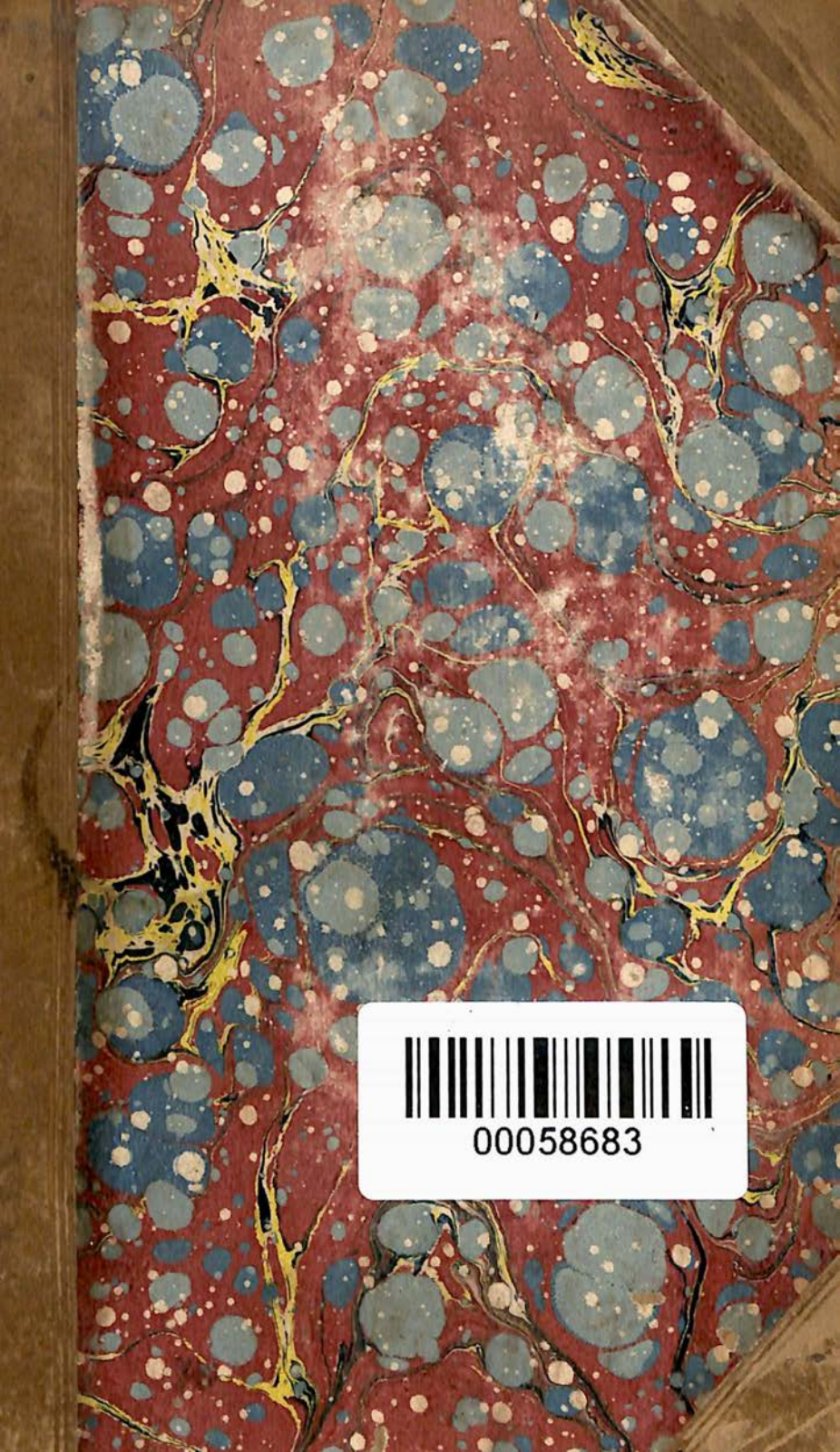
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OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

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THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS

&c.

INTRODUCTION.

On February 17, 1868, at noon, the reverberation of a gun from the deck of the 'Ethiopia' gave the signal for our departure; we were leaving Madeira for the Canaries. Our farewells exchanged and the champagne glasses emptied, our friends jumped into their boat; it was high time, for the screw was already in motion. Not a word had been said at parting; a close embrace, a clasp of the hand, and it was over. But our English fellow-travellers were not content with this, for, just as I felt my eyes beginning to moisten, a formidable chorus resounded: hip, hip, hip, hurrah! hip, hip, hip, hurrah! It was the farewell to the boat which conveyed their friends back to Madeira.

With the help of our glasses, we admire the panorama of Funchal, and the circle widens as it recedes. It is certainly a beautiful landscape; gradually it becomes indistinct and disappears. To amuse ourselves, let us study the little moving world on board the African Steam

Company's vessel. There is only one lady, the wife of the captain, on her way to join—her regiment? No, her husband. Here are two captains of artillery going to brave the deadly climate of Sierra Leone; a mining engineer going to wash gold in the nameless rivers of the great or little Popo, the Drumas, or of Coya, accompanied by a mining captain; on my right a Swiss, travelling for his health, with whom I made an excursion to Cintra a year ago; on my left, a young Frankforter, an amateur naturalist, a pleasant young fellow of five and twenty, with a collection of bicoloured parroquets and those pretty little birds from the coast of Africa of which I only know the popular names, *freyrinha* (little monk), *peito-celestes* (blue-breasts), with sky blue breasts and tails, and *viuvas* (widows), with black plumage, and long slender tails which terminate in a beautiful plume. Messrs. Brünner and Krauss and I, after spending some months at Madeira, were now on our way to the Canaries together.

Opposite to us, we notice a man six feet high, square shouldered, with the limbs of an athlete, and strong bony hands; he wears very wide-soled shoes; his thick hair is beginning to turn grey; his light blue eyes are clear and pleasant; teeth like ivory, a little large perhaps; a prominent nose; a large mouth; two tufts of grey hair like a goat's beard pendent from his chin; the rest of the face carefully shaved: such is the man. A boy of sixteen sits near him. These are two Americans, or rather, two Canadians from Quebec. Let us just mention besides: a Frenchman on his way to an isolated settlement near the

Cape of Good Hope to set up flour and saw mills; in the forepart of the vessel are two Belgians, taciturn but civil, smoking incessantly; also some women, of whom doubtless a celebrated council was thinking, when, by a majority of one, it granted the sex a human soul; it is the only human attribute belonging to these creatures, who are going to Port Natal, there to make some kind of marriages. Just now they are undergoing the agony of sea-sickness, which does not improve their appearance, but quite the contrary.

Such is the group assembled on board the vessel, to which must be added the officers and the doctor: all these are entered in the ship's books; but besides these, there are some smuggled goods. A white wooden box, behind the iron bars of which two monkeys are chattering; an immense chest, to one of the handles of which is fastened a white poodle, with its hind parts shaved and bunches of hair at its feet and the end of its tail; two Italians, wearing the traditional velveteen jacket, are leaning on the poop railing; a Piedmontese on a small mattress is endeavouring to rock to sleep a little girl of seven whom sea-sickness keeps awake; the great chest, half open, displays the dresses of the dog, the monkeys, and the little girl; it is a complete *troupe*. The habitable earth is exasperated by barrel organs; when to the man and the instrument is added the animal, dog or monkey, and then a child, it is terrible. These people speak an Italian patois, and mean to try their fortune in Teneriffe.

The sea is magnificent; a light breeze carries us gently

on; the sails help the steam and give the ship that air of bending coquetry which suits it so well. Currents, trade winds, steam, everything is in our favour, and according to the wonted order of things; in returning, wind and current will be against us. You, romantic traveller, may lament this chimney which coughs, spits, and blackens sails and cordage; I, less poetical, calculate and say to myself that the spitting, coughing engine is carrying us on at a rate of twelve knots an hour, and long life to steam!

Just at first, we watch each other, everyone is stiff, in a kind of hedgehog's armour; but gradually this is thrown off, and individualities assert themselves. Brünner remarks that the captain's wife would be pretty if that terrible dyspepsia had not changed her English lilies and roses into a sort of clay colour; even after six months in Europe, her eyes still have the sickly look which equatorial stations give to foreigners. 'The wife of a soldier,' he tells me, 'is a soldier;' and it is the truth, for she chats with the two captains, and the conversation of these three is only interesting as showing the similarity of English officers' manners to those of officers of other countries.

Brünner is drinking lemonade as a preventive of sea-sickness. The young German is looking after his birds, which he hopes to take back to Frankfort, after carrying them through the Canaries, Spain, and France. He wishes to present these living souvenirs of his travels to some fair German *Jungfrau*. His portfolios are overflowing with flowers from Madeira.

Brünner and the young German speak English and French, and Spanish and Portuguese, passably. The captain's wife can only speak English, having forgotten her school-girl French, and her dozen lessons for singing in Italian. The mining engineer and captain keep quite to themselves, or read and smoke. The Frenchman is very unfortunate; he only knows French, and has no one to speak to. The American has not uttered a word since we left Madeira; he sits with his feet in the air, displaying his formidable pair of shoes; his son is reading Don Quixote in Spanish; from time to time he asks a question of his father, who mutters an answer, briefly but kindly.

A bell rings for dinner; the captain sits at the head of the table and carves; the stewards hand round the dishes—boiled leg of mutton, covered with caper sauce, an underdone piece of beef, and boiled ham. Between and around these three dishes, kept hot by shining metal covers big enough to cover Tom Thumb, are potatoes, cooked in various ways, cabbages, peas, French beans, cauliflowers: it is the everlasting English dinner—grave, serious, religiously swallowed, and washed down with pale ale or stout. Now comes the dessert: hail to the Stilton cheese! the king of cheeses, in spite of Roquefort and Brie; then every tropical fruit; then come wine, brandy, and champagne; toasts are given: the lady retires. It is now six o'clock; at eight these topers reappeared on deck, melancholy, morose, devoid of expression.

At ten o'clock everyone is in bed; the night is beautiful; the stars shine in the dark sky. I remain on deck, for

there are two of us in my cabin, and I prefer sleeping under the awning to sharing an amount of air which is not sufficient for one person.

Thus a day has passed without any important incident. A young whale has shown itself to starboard, blown its two jets, and disappeared; the seals which frequent especially the seas surrounding the islands of the Atlantic, and monstrous tunny-fish, disport themselves for our amusement; suddenly one of the oxen in the fore part of the vessel, having broken loose, comes up gravely to pay a visit to the passengers aft and chat familiarly with the man at the wheel. He is taken back with some trouble. This event amuses the English, who are not in the least frightened at this unexpected visit; being nearly all brought up in the country, they are well accustomed to domestic animals.

At dawn next day we see some birds, and on the horizon the jagged line of the mountains of Teneriffe; the Peak is obscured by clouds, so that we can only see its base, the large foundation on which the cone rests. Can the Peak be seen fifty leagues off? Travellers have said so; certain it is that it can be seen at an immense distance, only it is rarely visible. In these African latitudes, the sun absorbs the sea water to such an extent that, at a certain height, the vapour is condensed and remains suspended in the air until the wind disperses it, or until some unusual atmospheric accident resolves it into rain. If one could reach Venus or any other planet in a balloon, the earth would be seen to be surrounded between the tropics by a cloud belt. It is in this part of the ocean

that the great work of absorption is chiefly carried on, which draws up the salt water and distributes it as gracious soft-water rain over the various countries; the great mountains attract these clouds, and by their aid form those precious reservoirs of perpetual snow and ice which prevent the waters from flowing too quickly and allow them only to filter through by degrees, thus forming rivers and streams. Such is the use of these mountains. The Peak holds fast the clouds without which the island would perish of thirst; these clouds come down in rain all over the mountain, and the sun continually forms fresh ones. This is why the Peak is so often veiled and invisible. It is only in the morning, and on perfectly clear days that the whole of the famous cone can be seen.

And now we are off the island, and can observe its capes bristling with basaltic rocks; on the north-east point is a first-class Fresnel light-house; on our left is Gran Canaria, on our right Palma. The other Islands are too far off to be seen. We enter the canal and approach the shore. Here is the roadstead; the town of Santa Cruz appears; at first sight there is nothing very striking; the country is arid and treeless, the outspurs of the mountains are bare; the sun is sinking and the town looks dreary: it is an African landscape.

Shall we reach the port of Santa Cruz before six o'clock? that is the question: if we are a quarter of an hour late, the quarantine officers will not come, and we shall have to stay in the roadstead till morning; from which melancholy fate may heaven preserve us! There is nothing so wearying as remaining at anchor in an open roadstead:

the chains rattle, the tiller creaks, unusual sounds or an unnatural silence prevent sleep.

Here comes the quarantine boat at last; a boatman holds out a pole to an officer on board, who hands down the necessary papers on a boathook, and thus in due time they reach the quarantine officer. A puerile formality! as there is neither fever, cholera, scurvy, nor leprosy amongst us, we are allowed to disembark, a somewhat difficult proceeding in the teeth of a strong north-east wind; our baggage is seized upon by a swarm of porters, and thus escorted, surrounded by these bodyguards, whose cleanliness is so doubtful that we cannot touch them, we gain our hotel.

Hail, Santa Cruz de Teneriffe, capital of the Archipelago of the Canaries!

TENERIFFE.

Chapter I.

THE TOWN OF SANTA CRUZ.

Before describing the capital of the Canaries, it will be as well to give a general idea of the island of Teneriffe and some indispensable geographical details.

The best maps of the island are those of Leopold von Buch,—engraved by Tardieu, published in 1831,—Webb and Berthelot. The shape of the island is extremely irregular, for, from north-east to south-west, the coast-line is 63 miles, while it is only 36 across at the widest part. Its circumference is 162 miles. The part stretching towards the north is the narrowest, being less than 16 miles across; its shores are steep and interspersed with deep ravines. In the centre of the island is a gigantic Peak, whose pyramidal summit appears above the clouds. This Peak is the centre of a circle of more than 30 miles in circumference of tiers of mountains! The cone, or sugar loaf, is 12,000 feet high, nearly as high as Mont Blanc; a lower group of mountains are around its base, while, on the east and west, two mountain chains are

terminated on the coast by the immense promontories of Tino and Anaga.

The island of Teneriffe contains 100,000 inhabitants.

The capital is Santa Cruz, with 11,000 inhabitants. The principal towns are: La Orotava, with 8,000 inhabitants; Laguna, with 7,000; Guarachico, with 2,000; Puerta, with 3,000. The ancient Latin name of Teneriffe was Nivaria; in the Guanche language, Tinerf, Tenerfe, or Tehenerfe.

The island of Teneriffe does not abound in water, for the southern shore has none. It is plain that there can be no river in an island so high above the level of the sea, for the mountain torrents flow with astonishing speed and reach the sea after the course of only a few yards. Plentiful springs abound in the laurel groves of the north and east; even in the lower slopes some are found, which have probably filtered through from the heights; and in the north, springs are found close to the sea.

The action of the volcanic force which has broken up this mountain range into fragments has not stopped at Teneriffe or the other Canary Islands: starting from the Azores, and extending as far as the Bissagos Islands to the south of Cape Verd, this mighty agency, whilst isolating these various archipelagoes, has formed the volcanic chain which Humboldt called the longitudinal valley of the Atlantic.

The Guanches were the indigenous inhabitants of the Islands.

Teneriffe is about 60 miles long, and 20 broad: its area is about 1,225 square miles.

Enough of geography for the present.

After several nights at sea, one sleeps badly on shore; the bed seems to swing, the ceiling and floor to go round. We must make the best of it. In these latitudes, the days and nights are nearly equal; there is hardly any dawn or twilight; besides, although it is only April, it is very warm; the mornings and evenings are delicious; the nights are so beautiful and still that one has no wish to go to bed; therefore one must of necessity take a siesta in the daytime.

We were up at dawn, watching from our windows the rising sun, which threw its slanting rays over the sea, and gilded the mountains. Our hotel has an easterly aspect, and looks out upon the roadstead. If the roadstead looks well from the sea, from the land the Mole appears insufficient, badly planned; besides, it is scarcely more than begun—although 300 years old! This Mole is only a jetty, about 400 or 500 yards in length, broad at the beginning, and very narrow at the end. There are granite steps in two places to allow passengers to embark directly from the Mole, when the weather permits; two lines of rails go from one end of the jetty to the other; they start from the foot of the neighbouring mountain, and were laid down for the carriage of stones with which it was intended to prolong the jetty.

The guard-house at the entrance to the Mole forms part of a fort called Fort San Cristobal, adjoining which is a curious Moorish building with painted red and green colonnades; this is the governor's house. Near it is the fish market, a small but pretty, elegant, and clean building,

erected in 1865 by the fishmongers themselves. The fittings are of white marble, and the walls are covered to the height of a man's head with squares of white porcelain, like those one sees in Holland, about Delft; two pumps furnish an abundant supply of water. At the entrance to the Mole, on the left, is the office of the maritime inspection for sailors and porters. On the Mole are some old cannon, eaten with rust, which recall the past splendours of Spain, and her present degradation; beside them lie pyramids of useless cannon-balls. To this contemptible arsenal I prefer these buoys, these English anchors, and these immense blocks of granite, which seem to prove a wish to set to work in earnest; but the works are constantly interrupted for want of money, and the jealous ocean undoes each day the work of the previous one, when any work has been done.

Close to Fort San Cristobal is a square building with a large portico; the inscription tells us that this edifice, intended for a custom-house, was erected in the reign of Charles V. The colonnaded *patio* (courtyard) supports a fine balcony. The custom-house is now never used, Santa Cruz being a free port.

On the right is the Rambla, the promenade. It is somewhat too short; the entrance is through a stone arch, in the absurd rococo style. Another of those senseless doors which neither shut nor open—a door in an open road! It has marble bas-reliefs, and at the top are vases, from which issue not flowers but flames. On the tympanum is the name of him who ordered the erection of the said arch: Charles III. How many princes have thus immor-

talised their bad taste! If Charles III. the Builder did great things, yet his achievements were not always happy. The marble fountain at the end, though small, is very elegant.

Opposite is the Plaza de la Constitucion, which is paved like the square of St. Mark at Venice. At the left-hand corner is the residence of the governor of the province of the Canary Islands; it is very unpretending in appearance; the royal arms over the door are the only indication of distinction; on the right is a private house, very handsome and very well built, with cast-iron pillars in the *patio*; next, the house of the Captain-General, with a verandah from the front door to the plaza, and a wrought-iron balcony.

The eye rests with pleasure on the white marble cross at the western extremity of the plaza; at the other end stands the marble monument which I am about to describe, after first giving a translation of the inscription. On one side we read: 'This monument was erected to commemorate the miraculous appearance of Our Lady of Candelaria, whom the heathen worshipped in this island four hundred years before the preaching of the Gospel. Erected at the expense and through the devotion of Bartolommeo Antonio Montañez, hereditary castellan of the royal fortress of the house of Candelaria, in 1778, in the pontificate of Clement XIII. and in the reign of Charles III.' On the other side we read: 'The Catholic conquerors worshipped the Patroness of Teneriffe and the islands on this spot: her temple is always crowded, her miracles are unceasing; worship her, for she is the image,

of the mother of a God who made Himself man for the sake of mankind.'

The pyramid which supports the statue of Our Lady of Candelaria rests on an octagon support: at the four corners are statues of four kings of the Guanches, holding the sacred thigh bone, the symbol of their power. The Virgin holds in one arm the Infant Jesus, and in her left hand a candle. The octagonal plinth rests on a square pedestal: the whole is of white Carrara marble, and is surrounded by a wrought-iron railing. This monument was made at Genoa, and brought to Santa Cruz at a great expense. The four statues are those of four Guanche chiefs, who betrayed the national cause and joined the conquerors. What shall we say to this devout irony? What! traitors to their country, to their religion, to their chief, are thus honoured? Happily, the Nemesis of history has not forgotten these four chiefs, who did not succeed in casting a stain on their heroic nation. They became the slaves of Spain, and languished in ignominy more miserable than those whom they had betrayed, and who secured to themselves an honourable death. May the marble, instead of promoting their glory, perpetuate only the memory of their crime!

Santa Cruz contains a great number of houses, 2,000 to 11,000 inhabitants, but in spite of this they are continually building new ones, modern in style, as it is cheaper to build new than to repair the old houses. However, despite the ruinous state of the old houses, despite the numerous small one-storied houses built of cement, yet owing to the walls being neatly painted white

with black borders, and the woodwork green, the general aspect of the town is cheerful, clean, and pleasant. The principal streets of Santa Cruz are straight; they have a granite foot-pavement, and the roads are paved with pebbles. This pavement is by no means perfect; the rain washes away the soil, so that the sharp stones are exposed; however, thanks to the foot pavement, one can get about pretty well. Those streets which go from the sea to the hills are intersected at regular intervals by cross streets, and although a steep incline would be desirable, to allow the water to run off easily, the incline is very slight.

Some of the old houses break the monotony of the regular streets by wrought-iron balconies, or well-carved wooden gables, or *miradoras* (galleries) supported by inlaid wooden corbels. Sometimes, as for instance in that house with the peculiar name at the corner of the church square, a wooden balcony projects boldly more than four feet into the street, in a very striking and picturesque manner.

Nearly all the doors and windows are entirely of wood, carved in regular patterns. Some of the doors are more elaborate; they are all provided with spy holes, either of lattice work or else a plain piece of wood on hinges. When these little foot-square openings (*reja*) move, there are two large eyes behind peeping at you. In these dreary streets, where hardly anyone passes, for Santa Cruz has scarcely any commerce and no trade, life is there, behind each little opening, and this veiled life has its storms and tempests, as well as its hidden pleasures. Nearly every house has a *patio*, a square court like a

cloister; at the end of the corridor which leads to it is the staircase with magnificent carved mahogany balustrades, made of native wood blackened by time; these courts are decked with flowers, and very often enlivened by fountains, birds, and banana trees.

Behind the church of San Francisco, a delightful promenade has just been made. Two fine pilasters supporting two white marble statues form the entrance, much simpler and in far better taste than that of the Rambla; to the right and left of these pilasters is a low wall surmounted by a handsome cast-iron railing, with fine marble vases on pilasters at intervals of twenty feet; the central point of the promenade is a fountain, in the middle of which, on some rock work, is Canova's 'Child with a Goose.' Almost all the trees are of a good size already, and of great variety; shrubs and flowers are intermixed; the lamps are in handsome candelabra, and there are seats in wood and iron for the promenaders. In short, it is a delightful place, useful, pretty, and laid out with taste. This garden is called Plaza del Principe.

The church of San Francisco, which is below the promenade, is very simple; the façade only is towards the plaza; it is in the shape of a Latin cross. As the ground slopes, they have built a wall on a level with the street, and made a platform of earth in front of the church. To the right of the building, which occupies the left side of the square, rises the tower, which is completely detached; still further to the right is the priest's house, so that the church, the tower, and the priest's house form a façade on the platform, where only the doorway of the church is

seen. The whole is of no particular style, except perhaps the upper part of the tower, which is open, and covered with brilliant coloured tiles. There is nothing remarkable in the interior of this church, except a small silver altar, the back of which is made of wood and painted canvas. Two chapels, in bad taste, adorn the aisles; an oil picture hangs over the altar of each chapel, and these paintings are worse than the *Via crucis* which the Abbé —— orders at thirty francs apiece from starving artists, who are forced to supply them in order not to die of hunger. This church is in the upper part of the town. The cathedral, dedicated to Our Lady of the Conception, is in the lower part; it is more noteworthy than the church we have just described, and some of its details are interesting, for it has two double aisles, and the nave is finely proportioned; unfortunately the church is low, having lost its vaulted roof, which was destroyed by fire. For want of money, all that could be done was to restore the church and cover it with a flat roof. The tower, open at the upper part, is of no particular style. The massive portico, which serves as an entrance to the church, and supports the tower, is surprisingly solid; the pillars are more than nine feet square at the base, and gradually diminish up to the tower, which would be one hundred feet high, if it had a cupola. The baptistery chapel is paved with Moorish tiles, in beautiful patterns, and well preserved. The pulpit is very light, of white and coloured marble; the staircase and baldachino look like marble, but on examining them you discover that they are of carved wood, painted to look like the pulpit; at a distance of two feet you would be

deceived. The organ is over the entrance, in a beautiful gallery of carved wood. Below this gallery is a very fine fresco painted on wood in beautiful style; in the gallery, the canon's stalls are admirable; it is entered by two doors, partly turned, partly carved; they seemed to me of later date, and are not so good as the parts I have mentioned; the staircase is of native wood, and the balustrade is supported by small columns in an exceedingly pure style.

In the nave, there are no choir aisles, nor is there a choir for the chapter, who have been ingeniously accommodated near the organ in the gallery over the entrance, so that the harmony of the church is not disturbed. The two pearls of the cathedral are the chapels of the Infant Jesus and of the Adoration of Christ. The wagon roofs and the twisted columns of the altar are in open work, and the wooden ceiling is nothing but a profusion of carvings, in which the sculptor's hand triumphs over the greatest difficulties with unexampled success.

The high altar, begun on a magnificent scale, has for a background a large surface well carved. The altar, instead of being joined to this, is brought forward to make room for a sort of cupola with marble columns. The contrast of this fanciful cupola with the severe background of carved wood has a frightful effect: even by itself this twelfth-cake-like construction would look fantastic.

A real gem in marble, a vessel for holy water, dating from 1696, of the best Italian work, and of ideal simplicity, is placed, for no apparent reason, against one of the pillars of the nave; it ought to stand apart, by itself.

The reader will observe that I do not mention the gilding and tinsel which cover the figures of saints or adorn the chapels; they are generally deceptive shabbiness hidden by gilding.

We were busy taking notes in the cathedral with Herr Krauss, when we were accosted by a kind of sacristan, pursy, very old, who wore a Spanish cloak with a red collar and facings, and whose bald head was covered with a black skull-cap.

'I am Don Juan Madan,' said he, 'at your service.'

We did not quite know how to treat this officious old man, whom we took for a guide, until the real sacristan came up to speak to him and receive his orders.

'To what do we owe the honour of your offers of service?'

'Gentlemen, I have for many years been the factotum of this church; my family mansion is here; that is my tomb,' he said with a smile—'there, beside the Archbishop's. I go to pray at it three times a day. I was formerly head of the custom-house, and am now *cesante*.'

'*Cesante*, what does that mean?'

'It means retired; sometimes from giving up work, sometimes from being turned out, sometimes from one's work being put a stop to; that is my case; sometimes when Government ceases to pay the official; then it pays the *cesante*; one-third of all the officials in Spain are *cesantes*; but this does not lessen the number of those actually employed; quite the contrary. When the number of officials becomes too great, some are made *cesantes*, and then they fill up the active list again directly.

'After such an ingenious contrivance, I can understand how Spain is being ruined.'

'Sir, Spain is inexhaustible, and the first country in the world.'

'Everyone knows that. So, then, having nothing to do, you have become an amateur cicerone?'

'Exactly so.'

'We are fortunate in having met you.'

'Gentlemen, this is the tomb of François Casalon, a French consul, who died in 1750.'

'And this?'

'This is the tomb of the donor of the pulpit and of the chapel of the sacristy, an unfinished chef d'œuvre; the gilding is wanting, which allows the carving to be better seen; Rodrigues Carta died before he could finish it.'

'What are those glazed wooden boxes? Those chests hanging on the wall?'

'They are the cases which contain the flags taken from Nelson. We preserve them in this way by keeping them air-tight.'

We were obliged at last to cut Don Juan Madan short, or his politeness would have made us forget that, before everything, one must live. A hungry stomach has no ears.

We owe our thanks to the *cesante* Madan, who offered us, from a gold snuff-box, a pinch of that Bismark-coloured Havana snuff with which the dandies of the Regency stained their lace shirt-frills.

On leaving the church and ascending the street, we come to the theatre, a plain but noble building, well

designed and built. This theatre stands quite by itself, in a large square; there is a carriage-way to it; it is dedicated to Isabella II., whose arms adorn the façade; it is built of basaltic granite.

In the same square, in a line with the theatre, is the market place, a square building, like the theatre, to which it corresponds. The interior is like a cloister with four sides; the buyers walk round under cover and in the shade, while the shops are set against the wall, as in the Palais Royal at Paris: in the inner paved court are the fruit and vegetables, potatoes and onions, in which there is a brisk trade.

The horses, mules, and donkeys, which have brought these provisions from the mountains, are tied to posts outside; to the right of the market are the shambles, which are well managed and tolerably clean.

The cathedral, the theatre, and the market place are well situated in the centre of the town, or nearly so.

In the afternoon we lounge through the streets, looking idly about us, then, finding it hot, we return to the harbour. It is an imprudent thing to do; every place is deserted; only dogs and Frenchmen are abroad at this hour; but we defy the proverb.

Santa Cruz, favourably situated for shipping, and inhabited by fishermen, owed its importance from the first to its good roadstead, which a moderate amount of labour would render perfectly safe. Stone is close at hand, and with a little money, and, above all, energy, a harbour might be made, very advantageous to the commerce of the island and to the relations kept up with the

island by foreign nations for the revictualling of their ships.

Three forts, a castle, and a citadel, command the roadstead; they are now utterly useless and could not make an hour's resistance. There is an engineer, with clerks and an office at the end of the Rambla, who is intrusted by Government with the carrying on of the harbour works and jetties:—too many officials! There are always funds for them when the works are not going on, and too often, alas! the works do not go on, simply because the officials absorb the funds destined for the workmen.

On the Mole are English buoys, grappling irons, corner stones for the quay, capstans cast in England, not only for Teneriffe but also for Gran Canaria and the port of Palmas. This indicates life, movement, disbursements, a certain amount of goodwill; and the general aspect of affairs shows a desire for improvement which merits encouragement. The town seems to be waking up. The reason is that with cochineal wealth has made its appearance; the desire for improvement and ideas of progress are gaining ground every day, and will conquer the prevailing indolence. Santa Cruz already possesses an important trade both in exports and imports.

Walking, going about on horseback, in boats, in carriages, in balloons—such is life; being on one's legs all day, like a heron, in a town half-a-mile in diameter, is very fatiguing, and when we re-entered the hotel we were thoroughly tired out. The dinner passed silently, and I had time to examine the guests. I will enumerate them:—two or three Spanish officers, one a general,—

brigadier, to use the local expression,—all prisoners in the island for political offences; an English lady, with her husband and daughter, invalids sent here from Madeira by Doctor Pitta (I have a letter of introduction to them in my pocket);—the engineer of the harbour. I made a mental calculation that from the year 1500 to 1868, at the rate of 400*l.* a year, this gentleman and his predecessors had cost the nation 120,000*l.* The works done during this period may be worth 12,000*l.* I must add that he did not seem the least overwhelmed by being the representative of 120,000*l.* He ate his dinner very calmly, with all the importance of a man who fulfils a pontifical function. At the end of the table are two or three of whom I know nothing, and opposite me are the man with the goat's beard and his son.

The ladies have hardly left the room before cigarettes are lighted and coffee brought in. The goat-bearded man says a word to one of the waiters, who leaves the room with a tray, a word to his son, who follows the waiter, then with a friendly smile, and in French worthy of the time of Louis XIV., he begs us to follow him to his sitting room, where we shall find coffee, liqueurs, and cigars.

We followed him.

He swallowed his coffee in a business-like manner, filled his Dutch white-clay pipe in silence, seated himself in a rocking-chair, which he set in motion in a way that would have made a sturgeon sea-sick after dinner; and when we were all five seated, with cigars in our mouths, he thus addressed us:

'You have come here to look about you, to pass a few

weeks pleasantly before returning to Europe—that is all very well; we must now think of turning our time to account, and of spending it in the most profitable way for each of us. Let us, then, draw up a programme, and portion out our work.'

'I came here to do nothing,' said Brünner; 'I am an invalid, and only want to take care of myself like a genuine egotist; it is a bargain I have made with these gentlemen. Draw up as many programmes as you please; portion out the work if you like; I shall take no part in it.'

'I beg your pardon,' said Goat-beard, 'you will work like the rest of us, without knowing it, and to the great benefit of your health; for you are hypochondriacal; in six months you will die of low spirits, if you don't find something to do. You have the bump of political and religious controversy; you have been brought up partly by the seminarists, partly in the free school of thought; partly in despotic Austria, partly in a democratic canton; political and religious matters shall fall to your share.'

Brünner growled, but said nothing.

'You,' he said, turning to the Frankforter, 'you shall undertake the natural history; your portfolios are full, you must fill some more; you must double the number of your cages. I, for my part, will undertake the geology, agriculture, and medicine.'

'As for you,' he added, turning to me, 'you will have the task of writing down our observations, to which you will add your own. We will meet here to talk over our

ideas. My son will listen at doors, find out the news, hunt up statistics, go to the libraries, and arrange about horses and carriages. I, if you like, will act as cashier; we will balance our accounts at the end. It is settled, then; no need to say any more; we shall meet again to-morrow; good night.'

Next day, after dinner, when we were all once more together, I informed my friends of the visit I had paid M. Berthelot, the French consul. 'I intend to call upon him also,' said Goat-beard; 'he and the Englishman Webb are the joint authors of a colossal work.'

'Yes, that book cost them ten years of trouble, travelling, calculations, and observations.'

'Did you tell him that you meant to write about the Islands?'

'Of course; I even asked leave to make use of his book.'

'And did he consent?'

'Judge for yourself; here is my first robbery: Fort San Cristobal.'

'What!' said Brünner, 'that hideous barrack-like place, that old pigeon-house from which floats the yellow flag of Spain?'

'Yes, that miserable place is very interesting.'

'But,' said Krauss, 'do they make books by copying other people's?'

'You must be very unsophisticated, young man, if you ever doubted it.'

'There is but one book,' said the Canadian, gravely.

'The Bible?' said Brünner.

'Nature—'

'I study it every day,' said Krauss.

'If we begin to talk philosophy,' said I, hastily, 'we are lost; you had much better listen to the history of Fort San Cristobal.'

Chapter II.

FORT SAN CRISTOBAL (SAINT CHRISTOPHER).

In 1493, the Guanches (the native inhabitants of the country) were still masters of Teneriffe, despite long years of warfare, when, in the month of April, fifteen caravels disembarked 1,000 men and 200 horses on the spot where Santa Cruz was subsequently built.

The leader himself planted on the shore the wooden cross which he had brought, and Don Alonso de Lugo, the *adelantado*, formed his camp round it. An altar was erected, and the conquerors heard mass.

These soldiers, sailors, and priests, who invoked the name of the God of peace, and celebrated mass as their primary act of taking possession, were destined to become the pitiless destroyers of an entire race; the work of extermination only ceased when almost all the natives had perished. But the victory was not an easy one. Beaten in the first instance, the Spaniards were besieged in their camp, and lost the greater part of their forces. The *adelantado*, fearing lest the camp should be stormed, re-embarked for Gran Canaria, and on his return built a tower, which afterwards became Fort San Cristobal. He was again driven away, and the tower thrown down, but the

captain came the third time, rebuilt it, and surrounded it by a bastion. It was not until 1579 that Don Juan Alvarez de Fonseca completed the fortress.

It was not long before Fort Saint Christopher well repaid the mother country.

During Cromwell's Protectorate, Admiral Blake surrounded some galleons which were bringing gold from Mexico. They landed the crown treasures in the fortress, and accepted combat; but celestial protection did not save these ships, whose names ought to have been a safeguard. The Santo-Cristo, the Jesus-Maria, the San-Sacramento, the Concepcion, the San Juan, were destroyed, and Blake, after burning them, put to sea again with the loss of 500 men. Cromwell rewarded him for this action with the gift of a valuable diamond. War, they say, justifies such proceedings.

Dampier, who put into port at Teneriffe on his return from the Australian seas, gives a singular picture of his reception at Fort San Cristobal. 'The Governor,' he says, 'received me in a low dark room, lighted only by a window in the roof; 200 muskets and pikes hung on the walls; there was neither ceiling nor carpet, and very little furniture—a few chairs, some benches, and a table.'

And yet these were Spain's palmy days! How far removed was this proud simplicity from the luxury of to-day!

In 1706, in the war of the Spanish Succession, the fort supported the rights of Philip against the claims of the Archduke Charles of Austria. The English burned the American galleons in the port of Vigo itself; Gibraltar

was in their power; Minorca belonged to them, or was very soon to do so; their armies were in Castille, and Admiral Jennings forced his way into the Bay of Santa Cruz. The cannon of San Cristobal replied bravely to the broadside fire of twelve ships of the line ranged opposite. The English Admiral attempted to disembark, but was repulsed, and sent a flag of truce to the Governor. All the nobility were assembled in arms at a council of war in the low hall described by Dampier. The English Admiral reminded them of the English triumphs in the Peninsula, and demanded the recognition by the Islands of Charles as their king. 'Tell the Admiral,' replied Antonio de Ajala, 'that if Philip had lost the whole of the Peninsula, the Islands would still remain faithful to him!' and the cannon from the fort confirmed his answer. In the evening, the British fleet weighed anchor. This is really sublime, and proves that courage and patriotism will often overcome superior strength. Hearts of steel form the most solid rampart.

'That is rather stale,' said Brünner.

But it is true, and it is as well to remind the world of it now and then.

With other times came other deeds; the people of Santa Cruz had massacred an intendant; it was a serious matter. When the Captain General heard of it, he ordered twelve of the culprits to be arrested, and hung them from the battlements of the fort. It was somewhat brutal, and not much to the honour of the Governor. In those days twelve men were scarcely an equivalent for an intendant.

On July 25, 1797, Nelson, who also had an eye to the American galleons, entered the Bay of Santa Cruz, intending to extort money from the town; but San Cristobal replied to his attack, and the three other forts seconded it. Nelson then stormed the Mole, where he lost an arm and many of his men. The English Admiralty, which would have applauded him if he had been successful, blamed him for his rashness; but it rewarded him afterwards at Copenhagen. It is to Fort San Cristobal that England owes the glorious peculiarity of being the only country in the world where, on a bronze column, they have ventured to erect a one-armed statue.

At the present day Fort San Cristobal is nothing more than a guardhouse at the entrance of the harbour; it is an eyesore in the landscape, obstructs the view of the plaza, and the municipality will soon pull it down; such as it is, however, it forms the great historical centre of the island; it tells of its conquest, and of its past glories; it has no artistic charm; but still one values it, perhaps because it is ugly, mean, morose, like an old dog which is always growling; and yet one likes it for the good service it has done.

CHAPTER III.

LAGUNA.

A SIX-MONTHS' residence at Madeira accustoms one to original modes of locomotion: hammocks, palanquins, wicker-work sledges, and that dark box, that funeral sledge, drawn by oxen, which they call a car (*carro*), a kind of land gondola. This absence of wheeled carriages and of draught horses is the result of the steep ravinés and hills such as French bridges and roads could never dream of encountering. There is one street at Funchal which it is difficult to climb on foot; the only level road is but three miles long, and on this two or three English basket-carriages, on four low wheels, pass up and down merely for eccentricity's sake, for one is enveloped in dust, like the gods of Olympus in the clouds.

At Santa Cruz de Teneriffe the scene changes; no more hammocks, no more palanquins, no more harnessed oxen moving slowly and quietly along; here we have donkeys, horses, mules, camels, with gay saddles and trappings. The drivers, shouting or singing, urge on their animals to the strain of some Arab song. Here and there a dromedary passes, with thoughtful eyes, horny knees, and swinging step, carrying some heavy

burden, calling up thoughts of Africa, as Madeira did of India.

An excursion to Laguna being decided on, what means of locomotion shall we make use of? Camels, donkeys, mules, horses, carriages?

The young Canadian took upon himself to decide the question; it was his acknowledged speciality. Accordingly, an elegant carriage, with good horses and a good driver, was at the door next morning; we gladly got into it: this was decidedly preferable to the Portuguese donkeys, Spanish mules, and Madeira cars. Brünner regretted that we had not chosen camels; but he lost nothing by waiting; some time afterwards, at Lanzarote, he had the pleasure of riding a camel, but only for a quarter of an hour; at the end of that time he had a regular attack of sea-sickness, and was obliged to follow his much-wished-for dromedary on foot. It requires months of practice to get accustomed to the motion of these ships of the desert.

After leaving Santa Cruz the scenery has a savage aspect; after April the country is almost entirely bare; there is not a tree to be seen, only bare rock.

The original road took no heed of hills, and the law of the straight line held too despotic sway over the makers of the 'coach road,' as it was called. After crossing the bridge of Zurita, an almost inaccessible ascent began. Now, a magnificent zigzag road, of a very easy gradient, has replaced the old road; it was finished four years ago; it is a splendid piece of engineering, about twenty-two miles in length, and may bear comparison with the finest roads in Europe.

We have here a favourable opportunity of seeing the double movement which takes place on this great and only artery of the island. Some are conveying into the interior European goods and products on their mules and donkeys, while the country people are carrying potatoes, vegetables and pumpkins to the town. The women carry on their heads baskets full of fruit, nuts, apples, chestnuts, oranges, lemons, bananas, peaches, African dates, and Indian figs, as well as fresh vegetables. Solemn dromedaries pass us laden with new hay, their drivers singing as they go. Here are women carrying jars of milk on their heads or hips; and charcoal sellers, men and women, whose small active donkeys, dirty and in bad condition as they are, move along merrily under their black burdens; they are said to be very docile. Here, as in Portugal, donkeys are indispensable to the peasants, and make up for the lack of roads.

After an ascent of two hours, we discern Laguna; the horizon widens; the country can be seen; we can perceive the terraces of the cultivated land, and the pine woods which cover Mount Esperanza. At the edge of the road stands the chapel of Santa Maria de Gracia; it was built to commemorate the victory of the Conquistador de Lugo over the Guanches. A cross marks the entrance of the suburbs.

The first thing that struck me was a large ruined house near the Plaza del Adelantado. This old convent is covered, owing to the damp climate, by a spontaneous parasitical vegetation. The same phenomenon may be seen on those houses which are built of cement. Formerly

the coats of arms, which the pride of the nobility loved to display, were covered with moss, houseleek grew on the roofs and cornices, and in the smallest cracks in the stone, a stunted Chinese vegetation; now, luxuriant plants hang from the old cracked walls which surround the gardens. As for the style of these ancient massive unassuming houses, it has no name. Some call it sixteenth-century style; but this vague appellation is as good as none. Sixteenth-century style in Spain? no; in France? no; in Italy? no; Elizabethan? still less. The walls of the façades are almost blank, with the exception of one large window above a massive and heavy door. Sometimes a balcony, or an old gallery at one corner, gives the effect of the turrets which, in the Middle Ages, were built at the angles of castles or battlemented walls.

The roofs are unprovided with gutters; on a rainy day you walk under a regular waterfall. The blocks of black granitic basalt used in the construction of these houses give them a Cyclopean appearance.

The palace of the Counts of Salazar is an exception; it is ornamented by two elegant pavilions which overlook and complete it. The façade, built in an imposing style, is disfigured by a wooden balcony, a poor substitute for a noble piece of work in wrought iron. In the courtyard the gallery is supported by a colonnade in the Moorish style. The Marquis de Nava has also built a palace of immense size, but more commonplace and too heavy.

The town was built in 1497, a year after the conquest of Teneriffe, by Don Alonso de Lugo; he made a good choice of a site, for it overlooks a fertile valley. After

having made grants of land to the clergy and to his soldiers, the conqueror began to provide the rising city with churches and monasteries; it was the custom at that period. In a few years the town became a flourishing one and the churches too small, or, rather, unworthy of the wealth of the monks and clergy. The conquerors claimed the right of themselves carrying the stones for the cathedral. In 1515, another and still finer church was made the cathedral of the diocese. Before long, the various orders were so greatly enriched by enormous legacies, immense gifts, and grants of the best lands, that it seemed as if the conquerors wished in their old age to expiate by gifts their bloody deeds. And then Franciscans, Augustines, and Dominicans vied with each other in building splendid monasteries, where they passed an idle life in sensual pleasures and excesses. According to some very instructive calculations, made by Messrs. Webb and Berthelot, Laguna, with scarcely 1,200 inhabitants, possessed two parishes, three monasteries, four chapels, and five brotherhoods. These numbers soon increased; three convents, and a monastery of bare-footed Carmelites, were added to the black-robed army.

Need we describe these monasteries? Every European traveller has remarked that all romantic and lovely scenery is studded with monasteries, the sites of which have generally been chosen with much taste. Magnificent views, rich vegetation, clear running water, woods or forests at hand, are the usual adjuncts. As for the buildings themselves, we may judge, at least by their ruins, of their importance, and so many still remain in Europe that

every reader must have seen some. Well, the Franciscans of San Diego del Monte occupy one of these monasteries in a magnificent situation. The others are in the town; the largest, that of San Francisco, possesses a church which, for splendour, rivals the richest in the island. It is of the same school and same style as the others: a large double nave, the roof of native timber, and side chapels, in one of which are preserved the remains of the Conquistador. The Franciscans derived considerable sums from him. The nobility desired to be interred like him in the church, and considerable sums were paid for the privilege. The inscriptions are now effaced. The ignorant monks of fifty years ago knew neither the names of the founders, nor the history of the conquest, nor even that of their own order. As to the tombs, they had no notion of keeping them in order. And why should they? says M. Berthelot.

O, ye defunct nobles,
Ye valiant short-mantled barons,
High justiciaries, grand seneschals,
Ancient castellans, pious souls,
Whose coats of arms I can just perceive
On these ruined tombs,
Where fat idle monks,
The owners of your worm-eaten charters,
Eat and drink above your bones,
Without praying for you,
Good sirs, what fools ye were!

The little town of Laguna soon increased in importance—in 1531 it was chartered, and afterwards ennobled. Charles V. granted the inhabitants exemption from all taxes for twenty-five years; they were at liberty to wear

swords or daggers, and were allowed the singular privilege (the source of more than one fortune derived from murder and pillage) of fitting out privateers against the enemies of the faith and of the Crown. Further, as the Holy Office became dangerous, the property of the inhabitants was guaranteed against all arbitrary seizure, and the commissioners of the Inquisition were forbidden to excommunicate or proclaim an interdict for minor offences. Bull fights were allowed on the feast days of the various orders, and the Court of Madrid obliged the treasury to contribute towards the construction of town halls. Those were indeed the good old times; meat cost a penny a pound; a yard of Cordovan woollen stuff fifteen pence; partridges, fowls, and rabbits cost twopence halfpenny apiece. Those good folks must have lived well! The state of affairs is somewhat different now: the peasant no longer toils for the noble or the priest, and the price of living has greatly increased, but still it is less at Laguna than at Santa Cruz.

The town is large, and the streets are wide and regular, there are numbers of new houses, and although the town is capable of containing 20,000 inhabitants, there are now hardly 10,000 to occupy the habitable houses. The large monasteries and worm-eaten palaces alone are uninhabited. Four plazas have been kept up; the Plaza del Adelantado is surrounded by important buildings: the town hall, a nunnery, the mansion of the Marquis Villanueva del Pardo, and the public granaries. The town hall, or *ayuntamiento*, is rather characteristic; the arms of Charles V. are over the door, those of the

Adelantado beside it, and finally those of Teneriffe. The whole history of the conquest of the land is summed up in the motto of Alonso de Lugo:

Quien lanza sabe tener
Ella le da de comer.

(Let the lance feed him who knows how to hold it.) It is straightforward but barbarous, declaring that might is right. How striking is the difference between the ignorant conquerors, as eager for plunder as for blood, who adopted mottoes like this, and the brave Agalas, Gutierrez, Estevan de la Guerras, Juan de Murs, Don Diego de Egues, those valiant captains, worthy of heroic Spain, too proud to surrender, too noble to disgrace themselves! When they put on armour and held the lance, it was to defend their country, for the honour of their flag and of their line, not for the sake of *being fed.*

The Teneriffe coat of arms is singular—Saint Michael standing on the Peak, unmoved in the midst of flames; beneath are the arms of Castille and Leon; and on the exergue is the motto, 'Saint Michael, come to the aid of the people of God.'

We all return to the hotel, or *pârador.*

'Gentlemen,' says Brünner, 'while you were taking a survey of the town in the sunshine, I have been to the library and made a few notes: shall I read them to you?'

'Certainly,' we all reply in chorus.

'Father Viera tells us of tournaments, in which only the nobility took part, and where pieces of splendid damask formed the reward of victory. Several of these

still remain in the island, but are kept exclusively for processions.

'In 1528, a bull fight took place.

'In 1519, according to Father Feuillée, a French *savant*, the accession of Charles V. was celebrated by lotteries, goose hunts on the lake, a mystery, and a comedy. I shall elsewhere give an account of these mysteries.

'In 1724, there was a magnificent fête to celebrate the coronation of the King of Spain; one of the inhabitants of the island and his wife in royal apparel represented the King and Queen, with crown and sceptre, whilst others acted the parts of the principal grandees and courtiers followed by a band of musicians and singers. When the triumphal car, after going round the town, reached the plaza, the Governor, the Marquis de Villa Hermosa, administered the oath of allegiance to the mock King and Queen, to the great amusement of the peasants.

'Now follow some lugubrious details. On the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, in 1516, every municipality received an ounce of gold, to be spent in masses for the repose of the King's soul. Barbers were forbidden, under the penalty of a fine, to shave anyone for a fortnight. Women were to wear black head-dresses and woollen robes, the members of the ayuntamiento [municipality] appeared in cassocks and hoods, and all the inhabitants of the island were forced to wear black cloaks; no musical instrument was to be touched for a fortnight, under pain of a fine of 10,000 maravedis for a noble, and a month's imprisonment for other people.

'In those times, equality was relative, even in the eyes of the law.

'On the death of Philip III. a funeral procession started from the town hall; a black flag, bearing the royal arms in silver, preceded the sheriffs, whose servants, dressed in mourning and followed by the public notary, held up the long trains of their black cassocks, while more than two hundred monks accompanied the procession, chanting as they went.

'All this is happily done away with, dead, and buried; faith has been lukewarm for a long time. The idle monks, who were too ignorant even to know their own worthlessness, have disappeared; but in spite of this, the clergy still possess much influence, especially at Laguna.'

This is what Brünner tells us, the fanatical Swiss who can only see what is bad or ridiculous, and reminds us of those bigoted Protestants who have become almost as intolerant as Catholics.

The heat of the day is over. We go to see the cathedral, a monastery, the library, finally to lounge about the streets, in search of some objects of interest.

The cathedral possesses some Flemish pictures which may once have been valuable, but which seemed to me ruined by damp and undeserving the value attached to them. The altar is covered with most beautiful marbles; the pulpit, which only cost 200*l.*, is really a chef-d'œuvre; it is supported by a beautiful white marble statue, and the four sides are carved, while at the corners are figures of the four Evangelists. It was made at Genoa, and is entirely of Carrara marble. It is quite the artistic gem

of the Canary Islands. Now, you could not buy such a perfect work of art for 1,000*l.* The side chapel is also fine; the chief altar is covered with carved wood, gilt, but a wonderful piece of workmanship; it is carved, cut, twisted, and tortured in a marvellous way. But how could anyone be so foolish as to gild all this wood-work? It is inexplicable.

The extensive nave is half filled up by a wooden erection, which serves as choir and robs the building of all its dignity; this mean modern excrescence, in horrible taste, breaks the charm, and disgusts the visitor. It is like a collection of wooden desks, such as bankers' clerks use.

The sacristy contains some articles of great value; priestly vestments from the ancient Venetian manufactories, and in Milanese damasks; in the centre stands a round table supported by curiously-carved feet; a small desk of antique Chinese lacquer-work, in very bad preservation, is rolled from table to table, and in a dark corner of a gloomy room, two large silver candelabra, four feet high, are sleeping until some solemn festival summons them to the foot of the high altar.

'Candelabra sleeping, that is rather an odd figure of speech; must we let it pass?'

'Certainly,' said the Canadian.

'But—'

'There is no but; if you want to write an English book, you must put down what everything costs, whether the tea is good here or better there, calculate the distances, the height of every mountain, wall, or pulpit, and the

number of steps in a tower; if you want to write a German book, you must plunge into metaphysics, and then the candelabra will not be the only sleepers; if you want to write an American book, let me write it.'

'I yield you the pen with pleasure.'

'What a child you are! Write the things down just as they happen, or are told you; then, if the book be bad, sleeping candelabra will not make much difference.'

'Be it so; I will proceed.'

Laguna, that dreary town with all the streets arranged in straight lines, with the grass growing in them, whose houses are covered with vegetation, which the modern stucco attempts to destroy, that silent town in which ruins predominate, where the dust and the white walls blind the passing traveller, is yet interesting on many accounts. To the philosopher, it affords food for reflection, for at every step he finds traces of that deplorable omnipotence of the clergy, now happily nearly extinct, so fatal to the nation; to the antiquary and archæologist, she displays the Salazar palace, well worthy of study, the cathedral, the Pardo palace, the monasteries; for the tourist, there are some unusual sights—houses without windows, overhanging roofs, deserted streets, walls covered with wall-flowers, savoury fritters at the street corners, graceful women with men's felt hats and yellow leather boots, noisy diligences, *paradoras* and *fondas*, with their own peculiar feverish activity or Arab indolence; and for literary men, there is the library.

This library is in a large fine room of an old Augustine monastery, now occupied by the Institute or College. It is

said that three hundred pupils, boarders and day boarders, are taught there. People have no idea in France, where the means of obtaining any kind of instruction are so universal, of the passion for study which prevails among the wealthy youth in Spain and the Islands. Instruction is for them intellectual food, and more, a forbidden fruit. One must live in a country where a first-class physical museum, sent by Haüy, was first locked up, abandoned, spoilt, finally entirely lost, because one day they fancied that the study of physics was adverse to the Bible; one must live in a country where an educational institution has never existed for ten years together, in order to understand the thirst for learning, and, above all, the haste for it which prevails among young men.

Here we are, in the library; we are welcomed by a worthy old man, who, for the last thirty years, has spent his life within these walls, making catalogues, taking notes, arranging and re-arranging. He has done it all himself. He has had the management of these 15,000 volumes all his life, and though the classification may be defective, there is so much order, such facilities for finding the books wanted, that one hardly wishes for a better arrangement. Let us say at once that the library is a very rich one; it possesses magnificent editions of all the bibliographical treasures, in English, French, Spanish, Latin, and Greek; the islanders count it an honour to enrich it daily with their gifts. It possesses some very ancient manuscripts, one of which is a chef-d'œuvre of preservation and illumination. It contains more than 60 specimens of the earliest printing, half of which are in a perfect state of preservation,

and several splendid editions from Venice, Valencia, the Hague, Amsterdam, and Madrid, anterior to 1510. There are also many other rare works, and France may well be proud of the position she holds there, as regards both the quantity and quality of works. Above all, there is a Greek New Testament, from the royal printing press, which is really a chef-d'œuvre. One thing is surprising, the library does not contain more than half the works published on canon law, theology, and liturgies, and yet it was the clerical library!—very few modern books. With the exception of a few Spanish works, the collection seems to end at the beginning of this century. The library of Laguna is an honour to the island. May the inhabitants appreciate it, endow it, and take care of it.

'And go there to study sometimes,' added Krauss.

To-morrow we are to see Orotava, the Garden of the Hesperides.

Before falling asleep, I made this observation, worthy of note: the library contains the very French books which were burnt in the last century. It follows that if the fathers prohibited them to others they indulged in them themselves. I saw there the best editions of the great philosophical works of the last century, the graceful erotic minor poets, the great scientific works, &c.; in short, the perfect preservation of liturgical works, and those on canon law and theology, is a proof of the great respect paid to these beautiful volumes, while Voltaire, Rousseau, the Encyclopædia, and the rest, appeared to me somewhat worn at the backs and corners. How comes it to pass that, being not so old, they are more worn? Why, the

fathers preferred the Chevalier de Boufflers, Crébillon, Voltaire, or Parny, to the 'Summa' of St. Thomas Aquinas; that is all.

Next day, after breakfast, we enter the public conveyance at noon. It is an omnibus drawn by four mules, eight places inside and eight out; it arrived from Santa Cruz at noon; the mules are changed, and the omnibus waits half-an-hour, for no reason whatever, unless it be to give time for smoking, or for the mere sake of stopping. At half-past twelve we start. I climb up to the imperial. Beside me sits a man of about thirty years of age, brown, strongly built; I offer him a cigar; he refuses politely; he does not smoke; very astonishing in a Spaniard!

During the journey my neighbour points out the objects of interest, and Paris forms the chief topic of conversation; first the exhibition, then literature, the theatres, politics. He is more up in this last subject than I am; he tells me news I am ignorant of, the very latest. It is astonishing; and this at the foot of the Peak of Teneriffe, opposite Senegal!

At Taçoronte, we get out and wait for a few minutes, and I introduce my neighbour to my friends. Then we start once more, and about five o'clock arrive at Orotava.

My travelling companion takes us to the hotel, where we are received with a friendly attention very unusual; generally one finds in these places either a sort of contemptuous indifference or else too much servility. Our new acquaintance is to come in the evening to take us to the Casino, of which he is president; he has offered to be our cicerone. We accept the offer, rejoicing in our

good fortune; he gives us his card: Marques de la Florida. He is kindness itself; a genuine patriot, of advanced political views; in short, he has taken us by storm, and charmed us.

We are now installed in Orotava, where we mean to take up our abode for some time, as we intend to make it the starting point for our excursions. While the other gentlemen study geology and botany, see the gardens, and pay visits, I condemn myself to a couple of days' seclusion for the purpose of learning the general geography of the Archipelago; it is not amusing, but it is important to know the country itself before studying its inhabitants and institutions.

Chapter IV.

GENERAL GEOGRAPHY.

The history of man, whether considered as the body of a nation or as a particular race, is indisputably linked with the history of that part of the world which he inhabits, and those parts of the globe which he has conquered, or in which he has lived either in freedom or slavery, according to his various lots; sometimes even, in order to reconstruct in thought some fraction, now destroyed or dispersed, of the human race, the study of the place where it lived is useful and throws much light on the subject.

With regard to those islands in the Atlantic where we shall come across an extinct race which once civilised Egypt and Greece, where we shall find traces of recent volcanic eruptions, and those of a formidable Neptunian cataclysm which echoed through the ancient world, geography is most important; it is necessary to study it in its origin.

The most important facts anterior to historic times were transmitted to subsequent generations by fables, allegories, religion; these landmarks can give but a vague idea of the nations whose histories we are studying. Later on, general facts are related, leading events noticed,

tradition begins, what was vague assumes some shape, and, like the milestones which men erect on the highways, the sacred history of extinct nations kindles luminous beacons; still later, towards the Heroic Age, man, grown greater, occupied with his destiny, traces with a poet's hand the course of contemporary history.

We shall explore these shades, these vague traditions; then the theological accounts, afterwards the Homeric accounts; finally history will appear.

The ancient geography of the Canaries begins with the tradition of a fearful catastrophe, so fabulous that it dismayed antiquity, so widely disseminated that it is found in all geneses, in all manner of fables, under every kind of symbol. We mean the swallowing up of Atlantis, the cradle of that race of Atlantes which civilised the ancient world after having conquered it. Eight or nine thousand years ago, twelve thousand perhaps, a deluge of water, combined with a volcanic outburst, buried in the depths of the ocean the country of Atlantis, of which nothing now remains but a few islands, isolated summits, which form the subject of our present studies. Through this great cataclysm, the Lybian plain, now Sahara, sank beneath the waters, and the sea in retiring formed a desert of moving sand.

History, philosophy, religion, poetry, science, the whole of antiquity, confirm this gigantic destruction of a fabulous country, race, and civilisation; everything was destroyed except the remembrance and written account of the fact.

Pliny, Plato, Hesiod, and Homer, as well as Cuvier and Buffon; Plutarch, Ezekiel, and Esdras, as well as Arago

and Bory de Saint-Vincent; Voltaire, Kircher, and Beekman, all bear witness to Atlantis. In this volume, we shall endeavour to re-animate the inhabitants of this vanished country, the Guanches, and we shall study both their private and their political and religious life.

Ezekiel tells us that the Tyrians traded with the isles of *Elishah*, the isles of the Elysian Fields; it was the name given by pagan antiquity to Teneriffe. The Tyrians went there for the murex. The Carthaginians learned from the Tyrians the way to these Islands, which still produce purple, both from the murex and from cochineal.

Homer says that 'Jupiter will send Menelaus to those Elysian Fields which are at the end of the world, where the sharpness of winter is not felt, where the air is always pure, and freshened by the ocean breezes.' This picture is still a faithful one.

Hesiod more precisely says: 'Jupiter sent the dead heroes to the end of the world, to the Fortunate Islands, which are in the midst of ocean.'

Herodotus places Mount Atlas in Teneriffe, not Mauritania. 'The world ends where the sea is no longer navigable, in that place where are the Gardens of the Hesperides, where Atlas supports the sky on a mountain as conical as a cylinder.'

Hesiod says again: 'Hesperides, Vesperides, the land of evening, of the setting sun, where the sun sinks into the sea, where night brought forth the Hesperides, who guard the golden apples,' &c.

The expedition of Necho, King of Egypt, B.C. 616,

started from the Red Sea and circumnavigated Africa. It is very striking, this voyage round Africa, undertaken twenty-one centuries before Vasco de Gama.

Solomon, we are told in the First Book of Kings, sent out an expedition in search of gold. This is all we are told; but it must have been sent to these Islands; Solomon was then the ally of Hiram, King of Tyre, whose ships traded with the Islands. Solomon gave up to him Ezion-geber, that he might make a port there, and took part in the expeditions. The commercial and political importance of these expeditions must have been very great in ancient times, since after the expedition of Necho, five centuries B.C., the remarkable expedition of Hanno round the coast of Africa was debated on by the Carthaginians, when the Senate decreed that its expenses should be defrayed by the Republic. The account of it remains to us, although a mutilated one, for the Carthaginians always made a mystery of their trade with these Islands.

Juba, King of Mauritania, sent out a fleet to the Fortunate Islands. He himself wrote the history of the voyage, and sent it to the Emperor Augustus. Pliny has given us some of the most important extracts.

He first mentions the Purpurariæ (Purple Islands, Madeira and Porto Santo); then the Fortunatæ: Planaria (Fuerteventura); Junonia major, Nivaria (Teneriffe); Palma: Canaria; Pluvalia (Hierro); Capraria (Lanzarote); Junonia minor (Gomera). The names vary: Casperia, Haera, Aprositus, Pluitana for Pluvialia. However, if Pliny, following Juba, only mentions six islands, it is not to be wondered at, for at that time Lanzarote and

Fuerteventura formed one island. Ptolemy mentions seven, but he includes Aprositus, the inaccessible island, whose history we shall give, but which is only a misty vapour, a phantom.

Pliny's accounts of the natural history of the Islands are perfectly correct; they agree with all we find at the present time, and there exists no stronger proof of the great naturalist's extensive knowledge. As to those things of which he was not competent to judge, and which he had not seen, it is easy to understand his mistakes, which arose from his belief of the assertions of inexperienced mariners; besides, how can we wonder at the geographical blunders of the ancients, when we know the jealous care with which the kingdoms of antiquity concealed their colonies and the distant places with which they were connected?

Thus, then, the Elysian Islands, Fortunate Islands, Garden of the Hesperides, Latin and Greek names, all coincide; the golden apples of the Garden of the Hesperides are mentioned by all authors; they were oranges, a fruit much valued by southern nations, and especially by Greeks and Latins. It is well known how perseveringly these nations, in their period of extension, carried with them these valuable trees, the fruit of which was their great delicacy, and which they naturalised in all the countries they conquered.

The well-known dragon's blood removes all doubt, and does away with all equivocations. The dragon tree, that cabalistic, medicinal, and mythological tree, is only found in the islands of the Atlantic. Its thick red juice was

compared to blood; the trunk of the tree, its colour, shape, branches, all give this curious tree an extraordinary appearance, well fitted to impress the poetical imagination of the ancients. The sharp-pointed leaves which hang from the ends of the branches, when detached from the tree either by the wind or their natural decay, pierce the branches in falling, and allow the blood (red resin) of the tree to flow, which gives a most extraordinary resemblance to animal life. One of these trees, situated at the base of the Cañadas crater, was said to throw out flames; this poetical image is justifiable enough, for that veteran of creation, the guardian of the golden apples, which then, as now, surrounded it, already existed in the Garden of the Hesperides. We ourselves have no doubt that the old fable related to the very dragon tree which all the learned world has marvelled at, and not to the various other trees of the species which abound in the Islands. It is said to be ten or twelve thousand years old. We shall return to it at a future time.

The Canary Islands and Madeira are the most happily situated of all the islands of the Atlantic. More to the north, in the Azores, and more to the south, in the Cape Verd Islands, we find a more variable climate. Winds and damp in the Azores, or tropical heat in the Cape Verd Islands; such is the alternative. The Canaries, on the contrary, although in the torrid zone, are yet in a tempered part of it, in the principal current of the Gulf Stream, where it slackens and divides, just as it is about to lose itself in the intertropical zone in order to re-form itself.

The Canaries, placed in the line of the trade winds, have

no winter, and the heat is moderated by the almost constant north-east wind. From their southerly position, cold is unknown there. Vegetation is luxuriant, water abundant, and all Mediterranean products reach a very high grade of development. After all this, can we be surprised that mythology chose these Islands for the abode of the heroes after their death, that history and geography have given such wonderful accounts of them, that imaginative poets, animating nature, as was the wont of that period, placed there the great astronomers Atlas and Hesperus, and consecrated the tradition of Hercules slaying the dragon and gathering the golden apples?

What troubled and excited antiquity was not the East, as the priests and rabbis made out because Hebrew civilisation had adopted an eastern theogony. With a very few exceptions, the tendency of nations and monarchs was western, and we must reach the eleventh century of our era before finding curiosity awakened in regard to the East. At that time, oriental civilisation was dying out, the world and progress were evidently travelling westward. Persia, Asia Minor, and Egypt have been succeeded by Greece, who is sending her colonies westward. Rome, a still more western nation, will extend her power to the three land's ends of Brittany, Asturias, and England. On the other hand, Alexander's eastern expedition is without result; every attempt in an eastern direction fails; Hercules showed his wisdom in opening ocean at Gades, for he thereby opened the way to the Tyrians, the Phœnicians (the first explorers of the globe), and afterwards to Carthage, to Gama, and to Colombus.

The ocean having been discovered, the islands of the Atlantic offered themselves to navigators, and by way of the Pillars of Hercules they penetrated as far as Iceland, trading for pearls with the British Islands, for tin with the Scilly Islands, for gold with Brittany, for slaves everywhere.

Mythological geography now comes to an end. Ptolemy, A.D. 150, established irrevocably the basis of this science, and placed the first terrestrial meridian at Hierro, the farthest of the Canary Islands. At the same period, and for several years before, other great geniuses had given to geography an éclat which will ever adorn it. This science was developed almost instantaneously, between the reigns of Cæsar and Nero, as chemistry has been in our days. Diodorus Siculus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, above all Hipparchus, and Maximus of Tyre, lastly, Pliny, complete this series of great men who were connected with geography, astronomy, and natural philosophy. From this time the Islands are seen distinctly, only they are placed at the bounds of the earth, 'where the ocean refuses to bear ships, where the sun sinks beneath the waves, in the kingdom of night.' This was the general belief. These great geographers show us that the Atlantic islands were frequented during the Tyrian, Carthaginian, Greek, and Roman periods. Then the Latin kingdom passes away, and the Islands suddenly disappear in the deep lethargy of the Middle Ages.

The invasion of the barbarians spread over the Mediterranean shores of Europe and Africa, and formed a kind of chaos; Catholicism, the inaugurator of intellectual dark-

ness, kept for her priests the literature and science of antiquity, but mutilated and destroyed the greater part. Thus twelve centuries of intellectual death passed away. The Crusades alone succeeded partly in awakening men from this lethargy; they gave the first impulse. After the fall of Byzantium, arts, industry, commerce, letters, navigation, all seemed to revive at once. The Popes, arrived at the apogee of their power, and sovereigns, tyrannising over men and property, rushed passionately towards the new ideas, and what they had formerly hidden under a bushel they now brought to light; science, art, industry, commerce, discovery, all at once flourished anew: this was the Renaissance. Then want, increased by luxury, became so imperious that men were forced to seek their fortunes both in the East and West. Religion, through the merchants and navigators, became a powerful lever of the spirit of enterprise, for the priests, more powerful than kings, took part thenceforward in adventurous expeditions, in order to claim the lion's share, and, thanks to them, geography advanced with gigantic strides.

Whilst Europe, grovelling in superstition, abandoned itself during the Middle Ages to noble and clerical ignorance, science, letters, and the arts had passed into the hands of the Arabs, Turks, and natives of Barbary. It is certain that El Edrys, the Nubian geographer, knew of the three groups of African islands. It is certain that some Lusitanian Moors, who set out from Lisbon about the year 1120, were aware of the existence of Madeira. The Spanish Moors knew also the Canary Islands, which

they called Gezayr el Khaledat (Happy Islands). If any expeditions set out from the shores of Spain and Portugal, it is to the Moors that we must attribute them, at least until 1360.

After 1402, the conquest of the Islands by the Normans settled, very superficially, their descriptive geography, and that science did not make much progress. It was only since the essays of Père Feuillée in 1518, followed, in 1569, by Fleurieu, who published two maps, that the positions of Madeira, Porto Santo, and the Canaries were scientifically known; subsequently, Fleurieu published plans of all the islands in the Atlantic.

Cardinal Richelieu called together, in 1634, to a scientific congress, the principal learned men, mathematicians, and astronomers of Europe. Hierro, the most westerly of the Islands, chosen once before by Ptolemy in A.D. 180, was unanimously agreed to, and the ancient meridian of the island of Hierro received the sanction of all Europe.

In 1771, the Chevalier de Borda and Pingré accompanied Verdun de la Crenne, captain of the 'Flore.' A second expedition, headed by Borda, who commanded the 'Bousole,' was followed by that of Chastenet de Puységur, who commanded the 'Espiègle.' The precise position of the Canaries and all the other islands was the object of enquiry in these scientific voyages. The manuscript journal of this important expedition was deposited in the library of the French Admiralty. The Peak of Teneriffe was accurately measured by Borda.

A great number of Spaniards had occupied themselves with the Canaries; before the celebrated Lopez Casola in

1634, Del Castillo in 1688, Antonio Riviera in 1740. In 1762, Xavier Machado published a general map of the Fortunate Islands. Amat de Tortosa, a lieutenant-colonel of engineers, also made a map, compiled from the preceding ones. In 1786, Herrera published his plans and views of the Canary Islands.

In 1801 appeared the map of Bory de Saint-Vincent; it was compiled from the former ones; this map and those of L. von Buch are by far the best.

The English also published some maps, the most modern of which is that of 1817, published with the Admiralty charts; it includes the coast of Africa from Mogador with the adjacent archipelagoes.[1] Finally, in 1824, Messrs. Webb and Berthelot published a general map of the Canaries, which is the result of the various researches up to that date.

After all these theories and speculations, I may now be permitted to assert that the twentieth meridian from Paris passes through Hierro—if not through the centre of the isle at least very near it. I may assert that the Archipelago lies between 29° 26′ 30″ west longitude and 27° 49′ north latitude. The extreme points are Allegranza and Hierro. Its extent lengthways is from 15° 41′ 30″ west longitude, reckoned from the meridian of Paris, to 20° 30′, the western extremity of the island of Hierro.

The Islands lie from east to west, almost in a straight

[1] Since then the Canary Islands have been surveyed by Captain T. E. Vidal, R.N., and Lieutenant Arlett, R.N., 1834–1838; and their charts have been corrected up to 1865. (Translator's note.)

row; their proximity confirms the idea that they were detached from Africa; detached links, broken meshes from the long cordilleras of the Atlas Mountains; besides their continuity, their orographic structure may serve to prove the connection which united them with each other, and with the great continental chain. For example, nearly all the mountains run in the same direction, although sometimes they apparently go in circles. These accidental forms are due to Plutonic forces, and by no means destroy the general orographic conformation, which lies in one direction only, from east to west, inclining slightly from NNE. to SSW.

That the Islands are an extension of the Atlas chain is evident, for they appear to have been separated from each other; whenever you examine a cape in one island, you find a corresponding cape in the next—the hands which two friends still hold out after parting. If we study the form of the capes, we shall find traces of the rupture; if we consider their geological structure and composition, we shall find points of resemblance as exact as possible; and geological considerations of the highest importance can be brought forward to support this opinion. All the basaltic conformations which form the coasts are very nearly identical, and masses of trachytic basalt constitute the chief part of the rocks. The soil itself, both in its component parts and its form, possesses a general character peculiar to all the Atlantic groups, the Azores, Cape Verd Islands, Madeira, and the Canaries: it is Plutonic. Subterranean fire betrays itself everywhere, and volcanoes abound.

It has been said that the volcanoes in the islands of the Atlantic are isolated. We do not think so. Palma, Hierro, Gomera, Canaria, Lanzarote, are all islands lying in a row from east to west, and the volcanoes which have either ravaged or formed them, according to the system we adopt, are *serial* volcanoes; there is even, as we can ascertain from statistics, a certain connection, as regards modern eruptions, between the volcanoes in the different Islands. The direction and agreement resulting from subterranean communications being absolute conditions of the existence of *serial* volcanoes, it seems to us difficult to avoid recognising this feature in the volcanoes of the Canaries.

To what geological formation are we to attribute the Islands? This question has not been determined by authors, and we have found it impossible to reconcile the various opinions of those distinguished persons in the Islands who have studied their geology. We have, as we think, discovered primary formations, granite, and porphyry; we have seen rocks which apparently were not volcanic but sedimentary, and we have also seen what we believed to be mica-schist. Thus, then, the Islands would be the summits of an extent of land of primary formation, of the Cumbrian, Silurian, and Devonian periods; this seems to be confirmed by the presence, together with granite, talc, mica, and clay, of incrustations and petrifactions of mosses, sea-weeds, zoophytes, and those acephali to which there is now nothing analogous,—nature's first rough draughts. Pudding-stone, sandstone, granite, and chalk, are all found in the Canaries, as well

as at Madeira and Porto Santo, and we shall find them also in the Azores. Thus we find, in the first place, traces of Neptunian formations of the first two epochs, Cumbrian and Silurian, then a Plutonic eruption, basalt, pumice stone, vitreous rocks, &c., which would testify to a country of Atlantis, corroborated by Plato. We might even affirm of Teyde as of Caldera de Palma, that these craters, said to be the most ancient, are posterior by several centuries to the great Neptunian cataclysm; finally, the existence of the Atlantis of the ancients being hypothetically admitted, we think that its disappearance may be attributed rather to a deluge than to the action of subterranean fire.

The ancients had no settled ideas on the subject of geology. Some authors, indeed, down to modern times, have accepted the hypothesis of Thales, who attributed the formation of the earth to water, but the immense majority of scientific men had no idea on the subject except that common to all nations: 'God created the earth.' Palissy, the famous potter, was the first who had a glimpse of the truth, and maintained that the sea, having at one time covered the earth, had deposited on it those countless shells which are found on high mountains, and which Voltaire, who, although so witty, was not particularly scientific, attributed to the Crusaders. Then came Cuvier, bringing the light with him. Thus geology is modern; the fathers of the science are still living; it is studied with avidity, and no wonder, for it will reveal to us the secrets of the earth, and will discover many hitherto unknown details in the history of its inhabitants. Modern men of science have not, so far as we know,

published any conclusive work on the geology of the Canaries. The questions which have been raised on the subject remain therefore without a definite solution. Deville and Lyell have not affirmed anything any more than D'Aubeny. Since Messrs. Webb and Berthelot, that is to say, for nearly forty years, there has been no complete geological survey made of the Atlantic islands, and it is only now that we are gradually advancing towards a solution of the question. Sensible of our incompetence, we cannot fill up the gulf by a demonstration *ex professo*. We have, therefore, simply expressed an opinion. Let the doctors decide.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the Archipelago were very numerous. They were called Guanches, and their origin was the same as that of the people of Barbary, who live across the ocean in Africa, where they are still divided into tribes; amongst these tribes are the Touaregs and the Kanarr or Canarr. Therefore, it would be more logical to adopt the Barbary etymology in order to explain the name *Insulæ Canarienses*, or Canary Islands, than to take the Latin etymology; for great dogs, *canes*, were neither so numerous nor so large as to account for the Islands being called Isles of Dogs.

The Guanches belong to the great Atlantic family, of which etymologists give no precise description. According to the generally-received classification, they belong to the Indo-European race, and their distinguishing traits show them to have been white or tawny, according as they inhabited the plains or the mountains. They were evidently a white race, very strong, tall, and

agile; the facial angle was from 80° to 85°; they were troglodytes, but some, notwithstanding, inhabited houses built with their own hands at the time of the conquest. Barter was their only trade; they had scarcely any manufactures, covered themselves with skins, and believed in a Supreme Being, who was probably the earth spirit. They embalmed their dead. They had a horror of the water, and consequently, although living in islands so close to each other, there was no inter-communication between them.

The government was feudal. The Menceys, or kings, shared the islands between them; their power was paternal; life was patriarchal and pastoral.

A sacred caste had the charge of the public worship, which was of primitive simplicity. These pontiffs were aided by priestesses sworn to celibacy.

A species of communism was the foundation of their political economy, for each family receiyed from the head of the state lands proportioned to the number of persons which composed it. The nobility were powerful.

Savage and powerful animals were unknown in the Islands. There were no noxious animals at the time of the conquest, neither were there oxen, horses, or asses. It is most probable that the camel was domesticated only in the two eastern Islands. Goats and sheep were so numerous that wealth was reckoned by them, and they were used as symbols of monetary exchange. The winged inhabitants of the farmyard were unknown, or ran wild in the woods. Turtle-doves and pigeons bred there, as well as the most beautiful specimens of the ornithological

tribes, and the birds were so tame—the Guanches not being sportsmen—that they allowed themselves to be approached and caught in the hands.

The seas round the Islands abound in fish. Those which are good for food are found here in great numbers; while, on the other hand, those which are hurtful are unknown. Formerly, whales and seals abounded.

The Canaries contain at the present time a population of about 240,000 inhabitants.

With regard to the temperature, the most accurate observations give the following figures. We make use of the semestrial division, six winter months, and six summer months.

Winter months.	Degrees, cent.	Summer months.	Degrees, cent.
November	21	May	22
December	18	June	23
January	17	July	25
February	18	August	26
March	19	September	25
April	19	October	24

As may easily be seen by this table, there are only from 9° to 10° difference between the maximum and minimum of heat. Madeira has only a difference of 8° 40′ to 9° 20′. Snow lies on the summit of the Peak, but does not affect the temperature of the coasts or of the low-lands. Contrary to the general idea, the temperature is not excessively hot, except when the south wind blows; a magnificent vegetation, the mountainous configuration of the country, and the lofty altitudes, added to the ever-fresh sea breezes, keep up a uniform and mild warmth.

Medicinal plants and Alpine vegetation perfume the

air, and keep the Islands in an odoriferous bath, which gives to the air a sweetness of which no one who has not breathed it can form an idea. Odoriferous plants acquire here an intensity of perfume far exceeding that of European plants.

The prevailing winds are the trade winds, which blow regularly on the coasts, from NNE. to SSW. If we explain these winds by the rotation of the earth, we shall perceive that there is a deviation in their direction, which ought to be from east to west. As far as they concern the Islands, it is perhaps most probable that the cold air coming from the north passes over the ocean, while the hot air from the south forms an upper current, travelling northward. The W., NW., and SE. winds are rare, SSE. winds still more so. This last wind, called *levante* (*leste* in Madeira), is terrible from its violence and disastrous effects. It scorches, enervates, raises the temperature to a tropical heat; beneath its influence the woods crack and groan, the skies grow leaden, the sea rises and leaves to sailors only one resource—flight. Woe to any ship in the roadstead; it will drag its anchors, and be dashed to pieces on the coasts. Happily, this destructive wind, which burns up the crops, and often brings the terrible plague of locusts, only blows once or twice in a year. Its strength and direction being always the same, it does not cause cyclones, or do perceptible damage on shore, as too often happens in the Antilles. When the *levante* blows, the inhabitants shut themselves up in their houses, and live in rooms looking northward, first taking care to shut all the windows securely.

Wheat was formerly unknown; rye, barley, and oats were cultivated, or perhaps rye only. Vegetables and fruits of all kinds abounded, which rendered cultivation very elementary, the wants of the people being satisfied, and more than satisfied, by the gifts of nature.

The Islands are not generally well adapted to the culture of cereals, but in favourable spots, Laguna for instance, they yield fabulous harvests; wines, cochineal, and fruits, however, are cultivated to a much greater extent. Tobacco is wonderfully abundant, and for quality will bear comparison with that of Havana; rice, cotton, and even chocolate, as well as European vegetables, grow there luxuriantly all the year round. Fruits from the tropics, from Brazil, India, and the Antilles, succeed well there, as well as all the European ones, especially in the inland regions from 900 to 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. More than a third part of the Islands is unsuitable for cultivation, either from its elevation, or from being covered with lava, or from the bare rock which crops up, or from the extensive sea-beaches and sandy plains of the eastern islands which give them such a great similitude to the Great Sahara of Africa. In a future chapter we shall mention all the products of the Islands, the modes of cultivation, and the commerce which results from them.

The Canaries possess no river which is navigable, or, indeed, of any importance. Fed by the winter rains and the melting of the snows, the torrents make deep, abrupt ravines. A few springs are found here and there, of which one or two are mineral. It is singular that in the

Canaries there are none of those hot springs which, as a rule, abound near volcanoes.

There are scarcely any roads in the Islands. In our descriptions of our journeys, we shall mention those which exist, and which, throughout the Islands, only extend sixty miles, thirty of which are in Teneriffe.

There have been important fisheries in the Canaries for the last 300 years; we shall subsequently give full details of this great branch of commerce.

Public education is in a deplorable state of neglect, which, however, seems gradually coming to an end: the highest class of education is very limited, and could be met with only in Spain; the second-class education (*segunda enseñanza*) would be ample, if it prevailed in all the islands; primary education spreads from day to day, and new schools for both sexes are being established.

The modern inhabitants of the Canaries are descended from the Spanish, Norman-French, and Gascon conquerors, as well as from the colonists sent over from time to time by the Spanish government. Flemish blood also enters into this mixture of races which has produced the Canary Islander of the present day; Flemish influence is especially perceptible in Gomera, Palma, and Hierro. These various races gradually intermarried with the ancient Guanches, and have given birth to a vigorous and handsome population of very gentle manners. The amiable disposition of the Guanches, joined with the religious spirit of the Spaniards, has made these people easy to govern, peaceful and credulous. Acts of violence are rare, and are the effects of drunkenness; thieving is

so contrary to the national instincts that the residents in the country never think of locking their doors; there is no armed force, a very few, if any, police, but, in spite of this, few European countries are as peaceful and happy.

The Spanish language is used exclusively, and Roman Catholicism is the state religion.

The Canaries, which are treated as a province of Spain, are governed by a Captain-General; they possess two bishoprics, suffragans of the Archbishopric of Seville; they have two courts of law; the various powers maintain consuls and vice-consuls there.

The Canary Islands, situated in the Atlantic ocean, off the coast of Africa, a little below Morocco, on a line with Cape Bajador, include the seven we have named, and a few uninhabited islets; they have a communication with the African coast and Cape of Good Hope twice a month by means of two English steamers; with America, by a Spanish steam-boat company, twice a month; and with England, by an English company, twice a month; with Cadiz, by Spanish boats, twice a month; and with Marseilles twice a month. The distance from Santa Cruz to Cadiz is about 1,500 miles; the sea voyage occupies four days, or at most five.

Geographically African, these Islands are completely European in language and customs; in their products they are European, African, and American.

We shall give the special geography of each island by degrees, taking care to intersperse some narratives, so as not to weary the reader.

Adopting the hypothesis of an ancient country of Atlantis swallowed up by the sea, we ought, in attempting its reconstruction, to have described its antediluvian geography. But it appeared to us to be a scientific question which required special study, and we have confined ourselves, in speaking of the aboriginal Guanches, to giving extracts from the 'Timaeus' of Plato, the chief document bequeathed by antiquity to modern geographers.

Chapter V.

OROTAVA.

In the evening, after supper, we were gathered round the table, drinking excellent coffee; we were somewhat silent, and smoked gravely, as is the wont of tired travellers. Suddenly Krauss exclaimed:

'Orotava! It is the valley of valleys, the abode of bliss, the modern Tempe, the most fertile and delicious of oases!'

'Gently,' said Brünner; 'we have valleys in Switzerland which—'

'I assure you, my dear Brünner, that Orotava is like no other place; it is unique; a landscape which nature has not reproduced, even in Switzerland; aspect, soil, climate, all are peculiar to it; poetry alone could imagine its beauties.'

'Do you not think,' said I, 'that it is with a fine landscape as with those vague German melodies which are lost in floods of harmony? Question the hearers: one feels his soul expand; another experiences an indefinable emotion; his rapt neighbour hears the celestial harmonies of winged cherubim; a third, the humming of bees and insects in the blazing heat of noon, &c. Can you not,

gentlemen, let us see here, as in Switzerland, what we like to see?'

'I also demand liberty of admiration and emotion,' said the Canadian. 'But what are you looking for, Lionel?'

'For a passage with which these gentlemen will all agree. Humboldt, the most celebrated of travellers, says of Orotava: "On descending into this valley, we enter a delightful country of which travellers of all nations have spoken with enthusiasm. I have seen spots in the torrid zone where nature is more majestic, and richer in the development of organic forms. But, after having seen the Orinoco, the Cordilleras of Peru, and the beautiful valleys of Mexico, I must confess that I have nowhere come across a scene more attractive, or where the masses of verdure and rocks were more harmoniously distributed."'

'This sketch,' said I, 'although temperate, is not less fitted to attract the tourist. Let us own that exaggeration in the description of scenes where nature has done all is absurd. Nature is a lady whom we must admire, but whom we cannot praise without peril, since she is inimitable, incomparable, beyond praise. On the other hand, exaggeration can be better understood and excused in the description of places adorned by man, when his strong creative power acts on the artist's imagination.'

'In Switzerland,' said Brünner, 'nature is more original, and in all the great Alpine chains there are more varied horizons, such as we see to perfection in the Oberland. In many of the European floras—for we need not resort

to the tropics—the vegetable forces have attained a far higher development. It is certain that in Italy and Portugal the sky is far more clear, and the light much more powerful.'

'Well, be it so,' I answered; 'but still Orotava makes an impression which poetry itself cannot define. The delightful climate, the softness of the air, the sky strewn with milky-tinted clouds, the happy mixture of verdure and rocks, all soothe the eye and go to the heart; one dreams of Paradise, of happiness with one other, of phalansteries, of rest. The harmony of sounds, the murmuring streams, the shade of mighty trees, the songs of birds, the high cultivation, the golden fruit, the blooming flowers, the creepers which cover the walls and hang from the trees, the balmy scents—what can I say? everything is enchanting—it is a charm, a philter.'

At Orotava everything is calm and sweet, even noise! In the distance, under the shade of a plantain, or in the angle of an old wall, a group of peasants are resting. The sound of the guitar is heard, listen—at a distance you can hear an Arab melody, slow, with curious finales, interrupted by pearly laughter and murmuring voices, and this melody harmonises with the landscape. Certainly, Orotava is a unique spot, and I can now understand the Greeks and their fables. They were true, for we feel them; what they imagined we experience; charming valley, thou art, indeed, the abode of bliss, Paradise, the Elysian Fields, where the souls of sages, heroes, and just men wander in eternal happiness. The ancients were great artists!

'After this,' said the Canadian, 'why talk of the vale of Tempe, which is worth nothing?'

'Now,' said Lionel, 'I am going to quote Tasso to you, "Jerusalem Delivered:"'

'The winds breathed spikenard, myrrh, and balm around;
The blasts there firm, unchangéd, stable, been;
Nor as elsewhere, the winds now rise now fall,
And Phœbus there aye shines, sets not at all.

'Not as elsewhere, now sunshine and now show'rs,
Now heat, now cold, there interchangéd were,
But everlasting spring, mild heaven down pours,
In which nor rain nor storm nor clouds appear;
Nursing to fields their grass, to grass his flowers,
To flowers their smell, to trees the leaves they bear.'

La Gerusalemme Liberata, Fairfax's translation, canto xv. stanzas 53, 54.

Those who make use of their eyes and judge for themselves, will be struck by the remarkable antithesis. The verdure, the sea, the rocks, the Peak 12,000 feet high, it is the sublimity of violence, and it is harmonious; the colours contrast and blend; it is miraculous. From the sea, on the border of which is a toy harbour which seems made for the landscape, as far as the Peak of Teyde, the mountains rise like an amphitheatre, and the different stages afford the most varied aspects. At the bottom are black heaps of scoriæ, masses of basalt, steep shores; higher up are trees, houses, verdure; while at the top are basaltic rocks, upright, bare, threatening, standing out sharply against the sky. The town is built above the valley, half way down the slope. The scene is magnificent, and one of the most memorable moments in a man's life is that of his arrival at Orotava at the time of a fine

sunset; we, however, think the view from Orotava still more beautiful. We shall speak of it again.

The town is without originality and without animation, quiet and completely isolated from the world, morally as well as geographically. The houses on the other side the hill are picturesquely grouped. Those on the slope of the valley are more modern and pretentious. Those who are born, live and die in them, and seem to have no diversion in the mountainous life except such as may be afforded them by nature and the rare appearance of a few travellers, three parts of whom are English. A few rich proprietors, it is said, take a pride in their fine houses, and occasionally receive visitors.

The church of Orotava is a remarkable one. We borrow Messrs. Webb and Berthelot's description. There cannot be a better one.

'The church, built in 1776, is modern. The nave is supported by magnificent pillars. The high altar is a work of great merit. It is made of Carrara marble, and the various parts were brought from Italy at a great expense. Eight columns support an elliptical dome, and eight angels are grouped on the entablature. On each side of the altar is a kneeling archangel, one contemplating the Cross, the other praying. These two grand figures are most effective. The figure of the Virgin on the altar was also brought from Italy. The draperies are elegant. The pulpit is a work of the same school, and of equal value.'

The Franciscan monastery is remarkable from its situation. It is reached by steps leading to a terrace from

which a view over the whole valley is obtained. The courtyard is ornamented by a fountain, and enlivened by flower-beds. The Dominican monastery is in the lower town.

The Chapel of Souls in Purgatory, in the Franciscan monastery, contains a picture horrible but valuable; the flames are devouring monks—not Franciscans, Dominicans, I think—and also a king, who had probably forgotten to endow the said monastery.

The Augustine monastery is on the borders of a stream to the east of the town. On the south is the convent of the Sisters of S. Clare, and beside it that of the Dominican nuns, which contains as many as sixty sisters. Burnt down several times, it has always been rebuilt, and risen like the phœnix from its ashes. During one of these intervals, forty sisters, says Father Viera, who had found insufficient lodging in a temporary abode, came out one fine morning, preceded by a banner, and invaded the neighbouring Jesuit church. The college to which the church was attached was inhabited by only two fathers, and the nuns wished to instal themselves there. The Rector Davila was made a prisoner by them. His coadjutor Tabares took refuge in the interior of the college, where he barricaded himself. He remained there till evening, resisting the invasion. Finding that the place did not surrender, the assailants established a blockade, so as to reduce it by famine, instigated and encouraged by the young gentlemen of Orotava, who derived much amusement from the affair, as may be imagined. The father held out until dinner time; then he sent a flag of truce;

and the triumphant nuns occupied the college until their own convent was rebuilt. Father Viera relates all this in detail.

'Father Davila,' said one, 'your cage is too large for two birds!'

'The habitation does not make the monk or nun!' (A pun on the word nun, very good in panish.)[1]

'Are we not all Jesuits?' said the sisters.

This siege was a memorable one, for it cost no tears.

However, this convent was an unlucky one. Burnt down in 1737, and again in 1761, the nuns lived peacefully in a new convent until 1815. Then again it took fire, but by diabolical machinations this time it was in the night. Seven of the nuns refused to open their cell doors, and perished in the flames; the rest were saved. Since then, the flock has been dispersed, but the convent has been rebuilt. Why?

These monastic buildings occupy the greater part of the town. Since the suppression of the religious orders, they have been deserted, and are falling, or soon will fall, into decay.

The district of the Concepcion contains the finest houses: it is the West End of Orotava. One's days there are spent in the pleasantest *far niente*. Life goes on easily, and one enjoys a charming prospect.

The environs of Orotava are picturesque. Agua Mansa, 3,000 feet high, affords thick shades, sparkling waters, and a delightful coolness in summer; Teigayga has some wonderful views; the two *Realejos*, which are separated by

[1] *Paro* means titmouse or nun bird. (Translator's note.)

a great ravine, are admirably placed. It was in the little church in this village that the last Guanche chief implored the mercy of the conquerors; he received baptism and martyrdom, says M. Berthelot.

The harbour, or *Puerto*, is a charming retreat, where several rich merchants' families reside. It has some trade in wines, fruits, potatoes, and onions. The streets are large, well laid out, and pleasant. We shall return to it, and in a future chapter on the climate of Orotava from a medical point of view, we shall describe the town and the Puerto.

Chapter VI.

GEOGRAPHY OF HIERRO.

The Greeks called this island Ombrion, the Latins Pluvialia; the Spaniards gave it the name of Hierro, from its native name, Herro. In the Guanche and Barbary languages, this word means a cistern. This must be the real etymology, for the islands do not produce iron, and 'the natives knew it only from the weight of their chains,' say Béthencourt's chaplains.

The French, translating the Spanish word *hierro*, called the Isle of Cisterns (*Herro*) the Iron Isle (*Fer*).

The island is situated in 27° 45′ north latitude, and 20° 57′ 45″ west latitude, reckoning from the meridian of Paris. Later calculations give a few minutes' difference.

Valverde is the capital, and the only town with a corporation. The island has no harbour, but there are two small bays: one, Hierro, close to Valverde; the other, Ynama, on the other side.

Hierro is distinguished from the other islands by a finer race of inhabitants. Agriculture, which is highly developed, yields products exceeding the consumption. Hierro is the smallest and the most fertile of the Canaries; it is nine miles in breadth, fifteen miles long, and its coast line is forty-five miles: its form is that of a crescent.

Hierro is famous for the geographical importance given it by Ptolemy's meridian.

The island is surrounded by a belt of lava rising so steeply as almost to prevent a landing; the highest points are 3,300 feet, but a few plateaux breaking the uniform steepness, the island is accessible in those places; such for instance is the plateau of Ynama, which is reached on leaving the *golfo*, an immense bay on the north of the island. A forest of laurels, mocans, and great heaths covers all the clefts in the mountains for a space of twelve miles. Then come the *llanos*, or plains, of Nisdafe, the best cultivated in the island, and we reach Valverde, a large town, the capital of the island. Thence one descends to the port of Hierro, on the SE. coast.

One can go across the island in less than a day.

From Valverde two paths lead to Capes Salmone and Dehessa; from the summit of the Sierras can be seen the two opposite coasts, and some extinct craters whose sides are covered with luxuriant vegetation, and some volcanic cones, of modern formation, which are worthy of notice. Two chapels stand on the two promontories.

The formation of the island has prevented the inhabitants from living on the shore, and the villages are built on the slopes nearest the sea.

Mountains, covered with virgin forests, attract the ocean vapours, which moisten and fertilize the soil. There is, however, no running water, and only one spring of drinking water in the island.

All the old authors agree in describing a spring of warm water, which possesses great digestive virtues.

'When one has eaten as much as possible,' say Béthencourt's chaplains, 'one drinks some of this water, and in an hour one's food is all digested, so that one has as great an appetite as before.' How many European gourmands would import this water, more miraculous than that of La Salette, if they were aware of its virtues!

About a mile from Valverde, the inhabitants have dug forty cisterns for rain-water. Some of these, supported by pillars, are attributed to the ancient Bimbanches.

The shepherds procure water in the mountains by means of incisions below the branches of the mocan tree; the dews and mists deposit their vapours on the leaves, and thus fill the little reservoirs made at the bottom of the tree.

The inhabitants, indefatigably industrious and ingenious, supply their own wants entirely; and as their products exceed their consumption, they send out considerable exports, the profits from which are divided amongst a small population.

Formerly, the vine was very productive, and they distilled spirits which were exported to America in the shape of brandy, with an empyreumatic flavour, which on that account was thought superior to Cognac. Since the disease among the vines, their cultivation has ceased in Hierro as well as in all the other islands. The Herreños, clever and industrious, were the first to adopt other employments, and they are, as formerly, the richest of the islanders; this is owing also to a less degree of luxury than in the other Islands, to a stricter morality, to the difficulty of spending money, and to the love of work.

The flocks are numerous, and of a good breed.

In the interior, there is no commerce; formerly, it was still worse. Twenty years ago, everyone made his own clothes and did his own carpentry; a handmill for corn, a loom was in every house; mats, baskets, shoes, everything in short was made at home. Things are very different now. Easier and more frequent communication, without introducing much commerce, has brought European commodities in exchange for native products.

The inhabitants are healthy, very powerful, and agile; their complexions are whiter than those of the other islanders. Are they descended from the Flemings? It is said so, and some historical facts appear to prove it. Lively, gay, passionately fond of dancing and music, the Herreños all marry early.

The population increases in a marvellous manner, and expatriation alone can save the island from famine; accordingly, they emigrate to Cuba. They are the Auvergnats and Galiciens of the West Indies. Honest, clean, industrious, above all, economical, their good reputation secures their employment the moment they land.

We must say a few words about the holy tree, or *Garoe*.

According to the ancients, the island was absolutely devoid of water; the cattle drank sea water or sucked asphodel leaves, while the people were supplied with water by a miraculous tree, which, dry by day, let flow from its leaves at night into two reservoirs sufficient water to supply 100,000 souls! leaden pipes conveyed the water from the holy tree throughout the island. Let us look

into this. First, there was no lead in the island until after the conquest; next, the tree was not miraculous, being an indigenous laurel; finally, according to Galindo, who saw it, it only gave water enough to fill twenty skins. This laurel was remarkably large, being more than twenty feet in circumference, and, like those of all evergreens, its leaves distilled the night dews by drops. Its size and its position on the side of a mountain, on which the sea vapours fell in great abundance, were the cause of its celebrity; it perished in 1625 from old age and a gale of wind.

Since its disappearance, the islanders still drink water, and the population has doubled.

The meridian of the Island of Hierro, proposed by Ptolemy, has attained to such a degree of notoriety that we think it necessary to say a few words on the subject.

In order to fix irrevocably the situation of each place, the ancient geographers invented the plan of starting in their calculations from a settled point. A good and practical idea.

The French adopted for their first meridian that which passes through Hierro, the most westerly of the Canary Islands, by order of his Eminence Cardinal Richelieu, after a scientific congress held at Paris; but since then France has abandoned the meridian of Hierro, and all new maps, and all points of the globe, are now calculated by the French from the meridian which passes through the Paris Observatory. According to accurate calculations, the meridian of Hierro is 20° W. of Paris; speaking precisely, 20° 57′ 45″, as the meridian does not pass

exactly through the centre of the isle, but near it. The English have adopted the meridian which passes through Greenwich Observatory, the Americans that of Washington. The Dutch used to reckon from the meridian of the Peak of Teneriffe.

The ancient geographers, from Ptolemy downwards, in calculating from the meridian of Hierro, were more logical in their agreement than are the present generation. Certainly there was no reason for adopting the meridian of Hierro. It is, however, this very want of reason which shows its use and excellence, since no nation can be jealous of this rock in the Atlantic. The English, the Americans, and the French are the sea-faring nations *par excellence*, for various reasons. It is these three nations who publish the best nautical works, and the most perfect maps, and each of them using its own meridian, there is nothing but confusion. It is certainly easier for each nation, taken separately, to use its own observatory, but this does not go for much, or counterbalance the drawbacks of the dissimilarity of books, maps, calculations, nautical publications, &c. Of course, national pride is interested in the question; but it is dragged in most inopportunely, we must confess, in the case of the terrestrial meridian.

In spite of all efforts to the contrary, we have arrived at unanimity in the signal code. Sooner or later we shall have a universal coinage, on condition of each sovereign's head being engraved on his own coins. We shall have the decimal system, because it is an abstract, conventional thing, useful to all and belonging to none.

And what difference is there between the arbitrary, but logical, decimal system and the universal meridian? The meridian belongs to nobody; it is an imaginary line, an arbitrary system of calculation; but it is also an eminently useful conventionalism, and indispensable to all nations. Why introduce diversity where unanimity would be beneficial? Nautical charts differ, calculations differ, and, as at Babel, we no longer understand each other. We must come to it sooner or later; at least it is to be hoped so; and as it has been found necessary to reduce to one reckoning the different times of Paris, Strasburg, and Havre, so nations must make up their minds to have one meridian. We have been able to bring three different reckonings of time to one, that of Paris, and Strasburg and Havre have not suffered. Neither will Paris, Greenwich, or Washington be degraded by giving up their own meridians and adopting that of Hierro, or any other which would be the sole and universal one. Whilst the current of the human mind urges the nations towards unity and association as regards material objects, we may surely arrive at a simplifying, through unity, of scientific methods—a simplifying which will itself be a part of progress. Let a congress decide. In our opinion, nations must, sooner or later, adopt the inoffensive meridian of Hierro, which cannot excite the jealousy of any power, and will satisfy all.

We were still discussing this question of the unity of the meridian, more important than many think, when Lionel said:

'While I was taking some notes in the Casino library, I made a discovery.'

'Indeed! A discovery of what?' said Brünner.

'Of the Canary Islands.'

'Was there ever a time when they were undiscovered?'

'Of course not; I mean that I have discovered the narrative of one of the first voyages to the Canaries, a manuscript of Boccaccio.'

We may fearlessly affirm that the discovery of the Islands has never been made, for their existence has always been known. But during the Middle Ages they were almost abandoned; some travellers, however, visited them; here is a proof, recently discovered in a private library in Italy. Prior to the happy chance which brought this fact to light, the expedition was unheard of, and when the Normans conquered the Islands only fifty years later, they found not even a tradition of it.

In 1827, the discovery was made at Florence of some manuscript notes of Boccaccio's, probably merely a memorandum written in bad Latin. Perhaps the chief of the expedition, whose name he rescues from oblivion, was a friend of his, being his fellow countryman and contemporary. On the margin of the manuscript we read: 'This expedition was commanded by the Florentine Angiolino del Tegghio de' Corbizzi, nephew of Gheraldini di Gianni.'

The title runs thus: '*De Canaria et de Insulis reliquis ultra Hispanium in Oceano* NOVITER *repertis*;' this word *noviter* implies that they had been known formerly but had been lost sight of.

Angiolino del Tegghio had three caravels under his orders, fitted out by Alphonso IV. of Portugal, when he set sail from Lisbon on December 17, 1341; he was to find out the Fortunate Islands, where he said he had already landed. With a favourable wind, he reached the Archipelago in five days, and the pilot of the expedition calculated that they came upon the Islands about 900 miles to the west of Cape St. Vincent, which is strictly accurate and removes all doubt. This pilot was a Genoese, named Niccoloso di Recco.

The navigators landed in Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, where they found fish-oil, seal-skins, goats in great numbers, and tallow. We know that whales, seals, and goats were abundant here, from the history of Béthencourt's chaplains. Pliny, in his account of the expedition sent out by King Juba, says that the inhabitants used whale oil.

The travellers mentioned Gran Canaria by name. They described the dress of the natives very accurately, for it is the very same which the conquerors described subsequently.

They saw their houses, where, according to them, the woodwork was well executed. From thence they proceeded to Hierro, which they described; then to Gomera. They mention wood pigeons as abounding in the laurel groves, and they abound in them to this day; they must therefore have landed there; arrived off Palma, they were afraid of an eruption of the Peak of Teneriffe, and dared not carry on their explorations.

They mention the smaller islands, Lobos, Roque del

Este, Roque del Oeste, Graciosa, Montaña Clara, and Alegranza, which six islets must be added to the seven better known and inhabited islands.

They report that the Guanches were brave, intelligent, robust, and had long sandy hair.

The system of numeration appeared the same as that of the Arabs. The manuscript gives their numeration up to sixteen, and the words are properly spelt; these words agree perfectly with those which have been subsequently verified.

The Islanders, say they, cultivated corn, barley, figs and vegetables. They had a temple containing a statue of a naked man with a ball in his hand. The explorers took it away with them, and also four natives of the country, and took them to Lisbon.

Such is briefly the history of the voyage given by Boccaccio.

This recently discovered narrative explains why, when the Pope gave the title of King of the Canary Islands to the Prince of Fortune, Don Luis de la Cerda, Alphonso King of Portugal protested, saying that he had designs on these Islands, that he had already sent men and vessels there, and that having in his possession some of the natives and various products, he thought the Islands ought to belong to him.

With regard to Boccaccio's Latin manuscript, of which the writing is so good and the Latin so bad, M. Berthelot thinks that it is only a scholar's exercise. As Boccaccio was born in 1313, he must have been twenty-eight or thirty when he wrote it, which excludes the idea of a scholar's

task. Boccaccio, the natural son of a rich Florentine merchant, received a commercial education, and when extremely young was sent by his father to his counting-houses in Paris and Naples; this education explains his interest in an expedition which promised to have such important results for commerce, and the bad Latin is the result of interrupted and incomplete studies, for which he made up by great natural talent and by a grace of style which still charms us.

Chapter VII.

LANZAROTE—FUERTEVENTURA.

Before relating the history of the conquest of the Islands by the Norman Jehan de Béthencourt, we must give the geography of the theatre of events.

On arriving off Lanzarote, we make our way to the port of Arecife, which is not only the best in the island, but also the safest and the principal harbour in the Canary Archipelago; unfortunately it is not like the roadstead of Santa Cruz, on the highway between America, Africa, India, and Australia. First, we coast the red sandy shores called Colorados, where the conqueror Jehan de Béthencourt established himself, when in 1402 he undertook the conquest of the Fortunate Islands. We perceive the district of Aquila, and on a hill the chapel of St. Martial Rubicon, which the Normans afterwards made a bishopric. There is good anchoring ground more to the west. We double the point of Papagayo, a belt of low land, devoid of verdure except during the rainy season, which stretches out flatly, save where broken here and there by sudden elevations, gigantic molehills, which are no other than volcanic mounds. On the right we leave Lobos (Isle of Wolves), a mass of barren rocks, and

suddenly catch sight of Fort San Gabriel. We reach the entrance to the harbour of Arecife, and cast anchor off the town.

Lanzarote is a grey island, bare of verdure except after the rainy seasons. The crops spring up quickly; and immediately after the harvest there is nothing to be seen but a sea of rock, and here and there some brambles. The country is bare—it is a Sahara. No trees, no shade, no murmuring streams, no springs, a few gardens here and there. These gardens adjoining the houses are very curious.

They trace a square of the dimensions wished for; they remove the rocks which form the uppermost layer of the soil, and carry them to the outer edge of the square marked out; these borders are generally ten feet thick and serve as garden walls. Smaller rocks are chosen next, and thrown on these Cyclopean walls, forming the second layer; the gaps are filled up with smaller stones. After having thus piled up the stones and rocks from the surface, they dig to a depth of about six feet, sometimes more, until they obtain a sufficient quantity of soil, throwing all the stones and pieces of rock on the walls. In this way they make their gardens, six feet below the level of the ground. Formerly, nearly all these gardens were round, as the Guanches always made use of circular or elliptical forms; now they are all oblong. In them are plantations of fruit trees, the branches of which hardly ever grow above the walls which shelter them, and which inside are 15 or 18 feet high.

All the southern and north-western districts have an

appearance of desolation, due to the eruption of 1730. It was so terrible, and the quantity of lava which it sent out was so great, that it formed a lake of fire, overturned and burned fourteen villages, and inundated four low plains and all the western districts. After this fiery deluge, the volcano vomited clouds of light ashes, which covered the ground to a great depth. This shower of ashes was a fortunate event, for without it no plant could have grown on the cold lava. It is not one of the least astonishing sights which strike the newly-landed traveller, the growth and ripening of maize and vines on the pulverised scoriae. From the south to the west, one would think that the island must always have presented the same torrid and burnt appearance, and one receives a dreary, mournful impression; but on quitting these districts and going northward, in the direction of the Famaza Mountains, we shall find not only verdure, but also some remains of that ancient Atlantic vegetation which disappeared through a great catastrophe, and which we have partially before our eyes.

Camels and donkeys abound in the island, and in order to explore it, it is necessary to put one's luggage on a camel and to ride a donkey. Thus equipped and well mounted, for the donkeys are first rate, full of fire and energy, we mount the hill of Latuche, and after a four hours' ride we reach the ancient Teguiza, now San Miguel, the capital of the island, founded by Maciot de Béthencourt, the nephew of the conqueror, who gave the capital the name of his bride, Teguiza. The Marquises of Lanzarote resided there until this appanage passed into

the family of the Marquises of Vilamazan. Their life there was an adventurous one, and their property ran many risks.

Algerine corsairs burned their palace in 1586, and after it was rebuilt, in 1596, the English pillaged it; from that time it remained in ruins.

A fresh invasion from Barbary took place in 1618; the invaders took possession of the fortress of Guanapaya, which defends the town, and burned the whole place, after decimating the inhabitants. The capital has never recovered itself.

These nobles, indefatigable warriors, well deserved their fate. Many times had they equipped their galleys, and, followed by their chevaliers and armed vassals, found their way to Fez, and enriched themselves with the spoils of the Moors. These were pious deeds! But they expiated them.

The fort is now in ruins, and the church falling into decay, for commerce, trade, shipping, all material interests in short, induce the movement of the population towards the fine harbour of Arecife, which is now the entrepôt of all the island products, and Teguiza is almost depopulated, ruined; the church, however, has been restored. The citadel still possesses some rusty, useless cannon, which no one would venture to fire off. In the principal square is shown the house of Clavijo, the celebrated translator of Buffon, who was born in Lanzarote, of a noble family, and who was one of the most illustrious scientific men of his time, one of the most learned under the Spanish monarchy.

If one wishes to make an excursion into the mountains nothing is easier. An accessible path through the valley of Haria leads to them, and the summits are soon reached, being only 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. They are for the most part bare; a few laurels are still to be seen, the remains of a vegetation now buried beneath lava and ashes.

From the summit of the highest of these mountains one can judge still better of the force and ravages of the eruption of 1730. One can trace the long parallel lines of the black sheets of lava, while every now and then are seen the volcanic mamelons, those immense molehills of which we have spoken; so much for the west side. If from the same place one looks eastward, the aspect is totally changed; white houses appear, surrounded by date and fig trees, like the African *douars* in the valleys of the lesser Atlas, while at a distance are seen the craters of Corona and Qualifaij, standing in a sea of scoriæ. Three low mountains near the Sierra in the centre of the island sent out eruptions, insignificant, but still sufficient to put a stop to all cultivation in the neighbourhood. The part which is capable of cultivation is covered with excellent natural pasture, in which fine cattle and camels are reared.

If, after having descended the steep slopes which lead to the salt pits, one looks straight forward, the islet of Graciosa is seen, separated from the mainland by a channel about half-a-mile wide; the isle is twelve miles in circumference. It is a heap of sand, gravel, and sea shells. Its name was probably given on the system of

contraries, for nothing is more dreary. Botanists only can find anything interesting there.

We find here recent traces of a volcanic system whose action was carried on in a southerly direction. Mount Corona rises like an immense dome, and recalls on a small scale Teyda in Teneriffe; at its summit is a crater of astonishing depth, almost equal to the height of the mountain. Another system of volcanic mountains, in parallel rows, is commanded by the Del Fuego Mountain, 1,470 feet high. The eruptions of these volcanoes are all recent, for, in 1824, the island was visited by three fresh eruptions.

On leaving Teguiza, the centre of the island, we find that the mountains extend along the northern coast, forming a kind of escarped rampart from 1,000 to 1,200 feet high, while on the south they slope more gradually, throwing out hilly spurs.

Lanzarote is the most easterly island of the Archipelago, and the nearest to the coast of Africa; if it were not that that coast recedes just here, it would be easily seen.

Arecife is the only harbour in the island, and its population is increasing, owing to its important trade in barilla (carbonate of soda).

There is no running stream in the island, and the inhabitants collect water in great tanks. There are, however, two springs, which, being on very low ground, are not much used.

San Bartolomé and Aria (or Haria) are two small towns of about 2,000 inhabitants each, which have nothing remarkable about them.

The small islands of Graciosa, Allegranza, De los Lobos, Roque del Este, Roque del Oeste, and Montaña Clara, are all grouped round Lanzarote. They are uninhabited, and possess no geographical interest.

Pliny mentions the island of Lanzarote under the name of Capraria. The shape of the island is very irregular, and has never been correctly drawn except on Lopez' map. It extends twenty-one miles from NE. to SW.; the windings of the shore are very great; the island is only 12 miles in breadth, and it has an area of 102 square miles.

Teguiza, the capital of the island, with 3,000 inhabitants, is situated in 20° 5′ N. lat., and 15° 58′ W. long.

FUERTEVENTURA.

According to Pliny, this island was known to the ancients under the name of Planaria. From east to west, at its greatest breadth, it only extends 18 miles, and a little more than 60 miles in length; the coast line is about 150 miles. The area is about 720 square miles.

The island is cut in two by an isthmus; the larger part is called Gran Tierra, the lesser is the peninsula of Jandia. The best harbour in the island is Puerto de las Cabras, the capital, which contains less than 1,000 inhabitants. The whole population of the island is very small.

The situation of the two parts of the island is thus defined: northern extremity, 28° 46′ N. lat., 16° 12′ 30″ W. long., for the southern extremity.

The highest mountains scarcely attain to 1,500 feet, and the chain runs through Gran Tierra. The Peak of El Fraile is the culminating point of the peninsula; it is about 1,500 feet high. The hills are low and their undulations regular. In the centre of the island they throw out two spurs. The ground rises gradually from the shore, and becomes dry and barren; there are no springs. There is, however, one stream, the Rio Palma, bordered by palm trees, which runs into the harbour of Peña.

The isthmus is uninhabited, and the inhabitants of Gran Tierra pasture their flocks there.

The capital, Betancuria, so called from the name of the conqueror, is now almost uninhabited; the population, formerly 4,000 or 5,000, is migrating to Antigua, Tasella, and the Puerto; the centre of the island is deserted for the coast.

Next to Teneriffe, Fuerteventura is the largest of the islands. It is 15 miles SW. of Lanzarote, to which, as we have said, it was probably once joined, and 54 miles from the coast of Africa. The soil is chalky and unproductive, except during rainy years.

A voyage of a few hours takes one from Lanzarote to Fuerteventura. At the extremity of a fine bay, used by the ships which visit these latitudes, stands Puerto de las Cabras. At the present time it carries on an important trade in barilla and grain. A few houses are built along

the shore, and as more are likely to be built, streets are forming, and a small town is rising.

Very unfortunately for the country, during eight months there is an absolute want of rain. The barren country reminds one of the African Sahara. It must have been on the rule of contraries, of which the ancients appear to have been very fond, that this island was formerly called Herbania.

On leaving this arid shore, which is only inhabited on account of the harbour, and proceeding inland, we reach Antigua, an important village, nearly in the centre of the isle, where the manufacture of barilla is chiefly carried on. From thence we proceed to Betancuria, the chief town in the island, founded by Jean de Béthencourt, the conqueror. This town has preserved intact the gothic character peculiar to that period. Its population, without any trade, has gradually diminished, and now only numbers 7,000 or 8,000. This old town is built at the bottom of a gorge-like valley, bounded by steep rocks. The noble Baron de Grainville la Teinturière introduced Norman laws there. It is probable, says M. Berthelot, that French was spoken at Betancuria long after the Spaniards took possession of the island. All we can say is that it is not so now.

The present parish church is an enlarged restoration of the little chapel erected by the noble Norman baron, which was called Notre Dame de Béthencourt. Messire Jean le Verrier, his chaplain, was the first *curé*, and lived there for the rest of his life, 'well pleased,' says the chronicle.

Don Diego de Herrera, feudal lord of the four islands first conquered, built the convent of Saint Bonaventura, where by his orders his coffin was deposited, with a somewhat bombastic epitaph. We can still decipher it:

'Here lies'—the name, rank, and honours of the deceased follow, occupying at least ten lines—'who conquered nine kings of Teneriffe and two kings of Gran Canaria; crossed over to Barbary with his fleet; reduced a great number of Moors to slavery; built and defended a fortress on the coast of Africa; made war on three nations, the Gentiles (aboriginal inhabitants of the Islands), the Moors, the Portuguese; and gained the victory without the help of any king.' It is true that he did make himself formidable, and that in this war of constant piracy the Africans were often defeated. This state of warfare lasted a long while, the Canarians burning and plundering the ships, sacking Fez, and besieging Zaffi. But one fine day the Moors were the strongest, burned Betancuria, and killed a great number of the islanders. These are the necessary vicissitudes of war.

At Betancuria there is a Madonna to be seen, the Blind Madonna, of which the legend is as follows. Don Diego, a celebrated monk, had taken it out of the sea, where the Moors had thrown it, after one of their pillaging expeditions, and had replaced it in the church. These enemies, victors for the second time, entered the church, and assaulted Don Diego himself. The Madonna could not bear the sight, and shut its eyes. To dare to touch a monk! it was enough to make one blind! She became so.

They show also the famous date tree which has borne fruit without kernels, ever since Don Diego, proved by this miracle to be a saint, broke one of his teeth in eating some of the dates.

It was at Betancuria that the following fact took place. A pious inhabitant, who confessed to Don Diego, had taken the vow of celibacy; without however taking either the major or minor orders, not to vex his family; he grew thin visibly. Don Diego, who pitied him, and liked roast partridge as well as dates without stones, sent him one ready cooked, in order to comfort his stomach, injured by his too prolonged gastronomic privations. The bird was accordingly served up, properly cooked; but his feathers came back one by one, before the eyes of the abstemious islander, and, finally, he flew away. The window must have been open—it is so hot in that country! A curious picture representing this culinary miracle was sent to France by the consul. It is said to be of some merit.

Briefly, the Island of Fuerteventura has a dreary, monotonous appearance, cultivation is scarce, and the population is very small. The town of Betancuria alone possesses some interest, although nearly all the buildings are half destroyed, and completely abandoned. The island is now growing richer, through its trade in barilla. It will never, however, prove attractive to tourists, for its flatness deprives it of those varieties of scenery which charm or astonish. The want of cultivation deprives it of that freshness and verdure which would make it pleasing to the eye. Its flora alone is interesting to the naturalist, as is the nature of the soil to the geologist, for

one can, as it were, see in an open book Africa, from which the island has evidently been severed. A succession of sub-marine islets and rocks show it to be also the twin sister of Lanzarote, to which it was formerly joined, according to the reports of navigators.

After this description of the theatre of events, we will now give the history of the first conquest.

Chapter VIII.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

In 1291, Doria and Vivaldo, followed by some Genoese adventurers, undertook a voyage to the islands off the coast of Africa. The Genoese historians describe the preparations for the voyage; they set out in two galleys; nothing more was heard of them: the sea kept its secret.

Peter Heylin relates that in 1330 the Islands, which had been forgotten during the Middle Ages, were accidentally rediscovered by a French ship running before a storm; the ship took refuge there, and returned to France soon afterwards, having first put into a Portuguese harbour. King Alphonso IV., who had heard of the circumstance, appointed Don Luis de Ordo to conquer the Islands. He arrived off Gomera, but was repulsed by the inhabitants, in 1332.

In 1334, the King of Portugal sent out another and a stronger fleet, and this time the Portuguese encamped in Gomera, and planted their flag there. Did they remain in the island? We cannot tell: probably not.

An interval of eight years follows.

In 1341, the expedition narrated by Boccaccio, which we have already mentioned, took place.

About 1342, the same voyage was undertaken by Luis de la Cerda, grandson of Alphonso X. King of Castile, of the blood royal of France. This Luis de la Cerda, Count of Claramonte, went on his return to Pope Clement VI. at Avignon, and received from him the title of king of the islands to be conquered; but war had just been declared by England, and Don Luis was forced to resign his enterprise and follow the King of France, whose vassal he was. Here are one or two details of the investiture.

'In order to extend the fame of the church to the ends of the earth,' Clement VI. erected the Fortunate Islands into a monarchy dependent on the Holy See, and the Pope gave to the new king, *princeps fortunæ*, in full court, a sceptre and crown of gold.

Geronimo Zerita, in his commentary on the Itinerary of Antonine, relates that, in 1395, some Guypuscoans and Andalusians together discovered the Islands, pillaged them, especially Lanzarote, and took two prisoners.

Thus Basques and Andalusians came to the Fortunate Islands in search of slaves. Isidore of Seville tells us so. About the year 1400 they appealed to their friends on the coast of Normandy; they made every effort; and this time five caravels, Norman, Biscayan, and Andalusian, set sail under the command of Gonzalo Perazza Martel. Henry III. took the expedition under his protection. They arrived off Teneriffe. The island was in confusion, Teyde in eruption; they therefore went to Lanzarote, which they pillaged, and made prisoners of the king and queen, and 170 natives, who were afterwards sold as

slaves, while they loaded their vessels with leather, tallow, &c.

The first caravel which anchored off the island was commanded by a Norman, Lancelot de Maloysel, who gave his name to the island—Lancelote, afterwards Lanzarote.

This successful expedition made no doubt a great impression on Béthencourt. In 1401, Henry III. of Castile granted by treaty the conquest of the Islands to Robert Braquemont, lord of Normandy, in return for services rendered by him to the Crown. But De Braquemont, being engaged in the war between Spain and Portugal, ceded his rights to his cousin, Jehan de Béthencourt, lord of Grainville la Teinturière and baron of S. Martin le Gaillard. Béthencourt pledged his lands of Béthencourt and Grainville to De Braquemont, borrowed money on his estates, and set out in 1402, followed by a handful of men.

At Rochelle, Béthencourt met with Gadifer de la Salle, a knight on the look out for adventures. Gadifer and several others joined the enterprise, and the expedition, now numbering eighty men, set sail on May 1, 1402.

After a few days the ship reached Cadiz, where some Genoese, Piacenzan, and English merchants caused his arrest, on the ground of having boarded and plundered three ships on the way. Béthencourt was taken to Seville, and the tribunal there, having listened to his defence, set him at liberty. There were now only fifty-three men left on board.

The Islands were reached after a voyage of five days,

and the adventurers landed in Lanzarote. The islanders soon came to meet them; the king himself came, and it was agreed that the islanders should make friends with their visitors, and should not be treated as a conquered race.

But the simple inhabitants of Lanzarote soon had their illusions dispelled. In a few days a fort, called Rubicon, was erected; and Bertin de Berneval was put in command of it, whilst Béthencourt set out to conquer Fuerteventura. He landed, and remained there a week, but the natives fled to the mountains, where he could not reach them, fearing at his hands the treatment they had received from his predecessors. Béthencourt's provisions fell short and he returned to Lanzarote, the conquest of which he completed without shedding any blood; the cunning Norman understood the Guanches already. Instead of making prisoners of them, he left them at liberty, and obtained from them all he wanted—labour, help, and submission.

Soon afterwards, Béthencourt, finding that he could not carry on his conquests with such a handful of men, who were mutinying every day, called a council, at which it was decided that he should embark with the malcontents, and seek for reinforcements in Spain. He left Gadifer de la Salle in command of those who remained, and under him, as lieutenant, Bertin de Berneval, a Norman in whom Gadifer had great, but, as we shall see, misplaced confidence.

The stock of clothes was worn out, shoes especially. Gadifer, leaving the command to Bertin, set out in the

launch with a few men for the Island of Lobos, where he hoped to catch seals and to make boots from their skins. But his provisions being exhausted before his seal catching was completed, he sent the launch back to Lanzarote for bread and water. Bertin seized it, rallied round him the Gascon gentlemen, natural enemies of the Normans, and they, twelve in number, resolved to embark in the launch, and conquer the rest of the Islands on their own account.

At this juncture, a Spanish ship, the 'Tajamar,' in search of slaves, cast anchor in the bay. Bertin went on board, and he and the captain together conceived and carried out the following plan. An Indian, Anaga, and a woman called Canaria, served as interpreters between the adventurers and the natives; Bertin, through them, induced the king and eighty of his subjects to come to him on business relating to the ships; Bertin's men then attacked them and carried them all on board the vessels, except the king.

Bertin, wishing to have the profit of their sale all to himself, sent the Frenchmen with the launch in search of provisions, and also to pillage and destroy the fort. They obeyed, but on their return to the 'Tajamar' they brought with them the chaplains, who begged to be allowed to keep the launch, and at least Anaga and Canaria as interpreters. With unexampled brutality Bertin threw overboard Canaria (who, however, was happily fished up again), and fearing to take with him men who would claim a share of the booty, set sail at once with only two men. One of these was the trumpeter of the little army,

named Courtille. On his arrival at Cadiz, this repentant trumpeter gave notice to the authorities and sent despatches to Béthencourt at Seville; upon which Bertin put to sea again, and went to sell his slaves on the coasts of Leon and Asturias.

The twelve Gascon mutineers, who had been left behind, fearing the vengeance of the islanders, of Gadifer, and of Béthencourt, set out to conquer another island. A storm threw them on the coast of Africa, where most of them perished miserably.

Gadifer was at length rescued from his unpleasant position in Lobos by the arrival of the launch; he returned to Rubicon, and restored order there.

Béthencourt also met with many misfortunes. A ship which he had fitted out at Seville was lost off Cadiz, with men, money, and provisions. Having exhausted his own resources and those of Gadifer de la Salle, his only hope was in the king. Henry gave a favourable reception to the adventurer, who offered him the real suzerainty of an insular kingdom which had been only nominally conceded to Don Luis de la Cerda: he accepted Béthencourt's homage, ordered that 20,000 gold maravedis should be given him, and granted him a fifth of all the island produce which should be sent to Spain.

Béthencourt's happiness was of short duration, for his treasurer absconded with the greater part of the 20,000 maravedis. He, however, was not disheartened; he laid out what remained in arms, provisions, &c., and went to take leave of the king, from whom he received the privilege of coining money.

Gadifer received a letter from Béthencourt, begging him to employ his men in reconnoitring the other Islands, informing him that he should soon arrive, and telling him that he had done homage to the King of Spain. Gadifer de la Salle never pardoned Béthencourt for this last action; he said that the Islands partly belonged to him, that Béthencourt had pledged his word to that effect, and that he had broken his promise, which was unworthy of a knight.

Finding himself master of forty-eight well-armed soldiers and a good vessel well provisioned, Gadifer set out to reconnoitre the other Islands, according to Béthencourt's orders. He went first to Fuerteventura, where he had some successful encounters with the islanders; next to Gran Canaria, where he found a numerous population, valiant, vigorous, energetic, and, above all, inimical to Christians. He visited, in succession, Palma, Hierro, and Gomera, in which he found different dialects of the same languages and different customs; after a voyage of three months he returned to Rubicon.

Béthencourt arrived there soon afterwards; he was well received by his own people and by the islanders; the king submitted to him, and was baptised together with a great number of his subjects.

Béthencourt and Gadifer now resolved to complete the conquest of the Archipelago, and to convert the islanders to Christianity. Gadifer was repulsed from Gran Canaria, but the enterprise was everywhere else crowned with success.

Gadifer de la Salle could not, however, pardon Béthencourt for having done homage to the King of Spain, and

reserved to himself the sovereignty of the Islands. The latter appealed to the decision of the King of Spain. The two knights embarked, and appeared before the King, who decided in favour of Béthencourt; Gadifer was forced to resign his hopes and return to France. The king of the Canaries returned to the Islands furnished with fresh royal gifts.

Having accomplished the pacification of his kingdom, Béthencourt determined to revisit his estates in France. He appointed Jean le Courtois to take the command, and set out. After a long voyage, he landed at Havre, whence he proceeded to Grainville, where he was visited by all the neighbouring nobility. There he gathered together a brilliant troop of well-armed gentlemen and soldiers; he also took with him artisans and workmen, in order to people and civilise the Islands; and finally he embarked with his nephew, Maciot Béthencourt, to whom, having no son, he meant to leave his kingdom.

The king was received with great acclamations by the natives both of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura; in the latter isle he left his nephew Maciot, whom he had already nominated as his successor, and charged him to found a town, to be called by his name, with a church, dedicated to Notre Dame de Béthencourt (Betancuria).

Indefatigable in spite of his great age, the king was anxious to undertake the conquest of the other Islands. Gran Canaria, so thickly populated, so rich, so fertile, so well watered, seemed to him the pearl of the Archipelago, and engrossed all his thoughts. He set out on the expedition with several ships and a proportionately large

number of men; but the squadron was dispersed by a storm, and the king, with the greater part of the soldiers, was driven on the coast of Morocco, while only one galley was able to reach Gran Canaria. This handful of men struggled bravely with the islanders; but they were on the point of being cut to pieces, when the king returned from Morocco, where in two days he had slaughtered an immense number of the infidels, and taken many prisoners. But finding that the entire population of the island had risen, he decided that any attempt at taking it would be futile for the present; he therefore went on to Palma, of which he took possession, and afterwards to Hierro, where he also left a garrison; he then returned to his capital, where for several years he busied himself with the civil and religious government of the Islands, and established the Norman code of laws there.

Having put the affairs of his kingdom into excellent order, he appointed his nephew Maciot his Lieutenant-General, and once more set sail for France.

Béthencourt went first to Cadiz, where he saw the King, who received him as a brother. He obtained the nomination of a Bishop for the new Canary Kingdom, and letters for the Pope, begging his sanction. He then set out for Rome, where he obtained all that he asked from Pope Innocent VII. He sent to the Canaries Alberto de Las Casas, furnished with the bull of investiture, and set out himself for Paris, stopping on the way at Florence.

On his return to his own estates, Béthencourt received letters from Las Casas, informing him of the prosperous state of the Islands, and the good government of his

nephew. He remained for some time, managing his estates, and resting from his travels. He was thinking of setting out once more when he was taken ill, and soon after felt death approaching; upon which he summoned his brother, the father of Maciot. But as this brother did not come (they had never been on very good terms together), Béthencourt bade his servants tell him to go to Paris, and ask a man whom he named for a chest which bore the inscription 'Papers of Béthencourt and Grainville.' Hardly had he said these words when he expired. His brother had just arrived. Before his death, his faithful chaplain, Jean le Verrier, who had accompanied him on all his voyages, wrote his will, after having administered the last sacraments to him.

A monument, which was finished in 1425, was erected in the church of Grainville la Teinturière, opposite the high altar. The epitaph was as follows: 'In 1406 died Jehan de Béthencourt, lord of Grainville la Teinturière, of Saint Sère, of Lincourt, of Ruillé, of Grand Quesnay, of two fiefs in Gourel in the earldom of Caux; baron of S. Martin le Gaillard in the earldom of Eu, &c. &c. May God preserve his soul!'

Not a word of the conquest of the Canary Islands; an omission rather too modest.

It would be hard to find a character in history more honourable or more kindly than that of Béthencourt. He exercised his authority with paternal kindness, which in no degree weakened his power. He was courageous, benevolent, and in all things worthy of his great enterprise. His chief characteristic was his love of justice. And he is

remembered, not so much for having conquered a kingdom as for having governed it justly in times when might was right.

The manor of Béthencourt is now completely in ruins. The church at Grainville still remains, but the inscription, defaced by time, was undecipherable to the passers by, until a simple Abbé, more pious than the hero's descendants, more patriotic than his fellow citizens, put up at his own expense a marble slab bearing the name and date of death of the conqueror of the Canary Islands. Yet there are still some Béthencourts in France. In the Canaries, and at Madeira, there are a great number, descended from Maciot de Béthencourt. A poor village priest, the Abbé Cochet, is the only man who has cared to preserve to France the memory of the forgotten conquest of the kingdom of the Canaries. All honour to the Abbe Cochet!

Chapter IX.

PUERTO.

Orotava being about twenty-two miles from Santa Cruz, one almost always arrives there in the evening. It is a long drive. One dines, and then looks out of window, or, what is better, goes up to the Italian terrace adjoining every house. Flowers and tall shrubs surround the parapet which serves as a seat. Order coffee and cigars to be brought to you there. Look!

Honour to whom honour is due! On the left, the immense Peak of Teyde rises from its circular basin of las Cañadas; to the right extends a succession of mountains degenerating gradually into hills, over which the road to Laguna winds gracefully. Opposite is the wide extent of sea, breaking on steep shores, and describing graceful curves, clearly marked out by the white foam of the broken waves.

In the middle of this line of coast, several miles long, arched like a bow, we see on the borders of the sea, which forms a little bay in front of it, a small white town, glittering in the rays of the setting sun; this is Puerto de la Orotava.

It is six o'clock; the sun, immensely enlarged by the

cooling of the atmosphere charged with the ocean vapours, is suspended like a golden globe above a blue cloud which lies on the horizon. This blue cloud is the Island of Palma, about eighteen miles off. The sun sinks still lower and hangs above Caldera, probably one of the oldest volcanoes in the world: the eye is now satiated with beauty. On the western horizon the sky is striped with rays of a golden brown, while the zenith is the colour of turquoise; the sea is reddish violet, and the Island of Palma blue mauve; all the windows in Orotava and Puerto and the coloured tiles on the steeples glitter in the rays of the sun; the snows of the peak sparkle as if it were a cone of diamonds, and the sun, before sinking into the purple sea, describes on it an immense cone of brilliant light: he sinks lower still, and slowly his disk disappears —the sky turns a leaden blue, the fires of Puerto and Orotava are extinguished, the Cañadas become a dark green, while the peak is still illumined; but the shadow rises, rises still—the summit disappears in its turn—the twilight has lasted ten minutes:—it is night—here are the stars.

Let tourists ascend the Righi to see the sun light up the crests of the Alps—it is well; let the Russians go to the end of the islands, delicious labyrinth of verdure and water, to see the pale northern sun sink over the boundless plain—it is well; let travellers watch from the Pincian hill the setting sun bathing seven-hilled Rome with its last fires—that is better still; at Orotava all these varied aspects are united: the sublime mountain is Teyde! the boundless plain, the Atlantic ocean! and two towns reposing

carelessly and happily on the hills; and further, there is the beautiful scenery, the enchanting climate, and the air, so pure and soft that it is a pleasure only to breathe there.

Everyone who stays at Orotava goes on the terrace every evening instinctively. And he does not go in vain, for every evening he will enjoy a spectacle ever varying, according to the state of the atmosphere, and this spectacle, always the same and yet always varied, like nature, is the finest man can behold.

The night has come, sudden, dark; the sky is black, but the stars shine. What are those lights on the sea? There—four symmetrical lights; further off, four more. It is night fishing: it is the *chicharreros* catching the *chicharro*, a small mackerel of a very delicate flavour, which can be caught only by torchlight.

'We must go in, the night is chilly,' says Brünner.

The young sceptic, contemptuous of things in general, has not once protested against going to the terrace. This somewhat egotistical young man has calculated that there is more pleasure in seeing daily this fairy-like scene than there is trouble in climbing a certain number of steps.

We set out on foot next morning to see Puerto and the Garden of Acclimatisation; Brünner was obliged to submit, believing that there were no horses to be hired. About six o'clock we walked down the hill of Orotava, passing the Garden of Acclimatisation on the plateau of La Paz, of which we shall presently speak more at length, and, after a walk of about five miles, we entered Puerto. This miniature harbour was formerly of great

commercial importance when the vine was cultivated. The vine disease has ruined its commerce. It was impossible, except at a great expense, to send the Orotava valley wines to Santa Cruz, twenty miles off; accordingly some English houses established themselves at Puerto, and accumulated all the productions of the country in their warehouses. These houses flourished, and ships of all countries touching at Madeira or the Canaries came to Puerto to take in wines nearly as good as Madeira and much cheaper. The Puerto merchants carried on an extensive trade with England, the United States and the West Indies. When England became mistress of the seas, between 1785 and 1815, the little port enjoyed a fabulous prosperity. The French, Spanish, and Italian markets were closed to England by the continental blockade, that Napoleonic machine which was the principal cause of all the French disasters and the pretext for the Russian war. The English could get wine only from Portugal and the Canaries; consequently, fine houses were built, extensive warehouses erected, the narrow little streets of the old harbour were widened, fine squares and promenades gave fresh air and shade, fountains were made, the peasants lived at ease, and English comfort established itself in the houses of the citizens.

Puerto has now lost its rich foreign houses; the ruin of the vineyards has caused not only the departure of the English with their treasures, but also the departure of their commerce, which was the source of considerable riches to everyone. One only remains. The house of Messrs. Smith commands the town, and forms a charming feature of the view. It is a fine house, surrounded by terraced

gardens, the soil of which is kept in place by supporting walls. There is water there, and consequently every kind of island vegetation; vast reservoirs preserve the water throughout the winter.

As a rule, Puerto is well built. The houses are large, and almost all have a *patio* or inner court planted with bananas, oranges, and flowers. There are two casinos; in one of them, on the plaza, one receives a cordial welcome. We had an excellent breakfast there, drank the best coffee we ever tasted in the Islands, and found numbers of papers and magazines. This casino has two magnificent saloons.

In spite of the cessation of the wine trade, Puerto is visited twice a year by European ships, and even by a steamer for cochineal. The cultivation of early potatoes is also very remunerative, and is carried on with care and success in the environs of Puerto. Every year English ships, chiefly from Jersey, bring the seed; and every year, about the end of April, they come for the new potatoes, which they take to the United States, Cuba, Jamaica, and nearly all the other West Indian Islands. After that, Puerto falls back into its usual state of isolation.

Wine is no longer made at Teneriffe, except in very small quantities from a few vines still remaining. But Mr. Smith sells wine twenty and fifty years old, and even older. Some still remains in private houses, and as we have tasted it, we can affirm that it is delicious. Prices are formidable, from 200*l.* to 400*l.* the cask. In Madeira it costs as much as 800*l.* the cask. As may be imagined, these wines are only bought by the dozen, or the case. The Court has accredited agents in the Islands.

For two months of the year Orotava has a wet season of fogs and rains. Some families remove at that time to Puerto, which being on the sea, though only two miles from Orotava, does not suffer from the mountain fogs, nor from the cold which is necessarily felt at an elevation of 2,000 feet. Most of those who leave Orotava go to Santa Cruz, but the few who prefer Puerto, live there very comfortably and agreeably: so that in winter, when a few English also reside there, Puerto is a little more lively. Living is cheaper there than at Santa Cruz.

We had intended to visit the gardens on our return, but we had not taken account of the heat. At two o'clock, the time for starting, although the 15th of April, the heat was so excessive that, in spite of umbrellas, we dared not cross the square. We re-entered the Casino, where we fell asleep, thoroughly weary, on the sofas.

I was reading a Spanish newspaper, half-asleep and half-awake. I remember the article like a dream. The writer accused the Queen of Spain of versatility in her ideas of government. After giving some proofs which I have forgotten, he thus addressed her: 'Madam, when you adopted postage stamps, you decided that your face should look to the right: that was well. But Bravo Murillo, some time afterwards, made you look to the left; it was a bad sign. But we were patient, and finally you deigned to turn to the right again. Much to our satisfaction, a still greater improvement was made, for your face disappeared altogether and made room for the arms of Spain. Then the nation breathed again and had reason to hope for a progressive renovation of affairs.

Alas, Madam! O'Donnel and Narvaez soon effaced the national arms, replaced your head, and made you look to the left! Since then, things have gone from bad to worse in Spain. Return to the proper direction, or, better still, erase yourself if possible—

I fell asleep and saw in a dream, on the American postage stamps, the head of Washington—it looked straight forwards!

The Queen's head no longer defaces the Spanish postage stamps; but Washington's has not replaced it.

We roused ourselves. We were obliged to set off as quickly as possible, for we had an invitation to Orotava, and our time was nearly up. We mounted our horses; half-an-hour afterwards, about five o'clock, we reached our journey's end, having ascended 2,000 feet in a gentle but continual incline.

Brünner declared that, as there were horses for hire, he would not walk any more. But he did not keep his word, for two days after he climbed the cone of Teyde. He was really the best pedestrian of the party.

LA RAMBLA, REALEJOS, GARACHICO.

We had wished at Santa Cruz to see the details of the cultivation of cochineal, but as the insects are only bred there as a rule, we determined to see the whole process at Orotava. To this end the Marquis de la Florida offered to show us one of his farms. Thence we were to proceed to Rambla, passing the Realejos, then to Garachico, seeing

on the way the *montañetas* of eruption of the thirteenth century, the *molehills*, as M. Berthelot calls them.

Krauss would not leave the Botanical Gardens, where he was making a splendid collection. Brünner had found a Swiss gardener there, a fellow countryman, and we could not persuade him to accompany Mr. Goatbeard (the Canadian), his son, and myself, on the long expedition we had planned.

We therefore set out without them on horseback by a road which is marked out, but is only passable here and there; however, it seems they intend to finish it, as they are working at it. After having crossed two dry torrent beds, we come to a steep ascent, and all traces of a road disappear. Then we follow a deep ravine hollowed by the rains from the creation of the world or of the island; another torrent, another ascent. I have always in Spain laughed at the torrents without water which one crosses dry-footed on a bed of pebbles. I always thought of the younger Dumas, who, when he had drunk half his glass, said gravely to the waiter, 'Take this to the Manzanarez, it wants it!' I laughed still more at the pretentious bridges built by Charles III. to join two shores which no water divided. At Orotava there is nothing to laugh at. The torrent is dry because man has taken possession of the water at its source in order to utilise it. The water is spread over the fields, which is much better than letting it run off into the sea; in the winter it is stored up in cisterns, some of which are enormous. It is not here as in Spain, where the torrents, and even considerable rivers, partly evaporate and are partly lost underground,

doing no good whatever. At Orotava there are no bridges over the torrents, and during the dry season not a drop of water falls into the sea from them.

After having gone some little way, we reach the first *montañeta*. Let us describe the scene. Less than half-a-mile off, to the south, is the farm at which we are to make our first halt; to the north is Puerto, and in front a small mountain resembling Mont Valérien, only more pointed, and perfectly symmetrical; this is the large *montañeta*, or molehill; a little to the east is a second, and beside it a smaller one. In comparison with the Cañadas these really are molehills and have somewhat the same shape. At first sight these excrescences, these earth warts, look black. On approaching, we distinguish some red tints in the mass; nearer still we see various colours, and can distinguish the scoriæ and basalts in every stage of calcination, the colour passing from grey to yellow ochre. These mountains resemble mushrooms, and are shaped like a certain kind of Pyrenean orange, or like a Cochin-china hen's egg half-buried in the ground, with the narrow end appearing.

The special characteristic of these three cones is their absolute sterility. Strange contradiction! these scoriæ, these calcined rocks, so unproductive, produce excellent results when spread on the land and sown, so to speak, on the surface of the fields. We have seen volcanic mounds like these in Lanzarote and Madeira—an evident and fresh proof, hitherto unnoticed, of a perfect similarity between the various groups of islands. Let us find these marks, this family likeness, in the Cape Verd Islands, in

the Azores, and we shall have another proof in favour of Atlantis. Whilst rising gently under Plutonic action, these little mountains caused an upheaval of the land and covered it with scoriæ; where the layer is not too thick the land is tolerably productive; when it is covered with ashes only, as is the case here and there near the base, cultivation is possible.

We resume our journey, and reach the Marquis's farm. There are scarcely any buildings; as a rule, farmers only half cultivate their land. We shall give, in a separate chapter, a detailed account of the cultivation of cochineal and of the land. After having seen the cochineal fields and rested a little, we remount our horses and come to the farm of the Marquis de Castro, where we are to see a loom of unknown antiquity and a Guanche mill for grinding corn, a hand-mill very simple and very ingenious. A hermitage or chapel, in no way remarkable, is at one end of the farm buildings.

Further on, in the court of a tolerably clean house, a red-haired girl, of Guanche descent, is turning with the palm of her hand a primitive kind of spinning-wheel.

The plain ceases, and before us, like an escarpment, we see a river bed more than a hundred yards wide.

'It is impossible that there can ever have been a river here,' said Mr. Goatbeard; 'there are no banks, no depth of bed, and the edge on one side is more than 30 feet lower than the other.'

We stopped to seek for an explanation which we did not find. Then our companion, the Marquis de la Florida, told us, with his unfailing correctness of memory, that in

1820, in consequence of a water-spout and of a deluge of rain which accompanied it, such destructive floods took place that, the slope of the land helping, in a few minutes more than 100 dwellings were swept away like straw before the wind by the water and fragments of rock, and 240 people perished; this torrent left such powerful marks of its passage on the land, that only a fresh cataclysm can efface them. We cross the ravine, and then by a wretched road we reach the lower village of Realejo. Another ravine, another ascent, and by more bad roads we at length arrive at the upper Realejo.

Let us give our horses a little rest.

The Realejos are two important villages, separated by a very deep ravine, and situated at a considerable elevation.

The name Realejo may be translated encampment. On July 25, 1496, Don Alonso de Lugo, the Conquistador, with his Castilians, occupied on the height the spot where the upper village is built. The Guanches, with their old king, Bencomo, at their head, occupied the lower Realejo; thus there were two camps, two Realejos, the upper and the lower. Exhausted by the fierce struggle, and not wishing to sacrifice in vain the lives of his surviving warriors, Bencomo implored the mercy of his savage conqueror. He obtained the cessation of hostilities on condition, first, of his submission, then, of his conversion, and he was baptised in the little camp chapel. We shall see in another place what his conquerors did with him.

The view from the upper Realejo is of an abrupt and imposing character. The ground is frightfully torn up; the rocks have everywhere been overturned, and lie in

extraordinary positions; here are precipitous ravines of immense depth, and there lofty mountains, Pelion upon Ossa! A magnificent vegetation covers every particle of soil, and the enormous dragon tree close to the church is mentioned in the history of the conquest. The sea, 3,000 feet below, forms the background of the picture, and breaks furiously on the basaltic ramparts which it is constantly wearing away; while the ravines form little bays bordered with laurels, palms, oaks, and magnificent plane trees.

We were sketching the landscape at the turn of the road to the upper Realejo, when two ladies on horseback passed us, followed by a guide on foot. The horses' heads were covered with bells and other ornaments; on each side of the saddles hung a pannier; and from each pannier the brown head of a child, whose body one could not see, peeped out from its mother's petticoats. Just like a hen with two chickens. The panniers contained also provisions, &c. One of these ladies was very young, and wonderfully beautiful; exercise had made her still more lovely by heightening her colour. The guide was superb in every way,—head, figure, physiognomy, and costume. This bit of life brightened up our sketch.

The descent now began, steep and tiring. We proceed in silence, overcome by the heat, to the bottom of the ravine. We re-ascend the other side, then descend again, when all at once, 1,000 feet beneath us, we perceive Rambla, the summer abode of the De Castro family, a pleasant surprise! The house, very ordinary in itself, is built in such a position that the mountain rises per-

pendicularly above it, while below it is a yawning ravine, which it makes one giddy to look down. The torrent, having reached the end of its course, spreads out as it leaves the rocks for the sea about 100 yards off. On the two almost perpendicular banks of this torrent, the Marquis de Castro has, with much patience, ingenuity, and expense, laid out a flower garden, and a park with fine trees.

All the soil put on the rock has to be kept there by walls of the basalt found on the spot. There are also walls made of the chalk found here, which on being rubbed show, in incredible perfection, the forms of leaves, ferns, and shells, in perfect preservation. It is well known how science has made use of these petrifactions. Mr. Goatbeard and I were so overjoyed at this discovery of a whole wall built of such precious material, that we could not refrain from breaking off some bits. Each breakage afforded us a fresh surprise. May the kind family of De Castro forgive us for geology's sake the damage we did at Rambla.

The Marquis de Castro has made a road from the house to the end of the ravine; it is bordered by magnificent trees, the roots of which are planted in 20 feet of earth brought to the spot, and watered by the running stream, in consequence of which their growth is very rapid. The beds are full of flowers. At one end a natural cascade has hollowed out a gulf, to which one goes down by easy paths; the torrent is crossed by a rustic bridge. The water accumulates in a basin, a sluice is opened, and the cascade rushes down in a sheet of water, giving animation

to the landscape. We turn to the left, cross a large wooden bridge, and before us a fine avenue of palm trees leads to the other side of the ravine. A good road, cut in the precipice, leads in picturesque zigzags to the house. This road resembles that at Eaux Bonnes; sheer precipices rise above one's head, and the sea roars beneath one's feet.

The water, which flows in abundance from all the fissures in the mountains, has created a magnificent vegetation of rock plants and pellitories; mosses, lichens, parasites, ivy, gorse, dwarf rhododendrons, pink geraniums, pelargoniums with small but brilliant flowers; and besides these, all the pellitory plants, and enormous cacti. From the end of this avenue one has the best view of Rambla, the gardens, the house, and the sort of small harbour formed by the combined fury of the torrent and the sea. The waves roll hither the same black basaltic pebbles which cover the shore at Funchal in Madeira.

Briefly, the situation of Rambla is very peculiar, very wild, very airy, and forms a delightful retreat during the hot season. Waterfalls leap from rock to rock. The proprietor has turned to good account the various inequalities of soil, the steepest precipices, the most distorted rocks. Trees of rapid growth have attained to a magnificent size, and preserve their foliage throughout the summer, which is not common in these latitudes. Beautiful plane trees shade the winding paths, and their leaves fall into the stream. The earth is hidden by flowers; clustering vines twine round them, while creepers, bougainvillas and bignonias, with purple, red, and blue

flowers, climb to the tops of the tallest trees, and display there their varied hues.

The islanders maintain that Rambla realises the description of the Gardens of Armida. This classic comparison is only of a very relative value, although expressed in ambitious verse, and in every language. The Spaniards make it the site of Eden, and we have read verses to that effect, on the walls of the fort or *castillo*, signed by a captain of poetic renown. Such comparisons are, we think, a mistake. Works of imagination offer a boundless field to the mind, vague, undetermined, and will on that account be always more beautiful, more poetic, than any material realisation. It is, by the way, a happy thing that poetry is not materially realisable; otherwise it would have died out long ago.

The castle, fort, *castillo*, is a take in. The word castle always calls up the idea either of a strong fortress or an imposing dwelling. Well, here is the exact description of the strong fortress of Rambla. The avenue ends in a circular platform thirteen feet in circumference, not more; and even for this they have been obliged to cut away the rock and to build a very substantial wall on the side of the precipice. Half this space is open to the front; at the back, three walls six feet high support a roof, under which five or six persons can take shelter. This is the castle! a cardboard castle, only fit for children! The wall on the side of the precipice is about two feet high, and in it are three holes, through which three cannon protrude. These cannon, as thick as one's arm, and about three feet long, are on the ground, not mounted; old rusty iron, they must

have belonged to some merchant ship of the time of the Philips; the rain has discoloured and rusted them; and the saline vapours, acting still more powerfully than the soft water, wear them away visibly. This is the fort! the *castillo*! a pompous name for such an insignificant place; it rather disgusts one when it comes in sight; but the disappointment is forgotten when, seated on the parapet, one contemplates the landscape.

Some pretty country-houses, also called Ramblas, are scattered here and there, in lovely situations. They belong to the Marquis De San Andres, the De Melo family, the Marquis de la Florida, and the Marquis de Castro.

From the castle, we return by the same road to the house, which has some ancient orange trees in the court. We remount our horses, and set out for Garachico.

On the road we see a few mulberry trees, which gradually disappear. Formerly, a great many silkworms were reared in the Islands, and there was even a silk manufactory, which produced fabrics highly thought of in Spain as well as in Havana. Now, a few ladies rear silkworms for their own amusement, and make scarves and sashes for themselves, as well as other little things, which are now so expensive that they are only made for presents.

On our way, we go to see two places where, on a very simple plan, they make excellent but somewhat coarse linen. The chief branch of this manufacture, and one which finds a very ready sale, is the making of bath towels. These towels are very long and narrow, with

LIBRARY OF THE

fringed ends, and are made in a peculiar manner. They are thick, strong, and rough, and are much used in England. They are also made at the Realejos.

The sun is sinking towards the sea:

Majoresque cadunt de montibus umbræ.

The air grows chilly; the fog rises and veils the mountains; the valley disappears, and we ride slowly on.

After leaving the road which leads to Rambla, we come out on the *callao*, a road opened some time ago, but scarcely passable, for it was hardly more than planned by the Captain-General Don Jaime Ortega.

We passed the night in a deserted villa containing only servants, and we talked of General Ortega all the evening. This is the story:

In 1856 I was at Madrid, where I was introduced to General Ortega. I was then possessed with a desire to visit La Mancha, which contains some interesting mines, and which was, as everyone knows, the theatre of Don Quixote's exploits. I mentioned it to the General; he did all he could to dissuade me. He said: 'It is the most horrible country in the world, four-fifths of it uncultivated, almost uninhabited, covered with pampas like Patagonia, and with windmills like Montmartre in former times, or Lisbon. Wherever there is a hill where a breath of wind is possible, there you find a mill,' &c. It was not an attractive picture; however I persisted, and a few days afterwards I went to take leave of him.

On the morning fixed for my departure, I was waiting in the Aranjuez station, when I saw the General appear, a carpet bag in his hand, an enormous cigar case and a

bottle of water slung over his shoulder, newly shaved, as cheerful as a lark:—'Folly shared is forgiven,' said he; then with a loud laugh, 'let us go to La Mancha!'

At Tembleque we left the railroad, and by a circuitous road reached our quarters for the night at Puerto Lapice, the scene of the adventure with the windmills. It was beginning well, like the book. What a supper! what an inn! what beds! At one A.M. I left my room, and made up my mind to imitate the General, who, quietly making the best of the inn, the servant, the dinner, the fleas and bugs, the wine tasting of the goat-skin bottle, the rancid butter, green oil, &c., was sleeping in the *patio*, like the good soldier he was, stretched on his cloak, and covered with a Scotch plaid; while I, young, strong, and healthy, complained bitterly, and made my wounds worse by scratching them. I lay down beside the General; he cried out, '*Quien viva?*' recognised me with a smile, and fell asleep again. I don't think I slept at all.

At sunrise we shook ourselves, and after swallowing a biscuit dipped in a cup of chocolate about the size of a doll's, we mounted our horses, and took a south-easterly direction, towards Ciudad Real, across the fields, now and then passing some miserable villages; on our way, we saw the Quero lagoons, and the soda manufactory; thence proceeding eastward, we made our way to Alcaza de San Juan; at the powder magazines, the General found his comrades the officers, and his children the soldiers. Three weeks afterwards we re-entered Madrid. The General was as fresh as when he started, while I was quite knocked up by a three-weeks' ride; but I had seen La Mancha!

and—a fact from which I could not recover—I had travelled by day with a compass in my hand, on land! only a few miles from Aranjuez, Alcazar, and Toledo!

A year afterwards, at Paris, I learned that in an insurrection, of which he was the head, betrayed by one of his own officers (an insurgent like himself), Ortega had been made prisoner, condemned, and shot; he died with a cigar in his mouth, like a true Spaniard.

I was told that he was a madman! Well, yes, he was a madman! Are not they mad whom the love of their country absorbs,—those blind followers of some political party who stake their lives on the event, and their children's future as well? Yes, madmen indeed! The wise men are those in office who would deny God and acknowledge the devil for a ribbon; who remain in their beds when there is a disturbance, and live at the public expense when all is quiet. Yet what a loyal heart this madman had, what a vivid imagination, what a mind! He was as much a royalist as the King himself; not a constitutionalist, but an absolutist. He was for an absolute monarchy, as in the good old times, and I at that time was what I am now, a republican. There was no common ground between us, and our long journey was one perpetual courteous dispute. We could not understand each other, and as he did not know French, I committed every possible atrocity on the Spanish grammar. What a capital lesson it was for me, and not in Spanish only, for I lost thereby a little of that exclusiveness and fierce intolerance which young people always carry to an excess! In the presence of so much frankness, conviction, and

honesty, I comprehended that nothing is so much to be respected as sincerity; and therefore his memory is sweet to me, and I render him the homage due to generous hearts, a testimony of esteem and regret.

General Ortega was as modest as a girl, and as gentle as a child. Where politics were not in question, he was the most lively and original person in the world. He had known all the celebrities of his time, and related many witty anecdotes of them. And it was while travelling on the road planned by him that I related to my companions these stories of twelve years ago.

I had not known that Ortega had been Governor of the Canaries, I only learned it at Rambla. I was then told that knowing the apathy of the country, he began a military road from Santa Cruz to Orotava, knowing that it was sure subsequently to be finished. He also planned and began the road we are now on, from Puerto to Garachico; they are working at it slowly. He planted trees round Santa Cruz, forming a promenade which ought to be completed.

We were in our saddles again at daybreak, riding between the mountains and the sea, which overflows the road. Here is the village of San Juan; farther on, Icod de las viñas. A few vines still remain. Before the grape disease, the best wine in the Islands was made here. The Cañadas are close to Icod. It was somewhere about here that the terrible fiery torrent had its origin, which in 1706 swallowed up Garachico, which we reach by crossing beds of lava and basalt.

Garachico is in ruins; a Spanish writer says of it:

'This town appears to have been marked out by the finger of Providence for utter destruction, like another Sodom and Gomorrah.' Did Garachico merit such a fate? We shall elsewhere describe this ruined city, which still contains about 2,000 inhabitants.

We return to Orotava.

From Garachico to Laguna is thirty miles; the incline is gradual, and the country extremely fertile. The inhabitants of these valleys have learnt by this time how to work remuneratively, and appreciate the benefits of so doing. The ground is cultivated with the greatest care, and day by day the bare rock disappears more and more before vegetation. Irrigation is becoming general. The spirit of routine seems giving way to some sort of progress. The results already attained have encouraged the proprietors, small and great, and confirmed them in the new ideas.

These valleys, anciently the favourite residences of the Guanche kings, and still more beautiful now than they were then—valleys which 2,000 years B.C. were the admiration of the Phœnicians, and of the Greeks, who placed the Elysian Fields there—are certainly the terrestrial paradise of the globe. Other spots may surpass them in certain details, but, as a whole, there is nothing superior to them. Of course, strictly speaking, paradise is nowhere on earth; but if you wish to gain the highest material idea of the perfection of nature, you must certainly seek it in the series of valleys which extend from Laguna to beyond Rambla, of which Puerto and Orotava form the centre. There can be no doubt that

this was the Garden of the Hesperides; not a single dissentient voice has been or ever will be heard.

Let me give a word of advice to future travellers; if you are not a centaur, do not attempt to make this excursion in two days.

We spent several hours this evening in classifying the 200 or 300 plants which Krauss has brought from the Gardens.

In one corner Brünner is smoking—like a Swiss.

Mr. Goatbeard is reading Lyell, to prepare himself for the ascent of the Peak, which we meant to attempt.

CHAPTER X.

PALMA.

IN 1341, an expedition, composed chiefly of Majorcans, as well as of some Florentines and Genoese, visited the Canaries; they gave to the island we are about to describe the name of Palma, after the capital of Majorca.

We owe the first description of the island to Béthencourt's chaplains. Their descriptions are very vague, their companions not having penetrated inland until after 1406. Gradually more information was gained, but, as has been the case with regard to the other Islands, it was not until the first half of this century that it attained to anything like completeness.

What strikes the traveller most on landing is the extraordinary elevation of Palma compared with its limited extent. The coast line with all its windings is only eighty-four miles, while the highest mountain is 6,600 feet. From the top of the Peak of Los Muchachos is seen on one side the shore, on the other the immense crater of the Caldera, more than 4,000 feet deep! This terrible gulf renders Palma one of the most remarkable islands in the world. In no other island of the Archipelago can we see to such perfection the primary formation, and

masses of basalt,—rocks of every kind,—or look so far down into the bowels of the earth. Where else does such a singular crater exist, the rocks round which show to the observer, at that extraordinary height, the nature of the substances concealed beneath the earth's crust? Leopold von Buch has given a most accurate description of the Caldera, the bottom of which is about 2,200 feet above the level of the sea. From the summit to the bottom of the abyss the descent is steep, almost perpendicular, and in some places utterly impracticable. The crater is about six miles in diameter. The circle of mountains which surrounds it forms a mighty mass which must have been raised much higher by some prodigious force, and sinking at its centre have given birth to the Caldera; that which remained was torn and broken in all directions, and long fissures extend from the crater to the sea.

This sinking of the mountain is the more remarkable as you leave the centre of the crater; and stretching a little way southwards, the chain ends at Fuencaliente. Another chain, however, reaches a height relatively considerable, 4,250 feet. Towards the south, all the mountains are lower, none exceeding 2,800 feet. These mountains also have been overthrown, and singularly enough it is along this line that the subterranean fires have made their escape in modern times, at Achuya and Fuencaliente.

After its period of eruption was over, the Island of Palma was visited by vegetation, due to the winds, to chance seeds, to the nature of the soil. The coast pos-

sesses the vegetation of Africa. A belt of forests cover the mountain slopes; next come laurels, ferns, and evergreens; higher up are pines, and at the top of all, some Alpine plants. Even the inner walls of the crater were covered with vegetation. Here, ordinary laws are reversed. The slope of the mountains, the equal temperature of the crater, have given rise to an anomaly; a vegetal confusion is seen in the different layers of geological formations varying in nature and age, and makes this spot one of those most worth studying on the globe: the fir growing at the bottom of the abyss and the lower parts of the encircling wall of mountains; laurels, figs, magnolias, vines, the most delicate flowers, in the highest parts; everywhere trees and plants pell mell, without order of any kind—an illogical revolt against the ordinary laws of vegetation. Contradiction reigns everywhere, not only as regards zones, but in the form and colour of certain species; the same plant on the southern side has a different shape and colour from that on the opposite side. The aspect of the Caldera is very striking, from the antagonism of the three natures, floral, sylvan, and rocky; beside a mighty rock grow ephemeral flowers; the terrible and the beautiful side by side, beneath the green forest gloom.

Since the Caldera and the island have been covered with plants, there has been an almost sufficient supply of water; as vegetation increased so did the quantity of water from the formation of a greater amount of vapour; the springs sinking into the ground formed themselves a path, hollowed out torrents; and thus, filtering through the

wall of the Caldera, formed the two streams, Aqua buena, and Aqua mala, which made a pond; Pliny believed this and said so. This lake having burst its boundaries, a torrent escaped through the great ravine of Angustias, while refreshed by rains and dews, the walls were covered with a still richer vegetation.

At the time of the conquest, a numerous Guanche population lived in the Caldera, and the principal chief in the island had his residence there; the caves are still in the same state as they were in the time of the Guanches. What a delightful existence this primitive population must have led in these pleasant abodes!

At the present day, the savage calm of the Caldera is disturbed only by shepherds with tambourines, while goats leap from ridge to ridge of the mountains which surround it.

A night passed within the crater is a gloomy experience which troubles the imagination; the shadows, the yawning void which one fears without seeing it, the strange noises, the falling sand and leaves, the creaking of the dry wood, the murmurings of springs, the mournful cries of birds, disturb the brain. This night of necessary rest after ten or eleven hours on horseback, is most unpleasant; in the morning, wearied out, one could sleep; but at dawn we must start once more, happy to see the daylight; we must start unless we wish to get wet through; the vapours, in accordance with the great physical law of equilibrium, are about to condense; the heaviest gather at the bottom of the crater, and as with day the heat grows more intense, the upper layers being heated attract the lighter air

towards the summit; a current is established, and from this sea of vapours which fills the crater rise white clouds; the crater is emptied in two hours; one last look at the magnificent spectacle, and we set out for Llanos.

Here and there the soil is black, and the peasants cultivate it; it consists almost entirely of ashes. We are told that the forests are being gradually burnt down for the purpose; the incendiaries enjoy perfect impunity. Alas! when they have burnt everything, they will have land to cultivate, but they will have no water, and consequently no crops. It is impossible to make them understand this, and the law alone can stop this abuse, which is a stupid crime.

As soon as the *conquistadores* had made themselves masters of Palma by depopulating it, they divided the land and called in colonists. They came from Flanders: it was in the happy days of the Duke of Alva! The part favourable for cultivation was given to them, and they began to work. The sugar cane was imported; then mulberry trees, for silkworms, and fruits; in the south and east the vine, and in the north bananas, oranges, and lemons, were cultivated by the Flemings. The heights were covered with flocks. These hard-working men were not dismayed by a heat to which they were not accustomed, but carried on their labours with untiring energy. The inaccessible Caldera alone remained without the pale of this agricultural movement. Subsequently, however, the shepherds succeeded in sending their flocks into it.

Whilst agriculture thus prospered, an active administration erected edifices around which villages were built.

In the south-west is the town of Los Llanos, where the best soil in the island is to be found. Buenavista, the highest village in the district, is noted for the mildness of its climate, the fertility of the soil, and the picturesqueness of the scenery.

From the height of the plateau of La Concepcion is a magnificent view, commanding Santa Cruz de la Palma, the capital of the island. On the horizon Teneriffe and Gomera are visible, separated by a narrow channel, which at that distance is invisible.

The vine flourishes again above Buenavista, and even at Breña alta, 2,000 feet high. The cultivation of the vine is now almost completely abandoned, and that of cochineal increases. Higher up, the mountains are covered with forests; the most beautiful, that of Time, has some magnificent trees; being almost inaccessible—at least for woodmen—it has not been destroyed. Everyone ought to see this forest after visiting Caldera.

Santa Cruz de la Palma is on the east coast. From its very foundation it was recognised as the capital, and the gothic dwellings of the conquerors soon rose within its walls; its bay became one of the commercial links between Spain and America, and dockyards were made there for the repair of shipping, for the forests in the island furnished the best possible wood for ship-building. Ships are still built there of small tonnage, but remarkably light and elegant.

On the west coast is the little harbour of Tazacorte, which has a small coasting trade, and used to be visited by the old caravels.

Fuentecaliente [hot springs], or Fuente Santa, used to attract invalids from all parts, and even from the other Islands; but in 1677, after repeated eruptions, the spring disappeared beneath the ashes.

In spite of this eruption and of those of 1585, and some severe earthquake shocks, Palma was always distinguished from the other Islands by the industry of its inhabitants; the silk trade was very productive —now it is extinct. Where are the days when the Levantines bought silks here to re-sell them in Italy?— days when the crimson sash, to be wound seven times round the waist, was sold for an ounce of gold? The islanders were then very skilful in the manufacture of silken stuffs; they sent from their looms fabrics which for strength and brilliancy might vie with the best silks in Europe; unfortunately the process of weaving and dyeing remained stationary, and the continental productions, continually improving, have gradually destroyed the trade of Palma.

The coasting shipping, though small, is worthy of praise; four of the strongest ships are employed in the African fisheries; the commerce of the island, its various products, silk, sugar, wine, brandy, resin, timber, and all kinds of fruit, make it comparatively wealthy.

After the conquest, Alonso de Lugo, the *conquistador*, took away with him nearly all his soldiers. Some Flemish colonists under an officer, and a few hundred natives whom the conquerors could neither kill nor make slaves of, such was the basis of the population about the year 1500. One hundred and ten years after the conquest, the population

amounted to 13,000; a hundred years later, to 19,000; fifty years afterwards, in 1824, to 30,000. The island now contains from 36,000 to 37,000 inhabitants; but the census of 1862 gives a population of only 31,000. Thus, in spite of the complicated administrative system, it is a great mistake to suppose that certain statistical points can be easily decided, as the government itself gives erroneous information, contradicted by the inhabitants.

The capital is rather a pretty town, containing 6,000 inhabitants; it consists of from 1,200 to 1,500 houses; there are two old convents and a fine church.

The ancients gave this island the name of Junonia Major; their calculations of its situation, as well as the early maps of it, were erroneous; it has only been accurately laid down in this century; Buch's map and that of Messrs. Webb and Berthelot are the best.

The centre of the island lies in 28° 43′ 20″ N. lat. and 20° 15′ W. long. Palma is about 30 miles long, and 20 miles broad; and the area is 510 square miles.

GOMERA.

According to Pliny and the ancients, this island was called Junonia Minor. The most absurd explanations have been given of the name Gomera. The priests have even traced it to Gomer, Noah's grandson! One explanation only appears admissible. '*Gumeri in montibus Mauritaniæ habitant*,' says Leo Africanus, who mentions

the Gumeri, Gomeri, or Gomerites, amongst the inhabitants of the Atlas range. This is decisive.

The island is 15½ miles long, and the same in breadth; the area is 164 square miles; San Sebastian, although containing only 2,100 inhabitants, is the capital; it owes this honour to its good roadstead. Villa Hermosa, which lies in a valley, possesses double the number of inhabitants. The population of the whole island amounts to 20,000.

After much of the usual uncertainty, the situation of Gomera has been definitely settled: 28° 7′ N. lat. and 19° 36′ W. long. reckoned from the meridian of Paris.

Lopez' maps define the coasts and the position of the capital. This island was always somewhat better known than the others. Fathers Leverrier and Bontier, chaplains at the time of the conquest, described it, after mentioning the distances in their quaint style. The inhabitants surprised them by their stature, and, said they: 'The island of Gomera is difficult of access; it is in the shape of trefoil; the country is high and flat, but there are great caves, and the country is inhabited by men of great stature, and is full of dragon trees and other trees; there is much cattle and many other strange things which it would take a long time to tell of.'

The island is rich in various productions, and can be made self-supporting. The forest trees are like those of Teneriffe, except that the turpentine tree (*Pistacia Atlantica*) is very abundant. It has been suggested that the name Gomera may be derived from its gum; this hypothesis is one lately suggested, and is not tenable.

The mountains are only 4,000 feet high; no pines grow on them. The island is well wooded, and provided with good springs. The interior of the country is very hilly. It is everywhere cut up by precipitous ravines, formed by strong volcanic action; but there is no evidence here, as there is in the other Islands, of any modern eruption.

All the land capable of cultivation is tilled with great energy by the inhabitants, who have also profited by the supply of water. In the neighbourhood of Alazero, palms abound among the fruit trees, which are reared there in great numbers. Cereals are more especially cultivated about Chimpa.

Stags were introduced into the mountainous districts, and were still living there a few years ago.

Mahona comes next to the port of San Sebastian, and affords an anchorage to the north. The best beach is that of Azucar, also on the northern side of the island, and is where the inhabitants resort for bathing, as it is sandy.

Hermigua is one of the principal districts. It is the most varied and best cultivated part of the island. It is watered by a stream which turns eight small mills. Sugar canes, vines, maize, palms, bananas, apple trees, white and other mulberries, all abounded here formerly. Now, cochineal has superseded some of these, but the *better* in Gomera has not been the enemy of the *good*. The products of the island are very numerous when compared with its extent, and exceed the consumption. The islanders are active, persevering, and exceedingly strong.

Few views are to be compared to that of the town and roadstead of San Sebastian from the sea. Imagine a horse-shoe bay, shut in by high mountains. The sea, rough in the open, becomes smoother as one enters the roadstead, and dies away at the feet of the town on a bed of fine sand. The capital with its pretty white houses rises from a grove of palms, and is surrounded by a belt of sloping land, too narrow for the good of the island, but charming in a tourist's eyes. On the left, a strong fortress ornaments the roadstead, under pretence of defending it; on the opposite side, a wide, deep, gloomy ravine brings down rocks, breaks them, and carries them into the sea; this is the dark side of the picture, necessary to set it off, which every painter would invent if it did not exist.

Apropos of Gomera, it is as well to mention that, in all the Islands except Teneriffe, travellers should be provided with letters of introduction to some inhabitant, otherwise, as there are no hotels, they will fare badly. On the other hand, with letters, they will be well received.

At San Sebastian a project has been realised which every visitor to Laguna or Orotava must have thought of. It is impossible to visit the great deserted monasteries in those towns without thinking that the poor ought to find wholesome lodging in them gratis. The great monastery in Gomera is used for this purpose, and some of the cells have been turned into stables and sheds. Can anything be better?

Agulo is a small village containing a few hundred inhabitants.

Valle Hermoso no doubt once deserved its beautiful name [*beautiful valley*]; but it is like those ruined nobles who have lost their fortunes and preserved their titles: this poor little town, as it is called, has now only 3,000 inhabitants; two lava streams have carried away or covered the soil. What remains, however, fertilised by springs, affords the contrast of a most lovely and luxuriant vegetation, beside a dead nature sad to see. The hills were once covered with vines, and some of the valleys with sugar cane, but these products are not now of much importance, and cochineal is not at present cultivated here so much as in other localities. The town contains a large unfinished church, planned on too large a scale to be ever completed. The gentry of Gomera live at Valle Hermosa; there is a casino there frequented by every one.

The palm honey of Gomera is said to be delicious.

A great deal of fishing goes on in the island. On the south side there are two salting houses for fish, and near the capital there is a third of considerable size.

COLUMBUS AT GOMERA.

In 1386, the Count of Urena was cruising with his squadron off the coast of Spain, when a gale of wind dispersed the ships; he himself was overtaken by a storm in mid ocean, and steering boldly to the west, took refuge at Gomera. He was the first who proved the excellence of its roadstead.

Soon afterwards some adventurers from the Peninsula, bent on the conquest of the Islands, touched at Gomera. They took possession of Madeira, some time afterwards of Porto Santo, then they discovered the Azores. This was considered the most daring expedition of that time. It was a voyage of 700 or 800 miles across the ocean, for they did not skirt the African coast—navigators were already losing their fear of venturing out of sight of land.

Those who have only seen the ocean from the shore, cannot realize the feeling of being out of sight of land. Those who have travelled only in those magnificent steamers, where everything is comfortable, substantial, and on a large scale—where everything is done to secure safety and comfort—can hardly comprehend the fears which had to be overcome before braving the *unknown*. We must have some knowledge of the irregular equipments of that time, the defects and small size of the ships, the ignorance of the crews, before we can fully realise the strength of mind of the great Genoese, and find in fanaticism and self-abnegation the motives which induced his crews to persist in their efforts.

The admiration which his deeds arouse inspires us with curiosity as to his life and earlier voyages. Unfortunately we have but little information respecting the few unimportant actions of his life previous to the great discovery. This man, who believed and called himself the instrument of Providence, seems really to have been so, for his life, unknown to his contemporaries, and even to his sons, was a mystery. It seems as if, having but one

act to perform, he had not lived before beginning it, and as if, that act performed, he cared only to relate its details, mentioning nothing which preceded it. We shall find some light on the subject at Gomera, indistinct it is true, but which, considered in connection with some little known facts, will to a certain extent clear up some obscure points in his life.

According to Bartolomé de las Casas, that honest man who from the very first was foremost in denouncing the systematic massacring of the Indians in America, Columbus, when forty years of age, married at Lisbon Doña Felipa or Isabel Muñiz, or Moniz, whose father had made some voyages under the Infant Don Juan of Portugal. This lady, the widow of a Portuguese named Perestrello, Governor of Porto Santo, told her second husband, Columbus, of her father's voyages, and gave him his log-books. Las Casas says that Columbus, fired with enthusiasm by his wife's accounts, went to Porto Santo and Madeira, and lived in both those islands as well as in Gomera. This is a mistake. After his marriage, Columbus settled in Lisbon, which he did not leave until he went to Rabida in Spain, the starting point of his Odyssey.

It seems certain that he had formerly lived in Gomera. Viera, whose learning and discernment are unquestionable, and who, living in times comparatively near, might have known the facts by oral tradition, mentions in his work on the Canaries the stay made by Columbus in 1492 at Gomera, and adds: '*his former residence.*' It must, therefore, have been before his marriage, and while his wife's first husband was alive,

that Columbus knew her in Porto Santo and Madeira. He was then travelling through the Atlantic islands, and he had some strong tie which brought him frequently, and for long periods, to Gomera. Certain it is that when he put into port, the great navigator always gave the preference to Gomera. All goes to prove that he knew not only Gomera, but all the Islands, before his marriage. On his departure in 1492, he anchored three days off Luz (in Gran Canaria), to repair the helm of his second caravel, the 'Pinta,' commanded by Don Alonso Pinson. The Admiral left Pinson in charge and went himself to Gomera. He stayed there eleven days, then returned to pick up the 'Pinta,' and returned again to Gomera. Why did he leave the 'Pinta' and spend eleven days at Gomera? There was no necessity, so far as regarded the expedition. There must, then, have been some personal motive. There he re-victualled the three caravels before starting on his great voyage, and took some of the natives as sailors. But the Portuguese, jealous of his enterprise, watched him; perhaps, as Spain and Portugal were at war, they meant to attack him; but what of that? he could easily, knowing the locality as he did, escape during the night; and accordingly next morning, in spite of a calm, he was out of their reach.

He returned to Gomera during his second voyage, on October 5, 1493, with seventeen caravels, to take on board some more sailors, and some domestic animals, which he wished to introduce into America—a valuable fact for anyone studying certain zoological species in America, which had their origin in the Canaries.

On June 19, 1498, he put into port a third time at Gomera. And finally, in 1503, during his last voyage, he once more touched at the Canaries.

There is now at Laguna a family named Columbo, who came originally from Gomera. This fact explains his frequent voyages. At Porto Santo, also, there is a family of the same name. But it was not love alone which drew Columbus to the Canary Islands and Madeira; it was there that he gained and strengthened his belief in a new world.

Columbus knew John Cabot the father, an Italian like himself, who had settled as a merchant in Bristol, and was very intimate with the son, Sebastian Cabot. It is thought that it was on business of the Cabots' that Columbus made a voyage to Iceland (of which he rarely makes mention), and stayed there during the nine winter months. A profound observer, geographer, and naturalist, he must have been struck by the sight of strange smelling woods cast upon the shores of Iceland, some even with their branches; trees from the virgin forests of America, which the great rivers, especially the Saint Lawrence, carry down to the sea, and which the Gulf Stream lands in Iceland in a few days. There also he heard stories of fishermen who had landed on the *white island* close to the *black island*; that is to say, the Banquise Islands, and Labrador, which the Icelanders believed to be an island. From that time he must have had visions of America.

For more than two centuries the merchant houses of Cabot, Pinson, Rodriguez, Sebastian, and Melindez (or Belindez), had joint establishments at Grandville, Saint

Malo; Jersey, Bristol, Faro in Portugal, Puerto, Santa Maria, and Moguer in Andalusia. From remote ages the Isle of Wight and Jersey had been commercial centres; the merchandise of the north and south had been exchanged there by the Phœnicians; the Romans had brought the perishable products of the northern isles as far as Saint Malo; the pearls and slaves were sent to Rome. In the Middle Ages the great fisheries came into notice, and through them the sailors gained a knowledge of the North Sea, Canada, Labrador, and Newfoundland. In the twelfth century the commerce of the great merchant houses was so important that the kings of Spain, Portugal, and France, signed a convention by which the ports of Santa Maria in Andalusia, Algarve in Portugal, and Grandville in France, were declared free for the three nations. Did England co-operate in virtue of the Channel Islands? Very probably, as Normandy at that time belonged to the English crown. Columbus knew these merchants' houses, and the discoveries of their sailors, having made voyages with them.

We may remark that the Infant Don Enrique took sailors and pilots from Palos for the expeditions of the fifteenth century. He went also to Argarve, Lagos, Faro, and Tavira, on the coasts, where he could always find pilots—Italian, Andalusian, Basque, and Norman; they alone were accustomed to hazardous voyages; they alone knew the secrets of the Atlantic.

What was the motive for these risks? It is difficult to believe that these hardy navigators of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Italians, Basques, and Andalusians, had

no other object than discovery or fishing. They carried on a trade in slaves, depopulating the smaller islands, and this we think explains why they kept their voyages secret. But they were no secret to Columbus; he had lived in the Canaries where the slaves were captured; he knew the pilots on the coasts of Spain and Portugal, as well as those of Brittany and England. Besides, having been almost the first to make and sell marine charts, for which he kept a shop during some years at Lisbon, every navigator who could read must have gone to him there, and they could have talked of nothing else but the voyage to the west, and the island they had had glimpses of—of Cathay and the Indies.

Is it to be wondered at that the Cabots fitted out vessels at their own expense, and discovered the American continent? No.; it has even been said that Sebastian was with Columbus on his voyage four years before, but this assertion has not been proved; we know for a fact that the Cabots went straight to Canada, while Columbus only discovered the mainland fourteen months afterwards, in 1498. The Cabots, in order to reach the west from Bristol, went northwards by Iceland; Columbus, in order to reach the west, went southward by Gomera, where he had formerly lived; there he had found traces still remaining of the recent voyage of Cadamosta, and Canary Island traditions which spoke of 'a separate world,' 'a western land,' of 'a man in a ship from the east who was to conquer the land of night.'

The voyages of the Basques and Bretons had already leaked out, a continent was looked for; there were reports

of a western land which counterbalanced the eastern continent, &c.; what contemporaries called 'a vague idea of a new world' was nothing else than the result of scientific investigations, hardly understood at first, and of the tales of inexperienced mariners who spread reports of glimpses of a new world. Columbus had been taught at Pavia that the earth was a sphere; he had brooded over the travels of Marco Polo, and hence his long persistence in believing himself to be in Cathay or Japan; hence the name of *Indios* given to the inhabitants of the American continent: he knew the writings of the ancients, and believed that the earth was a globe; he knew of the existence of land in the west, from the trees and plants, and even human corpses, brought by the Gulf Stream, and differing from those already known. Armed with this knowledge, and keeping it to himself, he appeared all the greater in the eyes of his contemporaries.

Columbus had the art of putting together these facts, of which he never spoke; prolix in the extreme when relating his voyages to America, he never says a word of his former life, nor of what guided him to America. He represents himself as the instrument of God, as a man providentially chosen, as having received a mission and fulfilling it; he humbles himself, perhaps cunningly; this is not improbable; the *good* Admiral was extremely cunning, according to contemporary writers.

It is a pity that we know so little of the early life of these famous navigators; even of the great Sebastian Cabot, who, after having discovered Hudson's Bay, made out Florida, and gave the whole of North America, except

Mexico, to the English; Cabot, who made correct charts, wrote the history of his voyages, and died fifty years after Columbus, during the Renaissance; even of this citizen of a free country where the monarchy and the priesthood had had their day, we know scarcely anything. Everywhere there was a conspiracy to keep silence; it was the narrowmindedness of the time. The Spanish and Portuguese navigators tell us nothing; with them the system of concealment was an old habit, often justified by necessity; half-corsairs, half-sailors, the owners of white slaves, their life was obliged to be mysterious; besides, their ships belonged to themselves or to their families, and they were forced to be silent as regarded the places where slaves could be bought and sold, or where plunder was to be had, for fear of competition. International jealousy was another cause of the mystery observed by conquerors and discoverers. With false maps to deceive foreigners, and a policy of absolute exclusiveness, kings and priests leagued together to keep for their own use the conquered lands and their inhabitants.

After this digression, let us return to Gomera.

The roadstead is good, ships can anchor near the land in twenty fathoms of water, which decreases to twelve, and, close to shore, to four.

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, anchored here in 1504.

Davila, during his Darien expedition, put in here with his squadron in 1514.

In 1526, Francisco de Montejo, or Montijo, landed here on his return from his invasion of Yucutan.

In 1570, De Loria, the rival of Admiral Coligny, disembarked his forces here.

In 1585, Sir Francis Drake made an unsuccessful attempt to seize the island.

In 1590, the same attempt was made by the Dutch fleet, but with no better success.

In 1617, the people of Morocco seized it, and burned the town, and the feudal castle of the Perazza family.

All these illustrious visitants of the Islands are now represented only by some coasting traders. Some Genoese fishermen were catching tunny there a little while ago, recalling the sublime and melancholy figure of Columbus, their famous countryman.

Poor Gomera will never rise again from its present fallen state. Santa Cruz and Gran Canaria have superseded it. Trade, government,—they have swallowed up everything. Of all the glory of Gomera, the memory alone remains!

Chapter XI.

THE PEAK OF TENERIFFE.

Orotava: April 18, 1868.

You made me promise, my dear Sir, to give you an account of my ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe (or Teyde, in the Guanche language); I will now fulfil my promise.

Distance, as you know, enlarges objects, exaggerates obstacles; hyperbole in descriptions is very tempting to travellers! On the other hand, 'travellers' tales' are notorious, and it is perhaps on that account that the phenomena of nature are not more vulgarised. No one believes in descriptions, for fear of being taken in by them.

What then is to be done? Keep to the point,—that is what I shall try to do.

In the first place, remove from your mind every preconceived comparison; don't let your imagination exert itself; there is nothing here like Chimborazo, the Himalayas, or Mont Blanc; here, there is nothing dreadful, difficult, or dangerous; a great part of the ascent is made on horseback, easily enough in fine weather, with some trouble in bad; the cone only has to be climbed on foot; and that is done in an hour.

Imagine a ride of several hours through the marvellous valleys which Humboldt preferred to those of Mexico, covered with magnificent vegetation, and you will have reached with us the pretty village of Chasna, where we slept. Almost any English lady could accomplish this ride without fatigue; it would only give her a little more colour in her cheeks. From Chasna to the Cañadas, on the centre of which the base of the cone rests (about 10,000 feet), the journey is a little longer and rather more fatiguing, but it can be made on horseback.

I send you the history of our expedition as read and approved by the whole party yesterday evening. You know that I am making a kind of digest of all that has been said or written on the Canary Islands, and to this you must attribute the digressions which occur. I have mentioned the facts generally accepted, and have made use of the accounts of Mr. McGregor, the British Consul, and of Messrs. Webb and Berthelot, &c.

I must first tell you how we met with our guide. At Orotava, we made the acquaintance of a Count or Marquis Monteverdé,—I forget the title, but not the man. Imagine a Parisian wit in an iron frame; health worthy of envy; an infectious gaiety, communicating itself at times to two Englishmen who had trusted themselves to him, and at whom he laughed for the sake of practice. These two islanders were strangers to half the Spanish language, and to nearly the whole of the Spanish pronunciation. But they laughed notwithstanding.

This gentleman is of Flemish descent. One of his ancestors, as intelligent and original as himself, tired of

hearing himself called Groën —— &c., translated his name, and called himself Monteverde. Our friend's manner of life is somewhat singular. He has a good fortune, is very well educated, and very clever; he has travelled all over Europe, and being no longer capable of living in a little town with 10,000 inhabitants, he has taken it into his head to perch himself at Chasna, 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the level of mankind, in a solitude peopled by books and shepherds; he is the mayor's adviser, the curé's rival, the schoolmaster's friend, the beau ideal of all the young ladies, the physician of all the sick.

He possesses every attainable book, and reads them all. When Monteverde is tired of hunting, reading, and doing good, he goes away without telling anyone.

'Where is Monteverde?'

'Probably at Chasna.'

'It is a long time since anyone has seen him.'

Monteverde re-appears: he has been to Prussia, or to Russia, where he has a brother, a General; or to Paris, or to London; no one is surprised.

This is our guide, travelling companion, and friend; he has come on horseback to pick us up at Orotava. He has but one spur, on his left heel, but he rides like a centaur. He has no great-coat, but plenty of cigars. He is never cold nor hot; and puts on no extra clothing though snow glitters on the Peak.

Here we are, then, at Chasna, a village by no means remarkable, in spite of which the English pull out their sketch-books. However, we may mention a spring of

acid water, which has never been analysed, and to which are ascribed virtues without number, as is the case with many other springs which make their way in the world on no better grounds. Some invalids resort to it in the summer. Monteverde says it is not the water which cures them, but the wine which he makes them drink, and the exhilarating mountain air,—which is very probable.

We are all up before daybreak. The signal for departure is given, and we are on our way, climbing mountains, crossing deep ravines, carried by our mules as quietly as if we were going to the hospice of S. Bernard or Mont Cenis. The worst accidents were getting wet to the skin in passing through clouds, and some benumbed finger ends, and—that is all. A few hours, and we reach the top of the Cañadas.

Here we must rest a little, and take note of our forces.

Let me introduce to you Herr Krauss, whose botanical collection will make a sensation at Frankfort; M. Brünner (from Saint Gall), a variable young Swiss,—sometimes as matter of fact as a Dutchman, sometimes as dreamy as a German girl,—who thinks he is ill, and is as strong as a horse; a violent sceptic, a Protestant who holds 'skull caps,' as he says, in abomination; Messrs. Goatbeard, father and son from Quebec or Montreal,—the father a man of the world, and at the same time literary, the son lively and high spirited: these are our friends. There are also the two Englishmen, an Austrian naval officer, Monteverde, and your humble servant; besides two guides, more to

take care of the animals and carry our provisions than to guide us: eleven in all. Not one of us is bold enough to call himself scientific, and therefore the ascent is all the easier, as there are no instruments, books, cases, &c. to be carried. The only instrument among the whole cavalcade was a pocket compass which I always carry about with me; a whim which saved us half-an-hour by putting an end to the hesitation of the guides, who differed as to the position of a path leading to the pass of Oucapza, which we had to cross in the fog. They all agreed on one point, that the path lay nearly south-east. Unfortunately we were surrounded by fog and rain. As there was no danger in going on, I pointed out the south-east, and in half-an-hour the men knew where they were, and we went on unhesitatingly. Brünner had two thermometers, and Krauss an aneroid barometer. So we had no great encumbrances.

After five hours' riding we came to the gorge called Degollada de Oucanza. Here we began to see something of the prospect. A wind, light at first, but soon becoming violent, passed over the Peak from the east, and in a quarter of an hour dispersed the mist which had been wetting us to the skin for some hours. The sun gradually appeared, and shone over the cone; a sea of clouds lay beneath our feet. A thin belt of clouds still remained near the summit of the Peak; but the rest was clear. We were now about 10,085 feet above the level of the sea, according to McGregor.

Messrs. Webb and Berthelot, who made their ascent in July, suffered from heat on the top of the circular wall.

We found it excessively cold, which is not to be wondered at, as it was April, and the Peak was covered with snow. None of us were willing to wait three or at least two months for the proper season, and not one would give up the ascent. Most of the guides, indeed, who are nearly all mountain shepherds, say that the ascent is easier at this time than in the height of summer. The heat, Monteverde said, makes the rocks more friable and slippery; and one's strength is exhausted the first day by the stifling heat, so that one hardly knows how to get through the next day's work, which is more fatiguing still. We may take his word for it, as this is his seventh ascent.

On our way, we crossed, after leaving Chasna, the pine belt, which did not strike us as remarkable either for size or number of trees. These forests, which must once have been very beautiful, appeared to us shorn of their glory. The pines have given way to broom and other flowering shrubs, which, stunted and distorted, do not much improve the scene; besides, we were wet through and frozen with the keen blast, under which circumstances any landscape would look dreary. The clouds now cleared away, and the lower part of the mountain suddenly appeared; for the first time we saw the road by which we had come.

From the height at which we now were, we could see the crests of the Cañadas, bristling like fortifications in a circle of several miles. In the middle of this circle, the ground sinks more than 500 feet, and forms an immense hollow basin, from the centre of which rises the cone of the Peak, now clear of clouds. We had now to descend

this impassable-looking slope, the inner edge of the basin.

The slope we have just ascended is covered, even at this height, with broom and other shrubs. Numbers of goats are nibbling the young shoots, and bees are gathering honey from the tuyas and geraniums 500 feet below. Here we find goatherds, armed with long lances which they use as leaping poles, and also, I believe, in climbing; they wear sandals, and their legs are bare; they wear very short breeches, and their chests, in spite of the cold, are only protected by a coarse linen shirt; small black felt hats on their heads; and over their shoulders the national white cloak, a sort of poncho, tight round the neck, and reaching to the knees. These men resemble more than any of the other islanders the primitive Guanche type.

After two hours' rest, we crossed the pass of the Cañada blanca, and a succession of lava beds. We were in the middle of the volcanic circle of the basin, which is itself an immense primitive crater, where several volcanoes have been formed; volcanoes whose eruptions helped to form the circular wall from which the Peak of Teyde subsequently rose. This great eruption has made a considerable breach, and carried away part of the wall, nearly a quarter of the circumference. By means of this breach, the lava then set free, rushing from the top of the Cañadas, swallowed up Garachico, as the fiery lava from Vesuvius swallowed up Herculaneum and Pompeii.[1]

[1] This comparison is not, strictly speaking, correct. No lava flowed from Vesuvius in the eruption of A.D. 79. Herculaneum was overwhelmed by a deluge of volcanic mud, and Pompeii by showers of ashes and pumice stone. (Translator's note.)

A few lines may be bestowed on Garachico and its melancholy fate. The shore is scorched, the soil arid, the rocks bare; a volcanic catastrophe has destroyed the vineyards which produced a wine fit for the gods, the best in Teneriffe, the rival of Madeira! At the bottom of the ravine, at the foot of the mountain, under the cliffs, between the rocks, houses were built; vinedressers and fishermen settled there, the village became a town; a harbour was made, well sheltered by the island of Roque, and the town of Garachico was known to all the ships in the world. For more than one hundred years, Garachico had quays and public buildings, its harbour was the best in the Canary Islands, and was called Puerto Rico. Garachico soon possessed five monasteries and three churches! They must have been wanted, for there was no school. The town had already been somewhat injured by a slight eruption in 1696, and by a flood in 1645; premonitory warnings! The town was destined to perish by fire and water. One day, Garachico was overwhelmed by two lava torrents, which loosening the rocks, hurled them like gigantic bullets on the town; then one arm of the river Larique overflowed the ravine and dried up the springs, while the other destroyed the harbour. Everything disappeared; the town had lost its wealth, its fine harbour, its vineyards, its springs, and all its arable land. This terrible event happened on May 5, 1706. Ships have forgotten the name of the place, and although the love of home has brought back a few families and rebuilt a few houses, there are now only fishermen instead of merchants, small proprietors or workmen living in the

midst of ruins. The Franciscan monastery, however, was partially spared, and the gateway of the Mole still remains, as well as the façade of the palace of the Counts of Gomera.

To return to the summit of the Cañadas, where we are making our way as best we can over what the country people call the Mal Pais del Teyde. A very steep path takes us to Altavista, where crevasses, precipices, and enormous pièces of rock almost prevent any progress. At last the *mal pais* comes to an end, and we reach a natural terrace called the Rambletta, the starting point of those floods of volcanic matter which have filled the circle of the Cañadas. M. Berthelot thinks that there was once a crater here, which, in a later eruption more violent than any which preceded it, raised the cone, an enormous, gigantic mass, which must have required an inconceivable force. M. Berthelot's opinion has since been confirmed. Already a smell of sulphur exudes from the ground, and under the pumice stone we find small holes a few inches deep, from which issue hot vapours.

We have now only to climb the nearly perpendicular cone, 500 feet high. The ground is quite loose, consisting of scoriæ, pumice stone, or basalt, half disaggregate, and crumbling under our feet. The ascent is difficult, very difficult, and often one slips back instead of advancing. Every five minutes we are forced to stop to take breath; but at last we reach the top. No doubt the ascent would be more fatiguing in the summer, for in spite of the season, the snow, and the cold wind, we were quite warm, although the thermometer was three degrees

(centigrade) below zero; at Chasna it was twenty-one degrees.

Now that we are at the top, we can rest a little; and here I must remark, that in a book of travels it is hard always to tell the exact truth. Eight times out of ten after undergoing great fatigue, you reach your journey's end, and see nothing; but a writer must have seen everything, and seen it in the best possible way; otherwise it would be no use to write. What has put these reflections in my head is the fact that we ran a great risk of seeing nothing at all.

I must confess that we managed our affairs badly; the guides had told us that it was impossible to make the ascent by night at this time of the year, whereas it was nothing of the sort; instead of leaving Chasna at five A.M. we ought to have started at two or half-past two at latest; in the morning the peak is always clear, while after sunrise the top is enveloped in mist; there is fog too sometimes on the Cañadas, therefore the summit ought to be reached by six o'clock. Or there is another way, still better, choose a fine moonlight night on which to make the ascent, and see the sunrise from the summit of the peak.

Thus our expedition would have been fruitless, but that, luckily for us, a north-east wind got up and dispersed the clouds.

It is nine o'clock, and the sun is already high in the heavens. From a height of 12,000 feet, we look down into the ocean; the sight is marvellous; and would you believe it, the peak rises so perpendicularly, especially on the north-east, that although the base of the cone is

many miles in circumference (the whole circle of the Cañadas measures about forty miles), and the mountain on which that circle rests is about sixty, the traveller who looks down from the summit feels a kind of giddiness, as if the earth would give way beneath him. The island appears so small, that he feels about to fall; he sees beneath him a small tongue of land, in which everything is mixed up, mountains and gorges, plains and valleys; it seems as if this small base must be insufficient to sustain the mountain, and as if all would fall together into the sea. Some travellers have even said that they have felt as if separated from the island on this culminating point, like a sailor on the top of a mast; but do people prove anything by such absurd exaggerations?

However that may be, the Peak of Teyde is one of the highest spots in the world, nearly as high as Mont Blanc; but it is not, like that mountain, surrounded by others which lead up to it, and on which the eye of the gazer at the summit can rest. The peak rises from the circle of the Cañadas like a sugar loaf in a basin, and the immense cone, more rounded and regularly shaped than any other known cone, while at the same time the circle of the Cañadas which supports it rises also very abruptly, seems to intend to follow the course of the volcanic torrent, and to throw itself into the sea at Garachico.

The circle of the Cañadas, the mouth of the primitive volcanoes, is twelve miles in diameter. It is the largest crater known, greater even than the great crater in Hawaii; the mind recoils in terror at the thought of the amount of boiling lava which this enormous reservoir could contain.

A most curious effect is produced by the shadow of the peak upon the sea. At sunrise, an immense triangular shadow is seen, stretching as far as Gomera. Within it, we can discern the sharp peaks of the Caldera in Palma. Hierro too can be seen, while on the east Fuerteventura and Lanzarote are discerned. Gran Canaria, much nearer to us, shows like a map in relief. The panorama is most striking. We cannot enjoy it for very long, for the sun will hardly have warmed the atmosphere before the clouds rise, floating and undecided in the first stage of formation, like the light smoke from a charcoal burner's furnace; clouds like white veils hang about the tops of the pines, they are torn, then they re-form, spread through the valley, carried by the wind, and rise from summit to summit. All these earthy exhalations, attracted by the heat of the sun, gradually ascend, and at length form a layer of cloud like a horizontal section of the cone from thirty to a hundred yards thick. The summit is clear and the sun shines brilliantly above it; in the belt of cloud there is rain or thick fog, and below, on the habitable earth, magnificent weather. When the summit of the peak appears isolated, resting on an immense bed of white vapour, sea and land are both invisible to the spectator within the crater; he seems to be solitary, taken away from earth and mounting towards the sky.

The crater is from 100 to 110 feet deep, its diameter is 300 feet. There are crevasses inside it which constantly send up hot vapours with an insufferable smell of sulphur. The lava, without being burning, is too hot to hold; the interior of the crater is a mass of sulphur, reddish earth.

abounding in oxide of iron, and a whitish earthy paste, containing sulphate of soda and ammonia; below this, we find sulphur crystals; these substances harden in the fresh air when removed from the crater. The heat of this solfatara increases from year to year, an ominous fact.

The crater forms an angle of 33° at its base.

It is calculated that the sun lightens up the summit of the peak 11′ 51″ 3‴ before lighting its base on the level of the sea.

Herr Krauss informs me that there was no trace of vegetation either inside the crater or on the cone, not even of that cryptogamous vegetation which, according to some naturalists, is found everywhere. With regard to animal life, he saw only some bees, not one of the insects peculiar to great elevations.

Half an hour sufficed for us to reach Rambletta, where one goes to see the ice cave which supplies all the villas on the coast. Sulphur and fire at the summit, and an immense glacier a little way off, it is a striking contrast. This cave has an inhabitant, a spider, which reminds me of a recent exploit; it will prove to you that the eternal snows present no invincible obstacle, even where there is no track, and that one can make this ascent without fearing the terrible surprises which elsewhere have cost so many travellers their lives; no hidden crevasses, no ravines or avalanches; only clouds, wind, dust, and fatigue.

Last year, in January, a young man who was breakfasting in the hotel at Orotava declared that he would ascend

the peak on foot and alone. People remonstrated with him, reminding him of the season, the physical impossibilities, the intense cold on the Cañadas. 'As to its being impossible at this season,' said he, 'who can decide since no one has tried?' So saying, he filled his brandy flask, took some tobacco, and having swallowed his cup of coffee, set out on his expedition with a pipe in his mouth and a walking stick in his hand. He returned three days afterwards, his pockets crammed with small plants peculiar to the rocks on the north side of the base of the cone. Now there is no museum in the island where these plants could be procured, as might happen in Switzerland; it was also impossible that he could have found anywhere save on the peak the small spider peculiar to the ice cave, 9,302 feet high. He made no boast of what he had done, indeed, he was more taciturn than ever, for no one could find out by what road he had gone, nor how he had lived during the three days of his absence. Monteverde told us that he must have met goatherds who probably directed him.

The atmosphere at the summit of the peak contains 0·19 of oxygen.

According to Saussure's theory, confirmed by successive experiences, the ascent of Teyde affords graduated differences of temperature, about one degree in 100 yards.

With regard to the temperature, we may remark that peaks surrounded by the sea are cooler in summer than those on continents, the ocean sending up very little caloric, on account of its rapid evaporation and its transparent

and colourless surface. This fact must be taken into consideration, as also that the general temperature of the Islands is immensely influenced by their belt of sea of an almost uniform temperature winter and summer; this is the reason why islands are warmer in winter and cooler in summer than the neighbouring continents.

M. Labillardière found the temperature of the crater 18° 7′ (centigrade), while at Santa Cruz it was 28°. The difference, therefore, was 9° 3′, while by Saussure's rule it ought to have been between 20° and 22°. This difference, often observed, arises from the direction of the wind or from the force of the current of hot air ascending. Indeed, the wind being north or south makes a difference of 12° or 15° at the summit.

One thing very striking at the top of the peak is the intense blueness of the sky. It surpasses that observed on the highest Swiss mountains. Mont Blanc being 500 or 600 feet higher than Teneriffe, ought to yield to the cyanometer 43°, while in reality it is only 40°, at the top of Teyde it is 41°. This results from the rarefaction of the air, which is much dryer here than in Switzerland.

Mr. Goatbeard is an American, and therefore, as regards geology, a violent Lyellist. I give you a brief *résumé* of the observations made by Lyell, the chief of the modern school. Some people are wicked enough to say that he has laid the foundations of the geology of the future, as Wagner has those of its music! At all events, this school differs in many points from the French school; and Sir Charles Lyell's ideas are not likely to be adopted in France just yet, certainly not altogether. But on the

present occasion we shall come into no collision; besides, I know what a high opinion you have of him.

In the first place, he adopts V. Buch's expression, 'Teyde is a pointed tower, surrounded by a ditch and a circular chain of bastions.' My expression was, 'Teyde is a truncated sugar loaf, resting on a basin with broken edges.' These two comparisons are similar. The truncated sugar loaf means the peak; the tower means the peak, only it is not pointed. The space between the circle of the Cañadas and the circumference of the sugar loaf is the basin, and also the ditch. The pointed tops of the Cañadas, and the openings separating these points, are the broken edges of the basin, and the bastions.

The bastion of the Cañadas, Lyell says, consists of a conglomerate of trachyte, basalt, and quartz, united by tufa. This conglomerate is often intersected vertically by volcanic basalt. Von Buch supposes that this rampart of rock, this immense basin, rose gradually under the slow pressure of a force beneath.

According to Deville's observations in 1839, the trachytes are generally granitic in appearance, they contain no vitreous feldspar, but have the characteristic marks of the *most ancient igneous rocks in the world.*

If you, my dear sir, do me the honour to read my book, you will see that in my account of the geological formation of the Canary Islands I put forward this fundamental assertion, which not only has been found incapable of being disproved, but which no one has even attempted to contradict. And I appeal to the fact that Lyell's theory is reconcilable with it, and that, strangely enough, he

quotes Deville on the subject. But to return to the two theories.

According to Von Buch, horizontal layers were sent out from the centre of a dome-shaped eminence by sudden movements from below upwards and from the centre outwards; they thus became arched; and in the middle of this saddle-backed mountain a narrow opening, or rather a spherical cavity, was formed.

Although, says Lyell, M. Deville did not find any chalk in Teneriffe, he does not hesitate to believe that the layers of trachyte and the conglomerate trachytes were formed in the sea itself. Thus a submarine mountain gradually emerged in the shape of a dome, partly in and partly out of the water, merely from the lava and ashes thrown from a central orifice.

You see the difference, my dear sir, but the conclusion is the same from either theory; whether the mountain was formed by elevation, by domes, or by a succession of horizontal layers worked upon by fire or water, the result is identical; *granitic rocks bearing the characteristic marks of the most ancient igneous rocks in the world.*

The rest is simple enough; successive eruptions filled up the interstices, and the inclination of the first layers went on increasing by the extension and upheaval of masses of lava during repeated convulsions. On the side of the principal opening in the Cañadas, or channel of outlet carrying the volcanic matter to the sea, these eruptions went on incessantly, and must, when the upper part of the channel was choked up by the accumulation of lava, have frequently forced an opening. Thus the

mountain rose bodily from the sea by a gradual movement from below.

Whichever theory we adopt we have an easy explanation of the sharp-pointed summits of the Cañadas, and of what I have called the broken edges of the basin; but not so, Lyell says, as regards the great central crater. If, according to the hypothesis of the crater's formation, a series of beds of lava and ashes spread over a flat surface were violently broken up and raised to the present elevation, why do not the opposite sides of this abyss afford in their present state a proof that they were once united? It is evident, he says, that the precipices on the opposite sides of the cavity would not correspond if they were put together; there is no projection on one side which would fit into a cavity on the other. Yet mineral veins constantly show this peculiarity. That is the objection.

This objection does not appear to me a very serious one. While awaiting your opinion, my dear sir, I venture to submit to you my own explanation. I believe that the external and internal walls have been so worn and polished by subsequent eruptions, that it is absurd to ask why they are not now like what they were before the central fire or the action of gases ejected from the cone the flaming lava and the basaltic blocks of vitreous trachyte.

Has not the great Lyell discovered a mare's nest here? Has he not made an objection of no value?

'*Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*'

According to Lyell, Teneriffe must be considered to possess the most ancient ventilator or safety-valve of the volcanic Archipelago of the Canaries. The eruptions

which have taken place in Lanzarote, Palma, and the other islands, must be considered as subsidiary eruptions, and these safety-valves would act with more force and frequency when the principal crater was choked up.

This is another point in my favour. It was said that the Canary volcanoes were not connected, and I ventured to assert the contrary! You perceive that I derive strong support from England, and the father of the geology of the other hemisphere will allow me to make use of his arguments against—I will not say whom; you know to whom I allude.

In the same way, says Lyell, while speaking of this immense safety-valve, considerable eruptions have taken place in Ischia and Monte, which have always corresponded to the silence of Vesuvius. Teyde is the chief volcanic outlet of the Islands. Sometimes its orifice is closed; then the great volcanic mouth in communication with the volcanoes in the other islands is for the time choked up. It will free itself when necessary, and no one can tell if that hour may not be the last. Meanwhile I assure you that people sleep as soundly at the foot of the peak of Teneriffe as at the foot of Etna or Vesuvius, and in fact I do not know that there would be much danger if there were a fresh eruption; I think that the lava would continue to flow in the course already marked out, through the gap in the Cañadas, and that Garachico alone would suffer. And Garachico is now of very small importance. The only danger would be from the probable earthquakes; they might cause great devastation, much more than an eruption, which is

ordinarily preceded, and often accompanied, by subterranean convulsions.

As I said before, we did not see the sunrise from the top of the peak, but from the Cañadas. A few hundred feet more or less do not make much difference. The premonitory signs of the sun's appearance are very curious. The whole mass of stars between Orion and Taurus forms a long whitish band against the deep western sky. Suddenly the sun appears; then the dark sea lights up in the east; a luminous triangle diversified by splendid colours: in the west, on the contrary, the shadow of the peak is thrown on the sea, forming a dark triangle, stretching at first to an infinite distance, but gradually shortening as the sun gets higher. It is really beautiful and most striking.

I have already told you that the clearness of the atmosphere was astonishing; from the top of the peak the smallest objects at a considerable distance are visible to the naked eye. It has been remarked that the clearness of the atmosphere on a height is in proportion to its proximity to the equator. This is true, but the exactness of the proportion is contradicted by facts. The atmosphere of Quito is considered the clearest in the world; a solitary tree in the plain, a man walking along a road, can be seen at a distance of three or four leagues. Although Teneriffe is not near the equator, the atmosphere is even more transparent than that of Quito, and objects can be distinguished at a greater distance. Humboldt says that you can see to a distance of more than 300 miles from the top of the peak. I do not see how such an assertion

can be proved or disproved, Some persons, when their natural sight is at fault, can see with the eye of faith. I cannot.

Can San Borondon be seen from the top of the peak? Humboldt thinks that if frequent ascents were made, especially during a west-south-west wind, which in these latitudes is the one to produce phenomena of vision, there would be a chance of seeing it.

You know, my dear sir, that San Borondon is the Aprositus of Pliny, the island which appears and disappears like a phantom on the north-eastern horizon. I, for my part, have not seen San Borondon, and no one ever will see it, either from the Teyde observatory or from any higher point.

I have now come to the end of my too long description; you might have been better pleased if, instead of writing it and inflicting it upon you, I had shown myself less enthusiastic with regard to the country and the mountain; like Brünner, for instance, who, when he reached the top, muttered between his teeth, 'The idea of taking all this trouble to come and breathe sulphur!'

As for me, who, far from grumbling, was delighted, I could but pity him. Those who feel nothing under such circumstances, must lose a great deal.

It is needless for me to give you a complete list of the men of science who have climbed the snowy peak of the ancient Nivaria, or the Echeyde of the ancient Atlantides, which the Guanches corrupted into Teyde (hell). Humboldt and Bory de Saint Vincent were the most famous scientific men who made the ascent in the last century;

in the seventeenth century some Englishmen, Sprat, Eden, Scory; in the sixteenth I can only mention one, Père Feuillée, a Frenchman, who wrote the earliest scientific account; he went up on August 26, 1524. In our days, besides Messrs. Piazzi Smyth, Webb and Berthelot, Deville, Dumont d'Orville, and Ossuna, I found a long list of names, among them the Prince de Joinville, Prince Adalbert of Prussia, and many other princes of earth and of science.

In conclusion, I may remark that we find in history well authenticated accounts of four eruptions of Teyde: 1393; 1394, described by Cadamosto, who was an eye-witness; 1492, described by Columbus; this eruption preceded by about a month the discovery of America; finally, the terrible eruption which destroyed Garachico in 1706. An eruption of *molehills*, called here *montañetas*, took place in 1230. Three small mounds rose in the plain below Orotava, 500 or 600 feet only above the level of the sea.

I think, my dear sir, that my account will have given you some idea of the ascent of Teyde. I have carefully avoided enthusiasm, so easy and so customary here in such descriptions. One might exhaust the whole stock of laudatory epithets without in the least astonishing the islanders. They know so well that their island is magnificent, that they say so even to themselves; they imitate Narcissus, and worship themselves in their country. They have some excuse, for it is said that when Humboldt first saw the view of Orotava crowned by the peak, he stopped his horse, clapped his hands,

and cried, 'This is the most beautiful spot in the whole world!'

I agree with him, and I have a right to do so, for I am at Orotava, and can judge of it.

Now that we have returned, Mr. Goatbeard never leaves off assuring us that the peak did not make the island, but some Vesuvius thrown up in Atlantis 9,000 years ago—9,000 years exactly! Come and verify this. These Americans believe everything.

Krauss says he is delighted at having made the ascent, but that he prefers the Caldera in Palma, with its brilliant flowers and magnificent vegetation.

Brünner says that it was not worth while to climb to such a height just to come down again directly; he would like to spend the summer up there, like Professor Smyth and his wife, or as a goatherd.

'Do you know,' asks Goatbeard, 'how much we five have spent in three days?'

'No. How much?'

'Eighty-five francs.'

You see we know how to travel cheaply.

Chapter XII.

THE CAMEL.

The camel, *camelus*, belongs to the ruminant order of animals, is without horns, has canine teeth in the upper and lower jaw, the upper lip cleft, a cloven hoof with a flexible sole. On the back are two fleshy humps, and the stomach is furnished with cells for preserving water. There are two kinds of camels, those with two humps, and those with one, called dromedaries. There is a sub-genus, the llama, which is not found in the Canary Islands. The dromedary is more especially a native of Arabia, whence it has passed into Asia, Africa, and the Canary Islands.

Such was the description given us by Krauss, our young naturalist, to which we shall add the result of our evening conversation.

The Franciscan Père Bontier and Jean le Verrier, Béthencourt's chaplains, inform us in their old French, that in 1405 the conqueror of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, the sire de Béthencourt, decided to make a second reconnaissance, and perhaps attempt the conquest of Gran Canaria. He accordingly fitted out three galleys and set sail on October 6. A terrible storm cast the

three ships on the coast of Africa, near Bojador. What was to be done? For knights there was but one thing to be done—fight, so as to gain spoil; and so they did. They killed a great many Moors, men and women, took some prisoners of both sexes, and having captured three thousand camels, killed some for the sake of practice, and set the rest at liberty in the plain, partly to amuse themselves, and partly to annoy the Saracens. They were full of spirits in those good old times!

Here is an historical fact, clear enough; we shall now see what the tonsured chroniclers have made out of it. Firstly, all the proofs which may have existed in favour of the theory of the Islands having been detached from the African continent, were carefully effaced when they did exist; secondly, all the Spanish writers have twisted the text, making it say what it did not say, in order to demonstrate that the Islands had always been islands. After the monks, a magistrate named Secall, author of a volume of 'Philosophical Letters on the Archipelago,' quotes the above mentioned passage from Le Verrier and Bontier, and he also tries to twist its meaning. This is the translation, word for word, of the text as quoted by him:—

'Béthencourt with his followers leaped on shore, and remained a week in that country (Bojador). During this period they made some prisoners, men and women, whom they took away with them, and they seized more than three thousand camels; *but, as it was impossible to embark such a great number of them, they killed some, and set the rest at liberty.*' This quotation agrees with the text.

Why then does Secall add after this quotation: '*Although* these historian-chaplains *do not say so*, Béthencourt also carried off with him some live camels which bred in Lanzarote and Fuerteventura'?

Here is indeed an arbitrary proceeding; 'you do not say so, but I, a magistrate, declare that it must have been so.' Magistrates are the same in all ages and all countries. In order to prove that the camel was not acclimatized in the islands from the remotest antiquity, but that it was only imported there in 1405, this writer does not hesitate to make a false statement. His assertion is all the more improbable since the fathers add in the same chapter and also in the next, that Béthencourt was unsuccessful at Gran Canaria, that he went on to Hierro, remained there some time, and then proceeded to Palma, so that his expedition lasted several months.

We are ignorant whether Béthencourt, a great traveller, as, indeed, were all the knights of that age, had seen camels before; but it is probable that the chaplains, only knowing Grainville and the country about Caux, would have felt some astonishment, as would also the crews of the caravels, at the sight of an animal unknown to Europeans. There is no sign of it, however, in their exact and often puerile history. 'They took three thousand camels, killed some, and set the rest at liberty.' Exactly as if they were talking of Norman sheep.

Is it not possible that, just as in Fuerteventura and Lanzarote we find the flora, fauna, geological formation, and character of the soil of Africa, so camels might have been found there, still remaining after the great separa-

tion, like the rest of the mineral, vegetable, and animal creation? or it is possible they may have been imported in ancient times. However that may be, since the chaplains have not a word of astonishment or explanation to give on the subject, the camel must already have been in the Islands; if it had been introduced after the first expeditions of the conquerors into Africa, they would have told us so. Besides, it is certain that at the end of the fifteenth century there were more than five thousand camels in Fuerteventura. It is impossible that there could have been so many if they had not been for some time domesticated in the island. It is incredible that so many could have been imported in such a short time, and with so few appliances. This is the passage: 'The camels and wild asses had become so numerous, that the camels amounted to more than five thousand, and the asses were innumerable. It was necessary to hunt them down every now and then with dogs, and to salt the flesh, which was very good, in order to preserve it.'

While admitting that this passage is not decisive on the matter, it must be allowed that it proves the probability of the earlier existence of the camel and the ass in the Islands. Although the *conquistadores* imported horses and mules, they never imported camels or asses; the ass and the camel being natives of Africa, here is another circumstance in favour of the existence of Atlantis.

When a European traveller disembarks at Lanzarote, he recognises Africa, even without having seen it, merely from what he has heard and read. He is not much

surprised at seeing camels; they look quite at home and seem to form a part of one harmonious whole. It is different in Teneriffe. Although the coast of Santa Cruz offers to the eye an African aridness, yet the amphitheatre of mountains, the green hills which overlook it, the orchards which surround it, give it a Spanish air, and after reaching Laguna, where all is green, wooded, inhabited, nature puts on the appearance of Switzerland or Italy, and one thinks of the Valteline or the canton of Ticino. So that when the traveller sees the 'ship of the desert' moving solemnly along under its heavy burden, accompanied by a tall, slender driver, with a cigarette in his mouth, a cloak over his shoulder, a large *sombrero* on his head, and a red silk handkerchief hanging behind him, it has a very strange and inharmonious effect upon him. For the idea of a camel is associated with boundless sandy plains, with a scarcity of water, with a driver in a white burnous, and with a distant prospect of a well and three palm trees. That is the ideal camel. Camels in Teneriffe, the land of mountains, water, and luxuriant vegetation, are out of place.

There are three thousand camels in the three islands off the coast of Africa; in the other four western isles there are only seventy, and from day to day their number diminishes. It is not a matter of regret. It is not camels that are wanted in these fertile islands, but roads, horses, and mules; let the dromedaries keep to Lanzarote and Fuerteventura. What a disagreeable sensation it gives one to see, on landing on the mole, amidst a crowd of Spanish, French, and English sailors, a dromedary carrying

an immense block of stone! Only a few years ago, a camel was employed to turn a sort of wheel in the harbour, to the great astonishment of travellers. From time to time one sees this noble animal carrying, instead of a soldier from Rif, a pilgrim from Mecca, or a merchant from Smyrna, women and children in absurd panniers, a burden not inappropriate to a donkey, but degrading to horses and camels; they are even to be seen with one man on the hump, and another seated behind him in a kind of Spanish donkey saddle. Others are laden with heavy burdens tied on with clumsy ropes, covered with dirty old worn-out mats; these poor beasts, with their hair worn off, their rough knees, moving their long legs with a swinging motion, and raising their small, delicate heads, seem to ask with imploring eyes to be saved from such degradation. Poor exiled creatures!

While in Africa and Arabia, this animal, so amiable, so gentle, so resigned, has no other means of defending itself when overburdened, than to lie down beneath its load and die under its driver's blows without rising, the Teneriffe dromedary refuses to move, becomes vicious, bites and brays loudly; and, by order of the Government, they are all muzzled, and have bells round their necks.

The dromedary is superior to the camel; it is more swift, and can travel more than 100 miles a day for a week. The dromedary gives delicious milk, and the hair, which is renewed annually, is used for making tents and a kind of cloth; the flesh is very good. It is very abstemious, and it eats all kinds of brushwood; it prefers bitter plants to grass, such as nettles, thistles, gorse, and

wormwood; with its cleft lip it seizes them in passing, and its canine teeth tear them before it slowly nibbles them.

The island dromedaries are larger than those of Africa; probably from being better fed on a richer soil, not having to go for twenty-four hours without water, or to make the long caravan journeys which exhaust even those able to reach the end. The island dromedaries are better developed, they die of old age only; while in Africa, in Arabia for example, the long desert roads are marked by the whitening bones of these valuable animals.

In Lanzarote and Fuerteventura they are extremely useful, these islands being devoid of roads. They carry on all the transport work, a camel's load amounting to from six to ten hundredweight. The price of a dromedary in these islands varies from sixteen to twenty-four pounds, according to the age, beauty, sex, and strength of the animal.

The horse, they say, is afraid of the camel. It may be so with European horses. We have often been on horseback among camels in Africa and Asia Minor without remarking it. It is also said that the smell of the camel is insupportable to man as well as to the horse. For our own part, we put up with its vicinity in travelling very easily; the horses never run away from the camels when able to do so, and they all seem to agree very well when picketed together at night.

Herodotus declares that Cyrus wishing to put to flight a body of cavalry, sent against it a body of dromedaries, which carried the baggage of the army, and that the

cavalry of Crœsus was thus dispersed. In those times it was possible; nevertheless Crœsus' horses had probably seen camels before. Since Herodotus says so, let us believe him.

When Napoleon encountered dromedaries in Egypt, the cavalry soon got the better of them; at the present day, troops are never mounted on dromedaries, either in Egypt or India. They are of no real use except as beasts of burden; away from the desert the mule is preferable. Whatever may be the case as regards the relative utility of this animal, it enlivens the landscape at Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, harmonises with it, and looks picturesque; in the western islands the camel is out of place and useless.

THE ENGLISH AT LANZAROTE.

'I have brought you a few lines,' said Lionel; 'a brigand story.'

'I am glad to hear it.'

'I will begin at once.'

'In 1596 it came to the knowledge of the English that the lord of Lanzarote possessed 100,000*l.*; it was more than enough to tempt the Earl of Cumberland.

'What, is this your brigand story?'

'To be sure it is.'

'Well, it is what goes by the name of history.'

'But it was brigandage.'

'I beg your pardon; what then do you call Walker's Cuban expedition, the Spanish war, the Mexican war, the Schleswig Holstein affair, &c., &c.?'

'Ah, well! I don't like the English.'

'That is a very poor and bad reason. Soldiers in every country, when they plunder with arms in their hands, as at Lanzarote, or spread fire and sword, as in the Palatinate, cover themselves with glory if successful, and their exploits are called *coups de main*, enterprises, expeditions, campaigns, war, &c.'

'Be it so. I return to my *coup de main* :—

'According to Dr. Layfield's narrative, the English fleet came in sight of Alegranza, the most northerly of the small islands, on April 13, 1596, and gradually the whole Archipelago became visible. The flotilla steered to the westward, and stood off Lanzarote the same afternoon.

'Next day, the wind being favourable, the English anchored in a roadstead on the E.S.E., near a line of very dangerous rocks. This is the only description given of it.

'Sir John Berkeley was detached with six hundred men to attack the town, ten or eleven miles from the shore.'

'You are getting on capitally, my dear Lionel; he was *detached* to *attack* the town, these are quite the technical expressions.'

'In order not to give the islanders too much time to prepare their defence, Berkeley went to the right, but the march was greatly impeded by stones and sand, this part of the island being the worst to cross. The delay was vexatious, for although the inhabitants did not take advantage of it to defend themselves, yet they managed to place their most valuable possessions in safety. "However," says Dr. Layfield, "they could not carry away their cheeses, nor their wine, and the English laid in a large stock of both, besides what they consumed on the spot."

'Berkeley divided his men, sending one party to pursue the fugitives, and making the rest carry off the wine to the ships. The first detachment were very soon stopped by a fort on the top of a hill, which appeared too important to be neglected. It was necessary to besiege it, so as not to leave it in their rear. Whilst the English were surrounding the fort for this purpose, the hundred Spaniards who formed the garrison ran away, so that they had only to enter and take possession. They found there twelve dismounted cannon and a large heap of stones, not very terrible weapons.

'According to Layfield, who was the Earl of Cumberland's chaplain, and, therefore, did not know much about warlike matters, this stronghold was admirably built and fortified, and was made very cleverly of blocks of stone. What was still more remarkable, according to him, was that the entrance was not by a door but by a very narrow opening, six feet long, made in the wall six feet from the ground, so that a very feeble garrison, by drawing up a ladder, could defend itself against a force of ten times its number.

'This castle, this fort, this grand edifice of blocks of stone, was no other than the old tower, which had been deserted at least two hundred years! Berkeley gave rather too magnificent a description of it.

'The town pillaged by the English was a collection of two hundred huts, according to the doctor, the best of which did not make much show, for they were all built of mud and wood, and roofed with clay baked in the sun. The church was built in the same way, it had no windows, and was

lighted only from the door; there were no divisions in it; on each side was a stone bench reaching as far as the altar, where the English found the sacred vessels proper to the Romish worship.'

'Which they carried off?' said Brünner.

'Of course.'

'A little way off was a monastery just built, with a good garden. Berkeley forbade his soldiers to destroy the houses, the church, or the monastery.'

'That was very good of him; and the 100,000*l.*?'

'Flown! The English gained nothing in this expedition but wine and cheese; the soldiers plundered the houses, which probably did not yield a booty much worth having.'

'I think,' said Mr. Goatbeard, 'that the town the chaplain mentions must have been Teguiza, and that the roadstead where they anchored was Arecife; as to the houses in the town, they were not of a kind to lead any one to expect to find thousands of pounds worth of gold coin.

'After all,' said Lionel, 'most probably the chaplain, not having landed, as he takes care to tell us, could not very well judge of the importance of the town.'

'Evidently not, for at the time of its greatest prosperity, Teguiza never had a population of more than 2,500; but his description is interesting, since it shows the condition of the capital of Lanzarote after the Spaniards, bad colonists, if there ever were any, had destroyed the native inhabitants, and with them all means of cultivation and every source of prosperity.'

Chapter XIII.

SAN BORONDON (APROSITUS).

Gran Canaria: April, 1868.

Monsieur S.—— Saint Laurent, Jersey.

Ah, my dear sir, you were right when you told me that *government* rhymes with *impediment*! How many good things are unproductive because the State protects them too much. How easily we see here that we are in a Latin country, where no one seems to care for anything else but place and official functions! the governors are nearly as numerous as the governed, if we reckon ten applicants for each place. If they do no harm to others, yet they are of no use to the nation, either as regards trade, commerce, or civilisation.

How different it is in your native island, where every one works. All offices being unpaid, the judge is a banker, shipowner, or farmer; the colonel, a tailor or a linen-draper; the constable, a merchant; the head of the police, a printer and bookseller; the attorney of the royal court, a lawyer. Every sort of religious denomination is sanctioned, every one is free, every one has a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, consequently every one

is well off. Here—but what I have to say just now has nothing to do with the Latin race.

Although you were Maury's collaborator, and have been on every naval station, and have studied ocean phenomena during twenty years of a seafaring life, yet perhaps you have never heard of San Borondon. I venture to give you an account of it, in the hope of hearing your opinion as a man of science on the matter.

On April 22, at 5 A.M., we set sail in a fishing boat for Gran Canaria. A wretched boat it was, without any cabin, and with a crew of three men and a small boy; happily the weather was fine and the wind favourable, a slight breeze from the N.W. But the horizon was very cloudy and the heat was intense; a vague mass was discernible in the distance.

'That is the island of Borondon,' said the captain, pointing to the horizon.

'The island of Borondon! what island? There is none of that name in the Archipelago.'

'I beg your pardon, sir; it is the eighth.'

'But there are only seven.'

'So they say, but there are really eight; and the eighth is the island of San Borondon, the devil's island, the most beautiful of all. No one can land there; the devil makes it disappear when any one comes near it; it is enchanted.'

'You are joking, captain.'

'No, sir; if you go to see the Canon Don Gutierrez de Puente de las Palmas, he will tell you all about it, for he has been there.'

'I will certainly call upon him.'

I kept my word. I have seen the Canon, but in order to write the history of San Borondon, I have had to make some researches, for the good father was in his second childhood, or nearly so, either from old age or in consequence of his visit to San Borondon; a piece of diabolical revenge perhaps for his boldness.

From the earliest times the ancients believed in an island which the Spaniards now call San Borondon. During the middle ages, and especially since the Conquest, San Borondon has constantly appeared and disappeared; the frightened mariners who had ventured to steer for the mysterious island sometimes passed through a cloud, in the midst of which the diabolical land vanished in smoke; superstitious sailors saw or did not see the phantom isle, but all said they saw it; some even had been cast ashore on it, or fancied so, mistaking some other genuine island for that created by their imagination only.

Does this island exist? This is the first question to be decided before going into any details, ancient or modern, on the subject. It is easily answered: no one has *really* seen San Borondon, many have *fancied* that they saw it. Those who have landed on it have put into some desert island; the Salvages, the north coast of Madeira, or the Desertas, &c. The island of Borondon never existed.

However, there is always something at the bottom of every legend; the mind is struck with the sensation of some physical fact wrongly interpreted, undefined, but there is some real foundation for it. These appearances never lasted longer than a day, on which account I must reject the explanation of an island emerging from time to

time of such a size and height that it could be seen sixty miles off, and yet disappearing before any one could reach it, as the Portuguese believed. As for those islands which really have emerged from the sea and sunk again, according to M. Deville Great Kameny rose very slowly. His observations are confirmed by the testimony of the ancients and by all the moderns as regards the Grecian Archipelago, the Lipari Isles, and the Azores; according to them, an island would be a long time in reaching a height of 6,000 feet, and then disappearing.

An eruption, followed by a sudden cataclysm, has been suggested. This suggestion is untenable, since San Borondon can only be seen in the finest weather. In the group of the Azores, of the same formation as the Canaries, and subject to the same plutonic influences, a new island has been seen to rise and disappear. It will probably reappear; there is nothing supernatural about it. The Santorin Islands appeared in the same way, and have frequently disappeared in historical times; their appearance and disappearance have been well attested and studied. Now as nothing of this kind has been observed with regard to San Borondon, this explanation cannot apply to it. If the legend were told of ancient times only, we might admit that San Borondon had emerged from the Atlantic, and been afterwards swallowed up by it; but as the island has continued to make its appearance in modern times, it is impossible to admit the existence of such a chronic phenomenon, for it would have been recognised and verified; we must therefore seek some other explanation.

Undeniable proofs have been given of the existence of the mirage in the Canary Islands. Humboldt says that it is exactly like the Egyptian mirage. Now in Egypt, as in every other place, the mirage never pictures anything but real objects which exist at some little distance, or appearances in the sky formed by clouds. San Borondon cannot be the effect of mirage, for an island could only appear at the distance of a few miles, and would be the distorted representation of the very island on which the spectator stood, or of some other still nearer. Besides, a mirage retreats as the traveller advances, or disappears when the unequal refraction of the solar rays which produced it changes in intensity or direction. The effect of a mirage changes with the hours of the day, gradually growing fainter and disappearing; finally, it often gives images upside down. Nothing of the kind has been seen in San Borondon. The traveller sees quite clearly on the horizon, with a light breeze from the north, in the finest summer weather and the clearest days, an island fifty or sixty miles long. It rises to a height of 6,000 or 8,000 feet; the left side is somewhat higher than the right, and the centre is rather depressed, so that one can distinguish a high mountain near each extremity; resting above the island are clouds like those which the navigator sees above Madeira for example; above these again are transparent clouds against a grey sky.

Such are the visible phenomena.

Father Abreu Galindo, the most diffuse historian of the Canary Islands, at his wits' end for an explanation, concludes: 'In my opinion, the island exists. I think it

is difficult to reach because, on account of the currents, no one knows how to steer for it; thus, if you throw a solitary pebble into the middle of a stream, it would be impossible for a cork or a straw to reach the stone, for it divides the current and forms two more. These currents keep everything at a distance from the stone. I think that Divine Providence will not allow the island to be discovered, and yet some have landed on it. It is a marvel not without mystery, but we must believe it since God ordained it.'

Abreu's explanation is no better than the mirage; currents might keep people away from the island, but could not make it disappear. If the spectator on the edge of the stream could see the stone which the current prevented him from reaching, the navigator ought to be able to see the island by going to the edge of the current, whereas he can see nothing.

Nevertheless, it has certainly not been a mere mystification kept up for centuries. You will see presently that successive historical accounts confirm the fact of the island's appearance. Since the foregoing explanations, the only ones which have been attempted, prove nothing, I will hazard a new one which may be taken for what it is worth.

A great current of warm water starts from the Gulf of Mexico, runs from Labrador to Iceland, and warms the northern coasts of Europe, while another branch goes to the Azores, and runs southward to Madeira and the Canaries, where it bifurcates and passes away into the intertropical seas, where it re-forms; this is the Gulf Stream. I have remarked that, as you have often told me,

this warm current becomes less rapid where it bifurcates; this is owing to the physical causes which produce the bifurcation; shoals, land, strong boreal currents, &c. Having crossed the Straits of Dover, one branch of the Gulf Stream runs into the bay lying between Capes Frehel and La Hogue, and the Bay of St. Michel. The current is so strong there as to cause the highest tides in the world; but it slackens perceptibly while passing the Channel Islands. This constant warm current produces, especially on fine summer days, the following phenomena:—

When the salt water vapours absorbed by the sun, and held suspended in the atmosphere, are suddenly chilled by a current of cold air from the N., N.E., or N.W., they resolve into fog or rain, according to the temperature. In the midst of this cold air, the warm waters of the Gulf Stream send up light diaphanous vapours, so warm, that they rise above the watery clouds already formed; these masses of cloud collect on the horizon, and under the light northern breezes move slowly, producing the most fantastic effects of land, mountains, or enormous animals; while above them white fleecy clouds stand out against the blue sky. The solar heat is not powerful enough in these latitudes to raise these clouds of different degrees of humidity, consequently in different layers, to a height of more than 2,000 or 3,000 feet. In the Channel, where the sea is constantly rough, where a tide of forty or forty-five feet suffices to create winds and currents, this effect never lasts longer than a few hours, and has not sufficient stability to give the regular appearance and definite

shapes of land. The denser clouds begin to move soon after they are formed; they glide over the sea to Jersey and Guernsey, preceded or surmounted by light white vapours which move swiftly; they are the rain-clouds which give the islands that warm damp climate so favourable to vegetation, and partly explain the marvels of the Anglo-Norman flora—the aloes, laurels, geraniums, magnolias, and camellias. How often have I watched this magnificent sight on the north or north-west horizon from the heights of St. Lawrence, followed its slow development, wondered at its fantastic shapes, and studied its formation, always produced by identical causes, until I was forced to take shelter from the atmosphere of warm water which was wetting me through and through.

Well, then, if the slackening of the Gulf Stream to the north of Madeira and of the Canary Islands through easily ascertained causes be admitted, the appearance of the island of Borondon may be explained by the bifurcation of the current. I must premise that it is always in fair weather, and when the wind is N.E., N., or N.N.W., that the island of Borondon is visible in the African islands, exactly as is the case in the Channel Islands, and that a sudden gale of wind or a storm always causes it to disappear, as in the Channel Islands. A light north wind produces the phenomena, and a stormy wind disperses it. This premised, I thus explain the formation of the island of Borondon.

The sea water, absorbed by the solar rays, becomes condensed, and is held suspended in the atmosphere. In the Canary Islands' climate, where the nights are as warm as

the days, dew falls but very rarely, and the air is saturated with moisture, as may be seen from the layers raised above the horizon by the increasing heat with regular oscillations and vibrations. If a light breeze from the north comes to cool the atmosphere, the refrigeration will be in a greater or lesser degree, according to the elevation; the clouds will differ in density, and will group themselves accordingly, the heaviest at the bottom; at the top will be merely a line of white mist. If the light breeze continues, the lower clouds will disperse in rain or dew. This is what would usually happen out at sea or on the coast; but it will not be quite the same above the Gulf Stream, especially at its bifurcation; the warm current will send up warm vapours which will add to the density of the two layers already formed; these vapours will pass through them, leaving behind a portion of their moisture through their own refrigeration, and will settle above the densest of the clouds, wrapping themselves around them. As soon as the equilibrium of temperature necessary for stability is established, this equilibrium will be maintained, for the clouds will lose in rain from their base what they gain in the vapour from the warm current; the width of the warm current of the Gulf Stream will be that of the phenomenon, sixty miles; and as the bifurcation creates currents of air to the right and left, these currents, sweeping the sky on the borders of the phenomenon, will keep its shape stationary. Thus the tropical rain or dew below will appear as heavy, stationary, slate-coloured clouds. These form the land; above are white watery clouds, these are the high mountains;

higher still are white fleecy or feathery clouds standing out against the blue sky, such as are seen above mountains near the sea. Such is San Borondon according to universal description. A gale of wind or a storm, such as is sure to be the result more or less immediate of this condensation of highly electrified clouds, and all disperses or resolves into rain: San Borondon has disappeared. This prolongation of a perfectly equal temperature, only possible in a similar climate, sometimes lasts for twenty-four hours, and is necessary to give the clouds the appearance of solid land. But this illusive appearance is very rare; generally the island is so faintly defined that no one could be deceived by it.

When the phenomenon is very clearly seen from the higher parts of the islands, one may set sail and steer for the cloudy island. The appearance of the lower land disappears, in consequence of the convexity of the sea; the upper part is still visible, and the mountains. As one advances the appearance changes, and as it is more than a day's journey (for every one fixes the distance at 120 miles), by the morning it has disappeared in a storm.

The phenomenon is not new; here are some curious details on the subject which may amuse you. Excuse my pedantry, which deserves no praise. I found this trash in some old books, where I was looking for other things.

Ptolemy (A.D. 150, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius), who described the Canary Islands so correctly that he only made one mistake (that of placing them on the same meridian), calls San Borondon the island which cannot be reached, *Aprositus*. Pliny, like all the other

geographers of antiquity, speaks sometimes of seven, sometimes of eight islands. What could the last, the eighth be, if not Aprositus, the inaccessible? The ancients defined its situation: 165 miles from Hierro, 450 miles from Lanzarote, to the north of the Archipelago, at the spot where two straight lines from those points would meet, if prolonged to that length. We must put aside the ancient hypothesis maintained by Pliny, that the islands were in a straight line. The moderns have always placed San Borondon 120 miles to the N., or N.N.E., according as the starting point is Teneriffe, Palma, or Hierro.

Now follows the Roman Catholic legend. S. Brandao, Brandon, or Borondon, a man who led a life of great self-denial, came to the Islands about the fourth century. He was born in Scotland, where he was the spiritual father of 3,000 monks. He did not go alone to San Borondon, he was accompanied by S. Malovius or Maclovius, who was a great saint, cleverer than his companion, and a great worker of miracles, for on landing on the island of Aprositus he resuscitated a giant! a *dead* giant! says Father Abreu.

Dead! surely it was not necessary to say that; or had the saint previously resuscitated a living man? Who can tell? Well, having resuscitated him, he baptized him, after which the giant informed the saint that Jews and pagans suffered infinite torments in the place where he had been since his death.

After having been baptized, the said giant soon died in the reign of the Emperor Justinian. As he was a

Christian, Saint Maclovius did not think proper to resuscitate him again.

From these facts, which are certainly curious, Father Abreu concludes: 'We see that this island was inhabited about the fifth century; and as the saint went to the inaccessible island, it was named after him.' So here we have the island named in the fifth century; the name was well chosen and well sounding.

As for S. Borondon's companion, S. Maclovius, you know all about him; it was he who converted the inhabitants of the Channel Islands. This celebrated saint came from Wales, not from Scotland, as Galindo says. He spoke the Breton language, and founded Saint-Malo, of which he was Bishop. He was an undaunted traveller and missionary.

After the modern discovery in the fifteenth century, Hernando de Troya and Francisco Alvarez made a formal request for this island from the court of Spain. In 1520, Fernando de Villalobos, Regent of the island of Palma, also asked for the concession of it. All three obtained their request; but not one of them ever found the island. In 1560, Doctor Fernando Perez de Prado, president of the court of appeal of Gran Canaria, heard that the island had been seen; he made a judicial enquiry, from which it appeared by numerous testimonies upon oath, that some sailors from Hierro and Gomera had been there and returned. Two of these sailors themselves testified, also upon oath, that they had been there; one of them was a Portugese chief pilot, in the habit of making voyages to Brazil and the Azores. He declared

that a storm having driven him on Borondon, he jumped ashore with two men, got some water from a stream, and saw cows, sheep, and goats, which they began to chase, but a squall getting up, those left in the boat called them back. He alone re-embarked, the two men who were with him remained on shore. They soon lost sight of the island, and when they tried to find it again in order to pick up their companions, they could not succeed.

From this account, the pilot must have landed on the north coast of Madeira.

Another judge or lawyer, Pedro Ortiz de Funes, also made an enquiry into the matter, he being Inquisitor of the Canaries. A certain Marco Verde declared that when returning from the coast of Morocco he saw land; knowing that this could be no other than the Island of San Borondon, he went round it in order to see if there were no natural harbour. He landed with some men, but night came on, and they returned to their ship, there to wait till morning to explore the island. During the night, a violent storm carried them a long way off; several sailors who were with him testified to the fact.

A Frenchman—where are there not Frenchmen?—declared before the Cadiz judges that he had just returned from San Borondon; but the Andalusians, the Gascons of Spain, took it as a joke.

These witnesses prove enough. If we gave them credence, they would only indicate a landing on the northern shore, either of Madeira, Porto Santo, the Desertas, or the Salvages. The northern shores of these islands are almost uninhabited at the present day, and that

of Madeira was completely so in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, as was also that of Porto Santo.

The Portuguese laid claim to San Borondon, on the ground that Luis Perdigon held the island from his father, who had received it from the King of Portugal. It is certain that the ownership was officially and diplomatically discussed between Spain and Portugal when the famous line of demarcation was traced which gave the whole of one side of the world to Spain and the other to Portugal; a line of demarcation which comprehended not only conquered lands, but those to be conquered. Borondon fell to Portugal. The question was then settled. By the treaty of Evora, in 1519, San Borondon was ceded, together with the Canaries, to Spain by Portugal. In order to cement the peace by a graceful act of generosity, San Borondon was mentioned *by name* in the treaty.

Since the last century San Borondon has still been seen from the Canaries or from Madeira, for Madeira also has its island of Aprositus. Most people speak quite seriously of the enchanted island, but some laugh and look on San Borondon as they do on El Dorado or the land of Cockayne.

I would not advise any one to make an expedition to this island.

'*Non licet omnibus adire*—' Borondon!

Chapter XIV.

GEOGRAPHY OF GRAN CANARIA.

Canaria, the Isle of Dogs, such was the name given by the ancients to this island, and afterwards applied by them to the whole Archipelago, on account, some have thought, of the enormous dogs found there. There is not the slightest proof of this. With regard to this subject, it is said that two dogs from the Canary Islands were brought to Juba, king of Mauritania. Does that prove that the number of dogs was anything extraordinary? Quite the contrary, as the narrative does not say so. That they were of unusual size or species? No, for all the historians agree in describing a kind of sheep dog, rather small than large, which the Guanches ate, so as not to let them become too numerous.

Thomas Nichols, abandoning the derivation from *canis*, says that the island was thus named on account of the abundance of *canna* amara, euphorbia. We may reply that euphorbia never was a cane. Other authors have said that the name is derived from the sugar cane; but the sugar cane did not grow there in the days of Pliny and Juba. Following Hornius, Dom Calmet thinks that the Canarians, driven from the land of Canaan, took

refuge in the Canary Islands, and gave them their own name. This was the Romish idea; the monks discovered Jews everywhere.

We know that the ancients called the natives of all the country to the S.W. of the Atlas mountains Canarii. Even in our own days, the Africans call the country between Senegal and Morocco Kanar: it is inhabited by pastoral tribes, known by the name of tribes of Kanar. This etymology, to which we have already briefly referred, is the only one tenable.

The island was as badly drawn as it had been described by the manuscript maps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Subsequent ones gave no very exact idea of its form. Father Feuillée traced the outline at hazard. Part of the coast line was defined by Borda in 1776, but for the whole of it we shall find Lopez' map the best; the native sailors agree in acknowledging its accuracy.

Borda gave for the situation of the capital 28° 7′ N. lat. and 17° 47′ W. long. (reckoned from the meridian of Paris). It is really 28° 1′ N. lat. and 17° 43′ W. long.

Gran Canaria is thirty-six miles from Teneriffe. The Isthmus of Guanarteme unites it to the peninsula of Isleta, otherwise the island would be nearly round; the isthmus is on the north-east. The whole island is 120 miles in circumference.

Isleta is worthy of study. It contains five volcanic cones, one of which is 1,100 feet high. A lighthouse is built on the edges of the crater. Skeletons of the aboriginal inhabitants lie buried beneath the heaps of scoriæ.

Las Palmas is the capital of the island. The Bishop of the Canary Islands resides here; it is the seat of the supreme court of justice for all the islands (*Audiencia Real*), of an ecclesiastical court, of the Deputy-Governor of the Islands, and of some Vice-consuls. It is situated on the slopes of two mountains, in a delightful valley covered with palm trees and highly cultivated; the town extends to the sea.

The cliffs overlooking the town on the west side are pierced with grottoes, inhabited by artisans, still troglodytes like their Guanche ancestors. Paths have been made leading to these excavations.

Sancillo, which can be seen from the town, is the highest point in the island.

Following our guides, we reach the Caldera de Bandama, about three miles from the town. This immense crater is circular, and is about 540 yards in diameter. A feeling of awe possesses the traveller shut up in this narrow furnace. It can be easily reached; it is even said that people have gone into it on horseback. This crater has one peculiarity, namely, the disposition of the beds of lava which have formed the mass of the cone, the gradual superposition of which is indicated on the walls, from the bottom upwards. A small, flat, fertile plain lies at the bottom of the crater; seen from the top, it has the effect of a green mirror, of a small Italian or Alpine lake. A few huts are built on it. We now set out for the Cumbre, the highest part of the mountain ridge, 8,500 feet high. At Pazo de la Nieve the action of plutonic force is evident; steep spurs start from the base and throw

up the pyramidal aiguille of Nublo, an enormous monolith consisting of a single block of trachyte. It was in this last retreat that the natives, after struggling for forty years, yielded in despair. From this summit, abysses can be seen at one's feet; it looks as if the centre of the island were hollow.

On the sides of Mount Antenara, 1,200 Troglodytes live in natural caves, hollowed in the tufa at a height of 3,600 feet, on the edge of a precipice 1,500 feet high. We return to the town.

The island is in a perfect state of cultivation, pasture land on the heights, corn and cochineal in the valleys. It is very rich in agricultural products, richer than any other of the Canary Islands.

The shore consists of steep cliffs. The island is about 28 miles long and 27 broad; its area is about 690 square miles.

The fisheries on the African coast are carried on by the Gran Canarians alone, who employ in them thirty boats and 600 or 700 sailors.

It is not very long since the only communication with Teneriffe was by means of sailing ships; an uncertain method, at the mercy of the winds. Now a steamboat carries you there easily, and tolerably comfortably, in a few hours. The boat is a good one; if it were well managed, above all, rather cleaner, the passengers would be more comfortable, and the company would not suffer. On this subject I may make a remark. When a Spaniard goes on board a ship, or enters a carriage, a diligence, an omnibus, or a railway, he gives himself up entirely; he

resigns his life, his mortal frame, into the hands of the authorities, and would let himself be flogged, overturned, drowned, or assassinated, without saying a word; and thus everything goes wrong, and no one complains. This carelessness must be laid to a kind of fatalism inherited from the Moors, who inhabited Spain for so long a time, and left traces of their lengthened dominion in the national manners. All administration, public and private, is carried on despotically, sometimes to its own disadvantage. It astonishes foreigners, but if they make complaints, it is pure waste of time.

The roadstead of Las Palmas affords a bad and unsafe anchorage. It is one of the greatest drawbacks to the island, which is in some respects the most important in the Archipelago. Las Palmas, the capital, is worth seeing. Its population, 17,000 or 18,000, is more numerous than that of Santa Cruz. The town, however, is less cheerful and lively than Santa Cruz; it is divided by a ravine, crossed by a fine stone bridge. Triana, on one side, is the commercial town; Viñeta, on the other, is the dead town, where the clergy, the magistracy, and the military reside, in houses which breathe of the *far niente*. The palace of the Inquisition is on this side, dark and gloomy, built entirely of dark basaltic lava; the college is close to it: what a mockery! The Dominicans protecting education! We know in what manner they did it.

The cathedral is finished. Mr. Webb observes that it resembles Saint Sulpice in Paris, and he is right. The body of the edifice dates from 1500, but the façade is

quite new, the work of a very talented native architect. The interior is Gothic, like no other in the Islands. It has a nave and two aisles, and four transepts; there are eleven chapels in the aisles. The roof is sustained by coupled columns. The choir, pulpit, and high altar are worthy of notice, and complete the perfect harmony of the interior. The very handsome façade is in a different style, and does not harmonise with the interior; however, the disparity is not so glaring as at Milan. In the interior a silver lamp is shown which came from Italy, worth 1,000*l.*, some say 4,000*l.*; it was presented by Cardinal Ximenes.

The poet Cayrasco, who died in 1610, is buried in the cathedral; the chapel where he lies was built at his expense.

Canon Viera, the historiographer of the Archipelago, is buried beneath the high altar.

In this same quarter of Viñeta are three monasteries, a hospital, the *Audiencia real*, and the prisons, which face the cathedral; in the plaza are a handsome fountain and the Bishop's palace.

That part of the town called Triana, sacred to trade, has its convents also, under the protection of S. Francis, S. Bernard, and S. Clara; it has also a hospital for the terrible scourge of the Islands, elephantiasis.

The seminary is a considerable establishment, from which Las Palmas derives a peculiar feature; it is the only town in the Canaries where cassocks are seen in the streets. It is said that the Canarians intended for the priesthood receive here a solid education, that the pro-

fessors are well chosen, and that Jesuit principles are not in the ascendant. These assertions are quite credible, for the young priests who have been brought up in this seminary fulfil their vocation accordingly; they are almost all remarkably tolerant, and possess those social talents, so highly esteemed in the present day, in which their predecessors were too often wanting.

The second excursion to be made is that of Mount Lentiscal, formerly an extent of uncultivated valleys and hills, covered with mastic trees [in Spanish *lentisco*], but now reclaimed. At the present day it is a succession of pasture land, crops, and pretty dwelling houses, overlooked by the peak of Bandama, a terrible volcano which formerly covered the surrounding land with torrents of lava. The crater is now extinct; an era of fertility has succeeded these convulsions, and the formerly fiery mountain is covered with luxuriant vegetation. The crater is a large circle about 1,500 yards in diameter, and 800 feet deep; a magnificent *corral* [yard or enclosure]. The crest is composed of black rocks, calcined basalt, and cold lava, in fantastic forms. On the right is a farm, the orchards of which are planted in the lava, surrounded by verdure, thanks to the abundance of water, which bubbles up from springs in the very middle of the lava, watering the gardens, where everything grows to perfection in an excellent climate. A good path leads to the bottom of the crater; the view is most singular. The walls of the corral surround you, you see the blue sky above your head, and down below it is pleasantly fresh.

Another excursion should be made to Telde. It is a

town of 4,000 inhabitants, lying in a well-watered plain.

A tolerable road leads from Las Palmas to this small agricultural town, which looks bright and cheerful. It is a delightful rural landscape, calm and tranquil. One dreams there of orchards and shepherds, idylls and bucolics. And it is a delightful place to live in, fresher and gayer in summer than Las Palmas.

The island is very fertile and well cultivated, thanks to the abundant supply of water. It produces more corn than any of the others. The crops greatly exceed the consumption; the surplus is exported. Let us return to the capital.

Las Palmas possesses no hotel. There is indeed a *fonda* [tavern], but it does not deserve the name. A private house is recommended where, according to Spanish custom, they take boarders. It is therefore indispensable to have letters of introduction to some family, in which case the greatest hospitality is shown.

We have been two days in the town, and now start on a longer expedition. First, we are to go to Valquesillo, a gorge which leads to the foot of the mountains in the centre of the island. Sancillo is before us. Thence we proceed to Vega de los Moranes, a delightful country house, from which there is a fine view of the whole valley. Everywhere we see cultivation, the land being laid out in walled terraces. Water is abundant, and the house, though small, is pretty and well situated.

The valley of Tenteniguada is very curious; through it we reach Tejada, which rises from a mass of strangely-

contorted rocks, whence several summits may be ascended, for instance, Bentceyga, Miblo, and Antenara. From one of these summits there is a good view of the *corral* of Tejada, which seems to penetrate to the very base of the island. The mountain is perpendicular, almost impossible to climb; its crest is jagged, and torn in the most extraordinary manner. These mountains send out spurs, which melt into the plain towards the south.

On going down to the *corral*, we are agreeably surprised to find that it is well cultivated near the bottom; this singular place is kept verdant by the waters of the torrents.

On our way back to Las Palmas, we pass through the remaining portion of the island, covered with small agricultural villages, possessing no other feature of interest than the skilful farming of which they are justly proud. This part of the island is called Las Vegas [The Meadows]. Our guides now take us on to Tirajana, also well cultivated. This district lies between some low mountains. Passing by Carrigal and Aquimez, we come back to Telde, which is not far from the capital.

Las Palmas is in short a very pretty town facing the east, near the sea-shore, on the gentle slopes of two mountains separated by a river. Besides the cathedral, seminary, and theatre, the town possesses a college, four fine promenades, some elegant fountains, and a town hall built by the inhabitants, the old one having been burnt down. The inhabitants of Las Palmas are remarkable for their energy and industry.

A puerile rivalry or jealousy, condemnable whichever

it may be called, separates Las Palmas and Santa Cruz. Las Palmas having been formerly the capital of the Islands, has not yet forgiven Santa Cruz for having dispossessed it of that honour; this bad feeling ought to give way to a salutary emulation, competition, and energy which would help the progress of both. Some persons are now endeavouring to bring this about; let us hope they may succeed in banishing from the minds of the masses that mean enviousness which degrades the character.

Chapter XV.

THE CONQUEST OF GRAN CANARIA BY THE SPANIARDS.

Maciot de Béthencourt reigned peaceably until 1409; his uncle's death then became known, and the clergy saw that Maciot had nothing to hope for from France, that Spain would support the Spaniards, and that they themselves might certainly count on the assistance of the Crown. Indeed, since the death of Béthencourt's protector, Henry III., the throne of Spain had been occupied by a child, whose mother, Doña Catalina, was entirely in the hands of the clergy, and absorbed partly in her religious exercises, partly in a childish semblance of power allowed her by the priests and Don Fernando, the late King's brother.

For several years Maciot continued to resist the bishops, who had at length thrown off the mask; but he was wanting in moral force; he could not fail to be beaten. In spite of all his caution he could not avoid the snare laid for him; he allowed himself to be caught, and even furnished the opportunity. When his means began to fail, the king authorised, or carried on on his own account, the slave trade among the Guanches in the unconquered Islands. Raids were made by night on the coasts of Canaria, Palma, and Teneriffe, and the

natives carried off. The conquered islands, Hierro and Gomera, were only treated in this way in cases of extreme need. To this pass the needy clergy had reduced Maciot after six years of their influence. The Bishop, Don Mendo, felt himself suddenly inspired with a great love to the islanders, and carried his complaints to the foot of the throne. The Queen shed many tears over the sad fate of the unfortunate islanders, and the Count de Niebla, Don Enrique de Guzman, was ordered to clear up the matter. In 1418 he sent to the Islands five ships and some troops, under the command of Pedro Barba de Campos, one of the most illustrious inhabitants of Seville.

Whilst this little fleet was being fitted out, a certain Hernan Perazza, the son of that Perazza to whom the conquest of the Islands had been granted in 1390, before Béthencourt, was at the court. His father had once attacked Lanzarote and carried off some slaves, among whom was one of the island kings. The regent being now dead, the young King, whose friends were all among the brilliant youth of the court, granted everything Perazza asked, and Don Guzman was ordered to secure the crown for him.

The expedition set out from San Juan de Barameda, and arrived off Lanzarote. Maciot was on the shore with all his troops. When the squadron saw that he was prepared to fight, they tried peaceable means, and successfully. Maciot, tired of priestly intrigues, a prey to needs which he had no means of satisfying, beloved by the islanders and some of the knights, but hated by the taciturn, exclusive, priest-ridden Spaniards, and without

money (for all that he had had had gone to build towns, forts, and churches), saw that it was better to sell his ephemeral sovereignty than to try to defend it against Spain.

He therefore went to Seville, where he saw Don Enrique de Guzman, and made a formal sale to him of the sovereignty of the four Islands, on the condition, which was granted, that he should be the governor of them for his life. He accordingly returned to the Islands, where the old quarrels and struggles soon recommenced. This time Maciot, quite out of patience, finally left the Islands and went to Madeira, where he acquired great wealth, and married a beautiful woman belonging to one of the first Portuguese families, Dona Maria Gonzalez de Camera, daughter of the first Captain-General of Madeira, who himself was the son of the Captain-General of the Azores. Béthencourt's posterity are still very numerous in the Madeira and Canary Archipelagoes.

Angry at finding the conditions of his bargain with Don Enrique de Guzman unfulfilled, Maciot de Béthencourt annulled the sale of the Islands, and bartered them for some lands in Madeira to the King of Portugal.

Thus, after twenty years, the reign of the Béthencourts came to an end.

The Count de Niebla had bought the sovereignty of the Islands for that young son of Perazza whom we saw at court. But he being a minor, Guillen de las Casas, his uncle, *alcalde mayor* of Seville, had treated for him.

Guillen de las Casas went to take possession of the Islands for his nephew, administered justice there, and

appointed a Genoese knight, Antonio Luzardo de Franquis, Governor of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura; he also appointed a governor for Gomera and Hierro, Xofre Tenorio, from Seville; he then returned to Andalusia, where, a year afterwards, he died. Then Guillen Perazza de las Casas, desirous of adding yet more to the glory of the three families represented by him, Guzman de la Niebla, Las Casas, and Perazza, and being now of age, and the mighty sovereign of the Fortunate Islands, set out from Seville with three ships and 200 men, and arrived off Lanzarote. There he enlisted 300 more men, and set out at once to conquer the island of Palma, Having disembarked, the daring young man advanced inland. Once entangled in the mountain defiles, the Guanches rushed upon the Spaniards. Young Perazza received a mortal blow in the face. His cousin, Hernan Martel Perazza, took the command of those who survived the slaughter, and returned to Lanzarote with the body of the unfortunate king. A Spanish lament is still sung which describes his sad end. I give two of the verses:

'Weep, ladies,
For Guillen Perazza!
Weep, ladies,
For the faded flower
Of his beautiful face!
He died at Palma.

No longer the isle of palms,
Thou art the isle of cypress,
Island of Palma,
How has thy beauty
Turned into mourning!
Let the sand
Cover thy flowers.
Perazza is dead!'

This young man left a sister, Doña Iñes Perazza de las Casas, who inherited the sovereignty of the Islands. She was very beautiful and very rich, and all the nobles in Seville quarrelled for her. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, her guardian, married her to a distant relation of his own, Don Diego de Herrera, a member of one of the chief families of Seville, and connected with the family of Lara, whose two L's he bore in his shield.

In 1444 Don Diego fitted out three ships, and wishing to live and found a colony in his new kingdom, he took with him knights, ladies, and their marriageable daughters. More than fifty knights took part in this brilliant expedition, as well as seven monks. Herrera was twenty-seven years of age, and his wife, Iñes, twenty-five.

He was well received, and settled in Lanzarote. But he did not long remain at peace. He added piracy to his other occupations. He made numerous attacks on the Islands for the sake of procuring slaves, but this time the monks had their share, and did not complain to the court of Spain. The Guanches being somewhat more on their guard, the slave trade became less profitable, and Herrera had to seek on the coast of Morocco what he could no longer find easily in the Islands. Finally, his kingdom being circumscribed, Don Diego, having come to a mature age, could not bear the thought of Gran Canaria being free, and resolved to conquer it at all hazards.

This conquest was the work of his whole life.

In 1461, accompanied by the Bishop of Rubicon, all being in readiness, Don Diego landed in the small island on August 12. But as the whole island had risen, he

judged it expedient to re-embark, which he did three days afterwards. Meanwhile he and the Bishop promised the Guanches everything they could think of to please them. But nothing would tempt them.

Next year, still accompanied by the Bishop of Rubicon, Don Diego returned to Gran Canaria; 300 men were with him, under their captain, Alonso de Cabrera Solier. They landed at Gandar. The Canarians ran to arms.

'What do you want?' said the Guanches. 'If you want anything we have, it is yours. If you come peaceably, say so. But if you come to fight, you shall not leave the island alive.'

The Bishop replied in the usual manner, 'We love you with our whole apostolic heart. Become Christians, submit to the King of Spain. You shall still be the free and happy owners of your property.'

'But,' says Father Galindo, 'the Guanches would not listen to him, but went on saying, "If you want anything, ask for it; if not, go away." The Bishop, seeing he could not make them do what he wanted, once more re-embarked.'

What he wanted we shall see presently.

In 1464 there was another expedition. This time the Bishop could not even use his tongue, says the chronicler. The Guanches would not listen to him. Herrera and the Bishop put to sea again in a fury, and steered for Teneriffe, being ashamed to go back a third time with empty hands. They succeeded in capturing a cargo of slaves. Amongst the prisoners was the famous Antonio Anton, who escaped

after several years' slavery, and became a hermit in Teneriffe.

Meanwhile, Spain and Portugal were at war. It became necessary to settle to whom the Canary Islands belonged. Dom Henry of Portugal sent out some ships to enforce his claims, and gave the command to Diego da Silva, son of the Count de Porto Alegre, who appeared off Lanzarote at the head of his flotilla.

Don Diego de Herrera was under arms, ready to receive him; seeing which the Portuguese thought it prudent to parley. He landed, and was received with peculiar graciousness by Doña Iñes Perazza; and as in the meantime the kings of Spain and Portugal had made friends, the war of yesterday became the peace of to-day. A few days afterwards a wedding took place between the Portuguese captain and the daughter of Herrera and Doña Iñes, Doña Maria de Ayala y Sarmiento, who was very beautiful and very amiable.

Herrera's thoughts were still bent on Gran Canaria. The marriage was hardly over when Herrera, who wished to make use of his son-in-law's troops in order to strike a decisive blow, arranged with him to make a joint expedition. The united forces once more landed at Gandar.

The Guanches allowed them to advance inland, and when they were separated from each other by the mountainous ground, they rushed on them like a thunderbolt and destroyed the greater number. The remainder beat a retreat, and succeeded in entrenching themselves near the shore, in a sort of natural enclosure formed by in-

accessible rocks. The Guanches surrounded them there, and the Spaniards began to count the hours of life still remaining to them. However, during the night, this enclosure being close to the sea, and the sailors having been able to bring their caravels close to shore, every one of the Spaniards escaped as if by a miracle.

Diego de Herrera, seeing that all the Guanches were on this side of the island, determined to take 200 men in the three caravels to the other side; he landed at daybreak at Agumastel, and in the early morning the Spaniards set off to surprise the enemy. The Guanches saw them, and allowed them to proceed. They cut off all retreat to the ships, and then attacked them in flank and rear. Driven forward, and being decimated on the way, the Spaniards saw before them two large concentric walls—the temple; instinctively they took refuge in it, as in a fort. The Guanches surrounded them; they were taken in a trap. The fanatical, sanguinary worshippers of the God of mercy and brotherly love were prisoners in the temple of the worshippers of the god of nature; the *lex talionis*, that terrible law of all primitive civilisations, the right of the weak, was to be invoked.

There was no hope for them; they must die. No; the Guanches were too proud, too generous for that. Besides, which of them would have dared to strike a defenceless enemy, begging for mercy? The barbarous descendants of the civilizers of Africa and Europe were more merciful than Spaniards led by Spanish grandees, valiant captains, and a Catholic bishop! What happened was this.

There was in the island a woman named Tazirga, the niece of a Guanarteme chief of Gandar, who had been a slave in Lanzarote; she had been exchanged for a captive soldier, and returned to her native island. Seeing her old masters condemned to death, this poor woman had pity on them. She told the Spaniards that if they would surrender themselves prisoners to her uncle, the Guanarteme, he would save their lives, for he was as powerful as he was kind and generous. She added, that if they would promise never again to attack the Canarians, they would be allowed to re-embark in their ships. The Spaniards begged her to tell her uncle that they surrendered. The old chief pitied the fate of so many men, so young, so full of vigour and hope only the day before, and now so unfortunate. He addressed the chiefs, and stirred every noble heart by his appeal to their compassion. He easily obtained mercy for the Spaniards.

A strange scene ensued. Friends and enemies embraced each other, and there were shouts of joy, and promises of eternal gratitude. As the Spaniards were perishing with hunger and thirst, the old chief himself feasted them, and then the prisoners set out in good order to regain their ships. Having come to the top of a mountain whence there was no apparent issue, but a sort of perpendicular parapet overhanging an abyss, the Spaniards suspected treason. The Guanches shrugged their shoulders contemptuously; each took one of the Spaniards on his back, and by perpendicular, frightful paths, light as birds, in spite of their burdens, they reached the bottom of the ravine.

There Diego da Silva thanked the Guanarteme, and gave him a gilt-handled sword and a rosary, and a carabine to each of the twelve principal chiefs. They deserved them.

The place where they embarked, which is celebrated to this day, bears the name of Diego da Silva.

Don Diego rejoined Herrera, and being all free, and having escaped from what seemed certain death, 'they gave thanks to God; Herrera greatly marvelling that a barbarian, an infidel, should have kept his word so faithfully.'

It is quite natural that dishonourable men should be astonished at the probity of honourable men. These ferocious tigers were unworthy so much generosity. These hidalgos, who so despised the barbarians, had hardly recovered from their fright before they decided to land again immediately and make another attempt, hoping to profit by the stupefaction which such a daring defiance of all honour and custom would produce. And they carried out this infamous idea, which rouses one's indignation after the lapse of 400 years; and they called the Guanches barbarians!

The Guanches saw them land without fear, but with extreme surprise. They could not understand their object; but they were soon enlightened, for in the midst of the confusion the Spaniards carried off some prisoners. These noble gentlemen were engaged in the slave trade! The Guanches, recovering from their astonishment, defended themselves, and a good deal of blood was shed. The Spaniards re-embarked, and while counting their

prisoners, they found among them a chief, the very one who had saved them, the Guanarteme of Gandar.

Da Silva begged his father-in-law, Herrera, to give up the unfortunate chief to him, and Herrera dared not refuse. Da Silva immediately sent him on shore, and loaded him with presents.

Thus the expedition ended—with a crime.

A dowry was necessary for Doña Maria de Ayala. The unfortunate Canarians formed part of it. The father and son-in-law added some Moors whom they had taken on the coast, and some gold, and the husband and wife returned to Portugal with their pockets full and their ships laden.

The conquest of Gran Canaria seemed hopeless; the war lasted for sixty years. Don Diego Herrera was about to make his fifth expedition, and the people began to murmur; so, in concert with the Bishop, he determined on a different method of proceeding.

In the new expedition they all landed *unarmed*. The Canarians came round them.

'What do you want?'

'We have made a vow to God to build Him a temple in your island, on the spot where we were defeated. It is the only way in which we can appease His anger.'

The matter was discussed. The Guanches, deceived by the apparent candour of the Spaniards, and by the presents they received from the chiefs and soldiers, and seeing them remain unarmed for a week, were ready to agree. To settle the question, Herrera proposed to leave twelve hostages, whom the Guanches should take to the

other side of the island, and offered to make a commercial treaty with them. The island being covered with sorrel, he proposed to pay for all that they would put on board his ships; as soon as this bargain was concluded, Herrera promised to set sail, leaving the twelve hostages, and twenty men to build the temple. The Guanches, incorrigibly trustful, agreed, and Herrera left the island.

Happy to be able to help in building the temple, the population, naturally an idle one, worked enthusiastically for the Spaniards. Stones and wood were dragged by the natives to the spot marked out, on a steep rock by the sea.

The *temple* was soon built; it was a *fortress!*

Herrera had given instructions to his captain, Ximida, which were in substance: 1st, that he should gain possession of the island by any means in his power; 2nd, that he must dissemble if unsuccessful; and 3rd, that the twelve hostages left with the islanders to give them confidence should be sacrificed if necessary.

When the captain endeavoured to carry out his orders, the Guanches soon saw that they had been deceived. They set a trap for him, and took half his soldiers prisoners; they then put on their prisoners' clothes, and feigned to be pursued by the Guanches. Ximida left his fortress to help, as he thought, his own men, and was taken prisoner.

Instead of hanging the Spaniards, the Guanches disarmed them, and kept them in the island under surveillance; they burned the tower at once, and pulled down

what the flames spared. Some time afterwards, a fishing-boat near the coast saw the tower overturned, and carried the news to Lanzarote. It was a terrible blow. A revolt all but took place against Herrera. Two of the malcontents went clandestinely to Madeira, and thence to the court of Spain, where they made a complaint against the Governor, who was ruining the Islands, decimating the population, and jeopardising the lives of those who survived. They represented the deaths of the soldiers in Canaria, and of the twelve hostages who had been sacrificed. More than forty gentlemen had already been killed in the preceding expedition, without counting the soldiers!

Herrera's government appeared to be not very satisfactory to the governed, for many quitted Lanzarote and settled in Madeira. Others returned to Spain.

While these complaints were being made at Madrid, the following events were taking place in Gran Canaria:

Captain Ximida, the soldiers, and the hostages, were living in the island at liberty. By degrees they made friends with the natives, and the captain made himself beloved by the chiefs and priests. He had taught them the use of arms, and all the little arts which soldiers on a campaign are obliged to know. He told them constantly that if they would let him and his men go and do homage to Spain, Herrera would leave them in peaceable possession of their island; and that he himself would do all in his power to send back all the Canarian captives in Lanzarote, &c. &c.

Finally, a ship appeared; Ximida made signals to it;

twelve Guanche delegates embarked with him, and they soon reached Lanzarote.

The surprise of Herrera and his wife may be imagined. Heaven had surely worked a miracle for them. Yesterday all was lost; the Government was about to summon Herrera; he would have been tried, condemned, imprisoned, and now he was saved. Doña Iñes was beside herself with joy. But Ximida, determined to be on his guard against treachery, had a treaty drawn up by the Notary Royal, which was signed by the twelve Guanches and by Herrera. This time the treaty was faithfully carried out. It was dated January 11, 1476.

Meanwhile the King of Spain had sent a summons to Herrera to appear before him. After such a happy turn of events, he could fearlessly confront his sovereign. It was, however, settled that he had no longer any claim on the unconquered islands, but that they were to belong to the Crown. Having married his second daughter, he obtained instead that his second son-in-law, Pedro Hernandez de Saavedra, should be made Governor of Gomera; he then returned to Lanzarote.

He was in want of money, and his piratical expeditions re-commenced. Father Abreu allows that more than forty-six expeditions were made to the African coast; more than 6,000 slaves were sold by the father and son-in-law, aided by a captain who acquired great renown in these expeditions—Juan Gamacho Adali.

But Herrera did not forget Gran Canaria; he went on with the slave trade there by way of keeping his hand in.

The court of Spain, in spite of the Moorish wars, now

determined to undertake the conquest of the three islands. But being so far off, the envoys of the Crown enjoyed an almost absolute impunity. These daring captains, uneducated, and with no conscience, were accompanied by civil governors, churchmen, and monks. Between these various orders of men intestine divisions arose, which embarrassed the military operations. The court, hoping to remedy this state of things, sent a captain specially charged with the management of military affairs. Don Juan Rejon was the first chief sent in 1478 to conquer Gran Canaria.

This Rejon, as good a soldier and administrator as he was morose, quarrelsome, and of bad character, having safely landed, and erected his tent and banner on the very spot where the capital now stands, built a tower, a fortress, and some houses, and left the natives to themselves as long as the provisions he had brought with him lasted. When these were exhausted, it was necessary to live upon the Guanches, and expeditions were made every day in search of corn, fruit, and cattle. This lasted for eight months, at the end of which time he went to Lanzarote, to ask for help from Herrera, for the court of Spain had completely forgotten him. While he was begging for a morsel of bread from Herrera, Don Pedro de Algava arrived at Gran Canaria, seized the government, and sent Rejon back to Spain. Three times Rejon landed in the island with men, horses, and provisions; three times he was the victim of his own jealous, violent, vindictive character. He retired to Gomera, and died there.

Pedro Hernandez Cabron, who succeeded Rejon as commander-in-chief, attempted, in concert with Bishop Frias, a more important undertaking than the daily foraging excursions. He was defeated by the Guanches, who killed thirty of his men, and wounded 100.

Every day there were fresh encounters; neither side gained any decided advantage, and their numbers diminished considerably. The Crown sent no more soldiers, and the Guanches, decimated by an epidemic which carried off a third of the population, had scarcely any warriors left. Matters came to such a pass that, having taken eighty prisoners, the Guanches determined to burn them, as they had no men to spare to guard them.

They lighted a pile, and led them bound to the place of execution; at the foot of the stake one of the chiefs unbound his prisoner, to his great amazement; the others did the same, and the eighty Spanish soldiers returned to their camp.

Noble race, incapable of a dishonourable act! No wonder they perished, opposed to an avaricious, ferocious, and impious race.

A fresh governor, Don Pedro da Vera, arrived in 1480; he was as brave as his predecessors, and more daring; he gave battle immediately, and killed with his own hand the Guanche chief. Before he died, the victor baptized him, believing that he thereby bestowed on him eternal life; after the battle, he was buried on the spot where he fell.

The camp at Palma, however, which had increased during all this time, was surrounded by nearly 200

Guanches, men and women, who lived on friendly terms with the soldiers, and furnished them with provisions. Pedro da Vera wished, he said, to make an expedition to Teneriffe, and to take with him as auxiliaries some of the Canarians trained to arms, after the fashion of Béthencourt, who had in this manner made excellent soldiers for himself, who aided him greatly in Fuerteventura and Morocco. Many consented and embarked, accompanied to the ships by their friends and relations; but they were soon astonished to find the caravels in motion; the signal for departure had not been given, and yet they were gaining the open sea; was there any treason? Next day they lost sight of Teneriffe, and saw that they had been betrayed; in fact they were on their way to be sold in Spain! Preferring death, they began to destroy the ships. The frightened sailors carried all possible sail to escape, and the wind took them to Fuerteventura, where they disembarked the Canarians, who remained there.

From this fact we may judge how fertile the Spaniards were in expedients for depopulating these islands, which they thus necessarily ruined; they followed the same method in America, with what success we know. When they had turned their possessions into deserts, they reigned over the void. Happily, these islands are not like continents; continents are depopulated, while the entire population of any of these islands will recover itself in fifty years.

When the Canarians discovered the infamous ruse which had carried off 200 of their men, they fought more

fiercely, and the Spaniards could no longer maintain their position. Vera removed his batteries, and went to the other side of the island, between Gandar and Lagarte, where he built a fort; he gave the command of it to a brave captain, Alonso de Lugo, and returned to Palma; he had divided the attention and the forces of the natives.

But the Guanches were learning the art of war; they had entrenched themselves at Tirijana, and Vera was forced to go and dislodge them; thirty-five of his men were killed, and many wounded.

Don Juan Rejon had just died, leaving his widow, Doña Elvira de Sotomayor, in Gomera; she went to Spain, where she denounced Herrera as the betrayer of her husband; she declared that Herrera had not only refused to give any food to Rejon, which was true, but that Herrera and his son-in-law, Hernan Perazza, had plotted against his life, which was very possible. The widow obtained as a compensation an annuity in perpetuity, which her heirs enjoyed till the day of their death. Hernan Perazza was tried, condemned, and put in prison; but the Duke of Medina Sidonia obtained his pardon, on condition that he should put himself at the head of his Gomeran subjects, and labour personally for the conquest of Gran Canaria. Besides the liberty he so little deserved, Perazza also received a wife at the queen's hands. This wife was the beautiful Mariá de Bobadilla, who afterwards married Alonso de Lugo in Teneriffe. Isabella was anxious to rid the court of this woman, who was as wicked as she was beautiful, by marrying her at a

distance. She was now only sixteen years of age. We shall see that she maintained the promise of her youth.

Hernan Perazza armed eighty Gomeran Guanches, his father-in-law Herrera sent him some men and horses from Lanzarote, and he landed with them in Canaria, at the foot of Fort Lagarte, commanded by Alonso Fernandez de Lugo.

The King of Spain had sent 200 Biscayans, who arrived about the same time, commanded by Miguel de Mujica. The king had also sent two troops of horse, one of which was armed with crossbows, commanded by Junqueras, and 150 crossbowmen on foot; San Estevan with 30 jennets, and Cristobal de Medina with 30 more. It was quite an army.

The Guanches, whose numbers were now but small, had for some years abandoned the valleys and taken refuge in the mountains, where it was more difficult to reach them. Then began a war of hunters against deer—a horrible war, which lasted long. Often when defeated, or on the point of being so, the Canarians threw themselves from the rocks, killing themselves to avoid slavery. Often also they hemmed in the Spaniards among the rocks, and crushed them with stones; they allured them to the mountain summits, and threw them over the precipices; in this manner nearly all the 200 Biscayans perished, with their captain Mujica. After this utter defeat, the governor ordered a retreat, and the whole army collected at Palma, under the shelter of the fort.

There the soldiers took some rest, while Vera, wishing to strike a decisive blow, sent for men from the four

conquered islands. He gathered together a thousand men; the Canarians made a last effort, but they were evidently on the point of yielding; the women threw themselves from the rock, calling, with their hands raised to heaven, on the name of their god, Atistirma. The ravine still bears the name of Ravine of the Women.

The Canarians were forced to yield. Bishop Frias received the ambassadors, chanted a 'Te Deum,' and on April 9, 1483, a treaty of peace and submission was signed by the chiefs.

Gran Canaria was conquered. This long struggle, which lasted eighty years, is worthy of being sung by an epic poet; acts of heroism abound in it; deeds of infamy are still more numerous.

An epic poem on the conquest of Teneriffe was written by Viana; it is a masterpiece. But the Spaniards and the Islanders are so careless of their glory that, despite all their self-esteem and national pride, not a single copy of this poem, full of the most beautiful passages, is to be bought either in Spain or in the Islands. Ungrateful country, which translates and publishes by the million the works of Paul de Kock and Féval, and does not print its own masterpieces!

Meanwhile Gomera, all the soldiers belonging to it being in Canaria, revolted. Maria de Bobadilla shut herself in her palace, and dared not leave it. Vera, with 400 men, came to her assistance, and order was restored; but Maria de Bobadilla insisted on the revolt being punished, for the sake of example. Having summoned all the islanders to attend a thanksgiving service for the

governor's return, she ordered the church, when full, to be shut, thus taking all the natives prisoners. The soldiers then cut off the hands and feet of the greater number; the rest were drowned. It was a safe game to play. Maria de Bobadilla was happy.

However, 'this,' says Galindo, 'did not do the Catholics any good; for all who acted as executioners came to a bad end.'

Hearing that the Guanches from Gomera who had served under his orders in Gran Canaria intended to assassinate him, Vera anticipated them; he caused the men to be massacred, and made slaves of the women and children; he and Maria de Bobadilla vied with each other in cruelty.

Vera was summoned to Spain, where the siege of Granada was being carried on with the greatest vigour. Vera, being clever, a good soldier, and not very scrupulous, was made a marshal, served as such in the royal army, and was one of those who took possession of the Alhambra.

Francisco Maldonado, from Salamanca, was sent to succeed him in the Islands.

Vera's son had composed a satire on the Queen; she ordered him to be put in prison, but he escaped to Portugal. Not feeling safe there, he bethought himself of Maria de Bobadilla, whom his father had saved when she was besieged in her house; he set sail, and took refuge with her.

The Queen, not knowing where he was, promised great rewards to any one who would give him up to her. Maria

de Bobadilla could not resist this. She betrayed the son of her deliverer; it was not to be wondered at, for she had already hanged two of her lovers and a nobleman. She determined to take Vera herself to Castille, in order to give him up to the Queen and claim her reward; a storm prevented this; the ship ran ashore at Madeira. The Portuguese recognised Vera, rescued him, and sent him to Portugal. Maria de Bobadilla swallowed her mortification and returned to Gomera, where she hung a fourth person, in order to console herself.

She afterwards married Lugo, the conqueror of Teneriffe, and died at the court of Spain, poisoned. We shall see by whom.

Chapter XVI.

THE CONQUEST OF PALMA AND TENERIFFE.

Alonso de Lugo was one of the many captains who took a subordinate part in the conquest of Gran Canaria; he was, as we have seen, governor of the fortress of Lagarte, and commanded the troops in that district. Being a soldier of fortune, he demanded a part of the island after it was conquered. He had married Doña Beatriz Fonseca, by whom he had two sons; his portion therefore was one of the best; besides, having been governor of a fortress in the island, he deserved to be well rewarded. In 1484 the King of Spain confirmed the grant.

Two years afterwards, Doña Beatriz being dead, Don Juan Rejon, the concessionaire of the unconquered islands, being also dead, and the Crown having resumed the nominal possession of them, De Lugo sold his Canarian estates, and demanded permission from the King to conquer for the Crown Teneriffe and Palma, the two remaining unconquered islands of the Archipelago. It was granted.

He made his preparations at Seville, with little or no help from the court, which was then absorbed in the great war with the Moors of Grenada. De Lugo had

already spent the money he had gained from the sale of his estates with no great results, and was wandering disconsolately about the town, when in the cathedral he met an old man who gave him his pockets full of gold doubloons, and promised him more; this gold appeared to him to come from an altar near; he turned round, the old man had disappeared. He believed, or pretended to believe, that it was Saint Peter who had appeared to him in the guise of a respectable and rich old man; he had all his life a great veneration for the prince of the apostles, for which there were palpable reasons. But this was only a make-believe miracle; the fact was that he was aided by some Seville merchants, and that it was from them he obtained sufficient money to fit out his ships and soldiers. Interest can easily work miracles.

On Michaelmas Day, 1490, he planted the royal standard in the island of Palma, built a redoubt, fortified himself there, made incursions into the island, and engaged in several combats with varying success; finally, owing to divisions among the chiefs, he succeeded in making himself master of the island, by force, ruses, promises, and kind treatment as well as by threats. On May 3, 1491, the whole island was finally given up through treachery. Tanansa, one of the chiefs, was deceived by De Lugo, and became his unwitting tool. As soon as he was master of the island, De Lugo seized the prisoners destined to slavery, and by his orders Tanansa was the first taken. This barbarian, this savage, enraged at such an infamous deed, preferred dying of hunger to being sold in an Andalusian, African, or Portuguese slave market: 'a common occur-

rence among the Palma prisoners,' says Galindo indignantly. It was certainly deplorable. Were any people ever known to prefer death to the loss of liberty? One must be a Guanche for that.

De Lugo had no sooner made himself master of Palma than he entered on the conquest of Teneriffe; he embarked his best officers and soldiers, leaving only a feeble garrison in Palma, and set sail. He had only just started when he heard that Palma was in revolt; not being able to leave Teneriffe, he sent a governor, a terrible man well known to the rebels, Rodriguez de Talavera, with some troops; Talavera succeeded in quieting the island, and punished the revolt by massacring a number of the rebels. 'After this the islanders were quiet!' says the complacent chronicler. It was very probable; so few natives were left that it was necessary to send some Flemings a few years afterwards to re-populate the island.

Alonso Fernandez de Lugo, captain for the Crown of Spain, disembarked on the spot where Santa Cruz de Teneriffe now stands, on May 3, 1493. He called the place Santa Cruz, the day being consecrated under that name; the native name of the place was Agnasa. He had about 1,000 men under him, some say 800.

A few days afterwards, as the natives left him to himself, and would not go to him, he followed the example of Mohammed, and went to the natives. He came in a single march to Laguna, and encamped on the plateau where the convent of Gracias now stands. Agnaterve, the mencey or King of Guiamar, was gained over by Antonio Anton, the

converted slave mentioned in the last chapter; he soon became the tool of the clergy who accompanied De Lugo, basely abandoned the Guanche cause, and submitted to the Spaniards. It seems as if Romanism is always the mother of treasons or crimes; the history of the conquest of the Canary Islands is one continued proof of it. The Kings of Anapa, Adeje and Abona, followed their fellow chief's example. Afterwards, when they were no longer able to deceive themselves with regard to De Lugo's conduct, they remained submissive to him, but by that time they had already received baptism and betrayed their country. It was to these four traitors that a bigot raised, at a great expense, the triumphal monument at Santa Cruz, described in the first chapter, which consecrated their shameful desertion. It was reserved for a bigot to sanctify treason and cowardice, and to place these ignoble crimes under the protection of the Blessed Virgin!

These four kings were the only traitors in the Islands. Don Alonso learned from them the position and strength of his formidable adversary, Bencomo, King of Taoro, and tried the effect on him of the promises which had been successful at Palma; he made offers to the old chief, 1st, that he should retain his rank; 2ndly, that he should retain his territory: on condition, 1st, that he should be converted to Catholicism; 2nd, that he should do homage to the King of Spain. We know what these offers meant: loss of rank, seizure of property, conversion or death, slavery or dependance.

An interview took place. Bencomo said: 'I accept

the peace you offer me, and also your friendship. These are benefits which the whole world appreciates, and if they flourished in my country, I would bestow them on others. As for serving the King of Spain, I do not know him; as for changing my religion, I do not know what becoming a Christian means; besides, I cannot understand subjecting myself to any other man, even if he be a king. 'I was born free, and desire to remain so.'

And having said this, he returned to his own dominions. Can any one comprehend such insolence? This savage wished to remain free! Such language might well enrage the fathers who were the counsellors of the army. Ah, if Bencomo had but known the sweets of servitude, he would not have spoken thus! Make allowances for him; he was neither a Christian nor a Latin.

From Laguna (called Aguere by the natives) the Spaniards daily made armed expeditions, which decimated both armies, especially that of the Guanches. The Spaniards pushed on at last as far as the kingdom of Taoro, knowing that if Bencomo were defeated the other kings would submit immediately. Advancing one day at the head of his troops, De Lugo saw before him a number of armed Guanches; they were led by Bencomo's brother, who had been ordered to decoy the Spaniards among some rocks. Bencomo was to come up at a given signal, with 300 picked men, and attack them in flank or in rear. Alonso de Lugo fell into the snare. As soon as he was entangled in the defile, the king's brother's troops turned round and fell on the invaders, killing 600 out of the 800. When Bencomo reached the battle-field, the Spanish army

was utterly routed, and the victor, seated on a rock, said to his brother, 'I was the first to arrive; I have conquered, I have done my duty, let the butchers now do their work. The king's brother is not an executioner.' Certainly these Guanches had most impracticable ideas; it was quite necessary to destroy them.

They had annihilated the Spanish army for the present the grave of all De Lugo's best men was there. They called the place *Campo de la matanza* (field of slaughter). It is near Orotava; the natives called it Orantapala. De Lugo, who had been thrown from his horse by a blow from a stone which broke his teeth, was saved by a servant, a cripple, named Pedro Benitez. He made his way to the shore, and during the day succeeded in getting the remainder of his army, about 200 men, on board the ships.

As his army was destroyed, De Lugo could do nothing more; he retreated to Gran Canaria, where he obtained fresh troops, with whom he returned to Santa Cruz; but, still more unfortunate than before, he was forced to re-embark almost immediately. Affairs were going badly for the Spaniards.

Being in communication with some Seville ship-owners, De Lugo applied to them for help. Fernando Palomare, Guillermo del Blanco, Nicolas Angelo, and Mateo Viño, were the four capitalists of the first enterprise as well as of the third. Their names are known from an Act passed at Laguna when Suarez de la Puebla, a captain from Santa Maria, registered a deed which entitled him to the gold maravedis which the four Seville ship-owners had lent to the conquistador.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia sent six caravels, 650 men, and 40 mounted cavaliers; Bartolomé Estupinan commanded them.

Doña Iñez Perazza, widow of the governor of Lanzarote, also sent some troops, under the command of a certain Melian de Béthencourt, her lover.

Altogether, the new army consisted of 1,100 infantry, 80 cavalry, and armed sailors sufficient to protect the disembarkation, or the embarkation in case of retreat.

On November 23 Alonso de Lugo landed for the third time at Santa Cruz; the Guanche chiefs perceiving his strength, allowed him to advance first to Laguna, then to Taoro. A few unimportant engagements were to the disadvantage of the natives. This war of ambuscades did not last long; it was enough, however, to annihilate the Guanche forces. On Christmas Day they held a council; they had no soldiers left; they sent deputies to De Lugo.

'What do you desire? what do you demand? we are peaceable, and you have come to trouble us, to kill us, to take us prisoners; we on our part have done you no harm.'

'I love you very much," said De Lugo (he treated the deputies in a kingly fashion, and made them presents); I love you, for I have come to teach you to know the true God; receive baptism and the protection of my masters, the Kings of Spain.'

'Well, we will be baptized, and will learn to know your God.'

They soon found out: they had not long to wait.

The camps occupied by the two armies are now the two pretty villages of the Realejos. Here the scene took place

which terminated the war. The old chief. Bencomo received baptism—and martyrdom, as M. Berthelot says. This heroic chief, and six other of the island chiefs, had not treated for peace until they saw their last remaining followers—exhausted by daily combats, decimated, unable to gain reinforcements—devoted to a useless death. Then only they yielded; they could not do otherwise. The Spaniards immediately began the work of rapine and plunder, and the island was soon completely depopulated. Condemned to labour, sent on board the ships, sold as slaves or sailors, the islanders soon learned to know the way to America, which they now traverse as free emigrants.

Meanwhile the conquerors were dividing the spoils. The clergy were the greatest gainers. While engaged in war, De Lugo showed perseverance, bravery, and a certain amount of knowledge of the situation, which was unfortunately soon obscured by an absorbing devoteeism. He built a small town at the harbour of Santa Cruz, in order to defend the works intended for protecting a retreat or a landing; these works were Fort San Cristobal.

He comprehended the advantageous situation of Laguna, and founded a town there which was inaugurated on June 26, 1495, S. Christopher's Day, and was called San Cristobal de la Laguna, from a lagoon of rain-water.

Most of his captains had already set out for Spain, whilst others more daring were on their way to seek adventures in America. De Lugo, who had been appointed *adelantado* by the court, and authorized to distribute the conquered territory, did not understand how to satisfy the legitimate ambition of his soldiers, and

in this manner to prevent pillage and destruction. He gave to the monks whatever they asked. He did not understand how to protect and guarantee the property of the nobles, and he was afraid of giving to his soldiers lands which would ennoble them. He did not govern. He allowed his government to be swamped by those whom he had put in office; and a few years later, disgusted, saddened, and grown old, he went to America, where he entered on fresh adventures. Some time before, at Gomera, he had married for his second wife Doña Maria de Bobadilla, with whom he was passionately in love—that creature of angelic beauty who had hanged four or five persons on the most extraordinary pretexts, and betrayed and sold the son of the man who had protected her and saved her first husband's life. The relations of one of her victims demanded justice from Isabella the Catholic. Doña Maria de Bobadilla, who was at that time the adelantado's wife, accepted an invitation from the Catholic Queen, and set out for Spain, contrary to the advice of her husband, who, knowing the Queen well, took good care not to accompany his wife. Doña Maria met Isabella at Medina del Campo; the interview was a touching one; the Queen kissed her, pressed her to her heart, and was so friendly with her that the next morning she was found dead. 'Poisoned,' says the chronicle, 'no one knows how, nor with what.' We have no further information on the subject. The judgment of God or of the Queen had overtaken Maria de Bobadilla.

The adelantado having appointed Hernando Truxillo governor, and his representative, Francisco Gorboran

alcalde mayor (chief magistrate), Francisco Albornoz and Juan Badajoz judges, and Alonso de la Fuente notary, set out for America with a few soldiers. The governors who succeeded him were Valdespina, Mejias, Castellano, Fernandez, Benitez, and Geronimo de Valdes. Nearly all the insular nobility are descended from these six governors.

The title of *Adelantado*, by which Don Alonso de Lugo is always called, requires an explanation. Even Spaniards may be glad to find one here, for many of them do not understand the real meaning of the word.

Adelantado means a man who precedes, who has been preferred to all others over whom the king has placed him. When Latin was used, he was called *præfectus provinciæ*. The adelantado is sent by the king to be above all others in the province, and appeals may be made to him from the alcaldes of even the largest towns. (Extract from the *Segunda Partida*, art. 4, law 22.)

'In another place: 'The adelantado shall be also called *Præfectus legionis*, or captain-general.'

And in another place: 'The Adelantado may be *præfes concilii*, or president of the provincial council.'

In Arragon, the adelantado is *sobrejuntor*, president of the Junta; he is even *almirante*, admiral.

When an edict was published, the form ran thus: 'The King and the adelantado ordain,' &c. At first, this title was only given to the most illustrious men. But the long struggle against the Moors had necessitated the creation of a great number of these appointments, and every civil governor of a province had his adelantado. At length this essentially military appointment became a sinecure

which, with 600 maravedis, was given to the grand chancellor of the kingdom, and afterwards to the envoy appointed to administer justice in the conquered provinces of terra firma. In the islands the adelantado was the king's representative in all civil, military, and judicial matters. Religious power was entirely in the hands of the priests.

The province of the Canary Islands was governed in this manner until the time of Charles III.

Salazar de Mendoza says that this office existed before the time of Saint Ferdinand, 1250. We believe this to be an error. Counts and marquises formerly governed the provinces, and defended the marches in the King's name. It was under Ferdinand that, the counts having been suppressed, adelantados were made in great numbers, and superseded them.

'Let the lance nourish him who holds it:' such was the device of the adelantado Alonso de Lugo—a melancholy one. A successful soldier, he lived by his lance. Made adelantado, his glory is clouded, and disappears in his undecided civil government. He was the puppet of the monks, and of his civil and military subordinates; his temper was sour, his behaviour rough, his countenance gloomy. After having lost his first wife, his heart was broken by the death of Maria de Bobadilla, a woman unworthy of a brave man's love. Without friends, urged by a spirit of adventure, he once more, although now grown old, put on his soldier's harness, and set out in despair for America, where, despite his bravery, he could not succeed in making a great name. He had the courage

of a soldier and the fanaticism of a Moslem; strength of mind in military reverses, but none in government or politics. In short, he was unequal to his mission.

Such is the opinion we have formed of the conqueror of Teneriffe from the memoirs of the chroniclers, and the study of the facts.

Devastated, uncultivated, given up to unchecked rapine, the Islands were ruined. What saved the Canary Islands, and rendered them prosperous, was the extraordinary productiveness of them all, but especially of the African islands. The population increases in a geometrical proportion. Nature, stronger than the blindness, foolishness, and barbarity of the conquerors, has repaired their mistakes and crimes.

Chapter XVII.

EMIGRATION. THE FISHERIES.

Although the territory of the Canary Islands is limited, yet twenty years ago they furnished a considerable contingent to emigration; of late years the number of emigrants has greatly diminished.

It cannot be imagined how impatiently the emigrants formerly waited for a ship to the West Indies. They went by hundreds and came back by tens, for the terrible yellow fever always attacks emigrants; now they go by tens at the most. It was to Havana especially that the *Isleños* went: it was their Eldorado. About five per cent came back rich; twenty per cent gained a little money; then, a prey to nostalgia, they returned to their beloved islands; but very shortly they went back, regretting what they had left behind.

The Canarians are considered in Havana honest, active, and intelligent, and deservedly so, as all travellers say. They therefore find employment as soon as they land. Then, by a system of economy which might almost be termed avarice, they form the nest-eggs which are to help them to become independent, leave service, and devote themselves with all their might to commerce. The love

of gambling, which is the passion of the idle classes, becomes among the working classes an immoderate love for speculative commercial operations; they take their luck, good or bad, very coolly; double the stakes, or go back to service. In this way some of them have amassed fortunes.

The returned emigrants are called *indianos* or *indios*. Formerly they used to dress like the townsmen, and smoke their *puros* imperturbably, but by degrees this little bit of pride disappeared, and they resumed the old Canarian life with somewhat more comfort than before, or went back again.

Of all the Islands, Palma used to furnish the greatest number of emigrants; now, if any go from there, it is owing to there not being land enough for cultivation, and to a kind of tradition; the inhabitants of Havana have a preference for the Palma islanders. The latter, when they have made a little money, send some to their relations to pay their passage out; thus the Palma islanders have great advantages over the natives of the other Islands, not the least of which is that of finding, on their arrival at Cuba, employment, friends, and relations.

Formerly, when boats arrived from Cuba, the Mole was crowded; how many are there? what have they brought back? Here are the rich ones; here are those who are as poor as when they went. The disembarkation attracted numbers of spectators; now there are hardly any. Still, the requirements of trade and high wages continue to attract a few islanders to Havana, the richest colony perhaps in the world, which nothing has been able to

ruin, neither the most frightful physical scourges, nor, what are still more dangerous, the captains-general. There has always been a kind of fascination about Havana, and it still attracts some of the Canarians. Within its present limits this emigration is a good thing for them, for it gives them the self-reliance which the habit of travelling and dangers overcome always produce; thus desires are excited, powers doubled, and an activity and energy induced which are life—a life especially needful in these Islands, where the general tendency is to ease and idleness. The fisheries on the coast of Africa are also a useful stimulant, as well as a remunerative branch of commerce. We will proceed to prove this.

The vessels employed in these fisheries, says the English Captain George Glas, amount to thirty or thirty-five, each with a crew of from fifteen to thirty men, according to the tonnage. The island of Palma sends out three ships; Teneriffe four; Gran Canaria owns all the rest, except perhaps one or two.

The shipowner provides salt and biscuit. The sailors provide all the fishing-tackle, as well as wine, pepper, brandy, and onions.

The fishing is managed on a system of shares. A deduction having been made for the price of the salt and biscuit, the net sum of the produce is thus divided: two shares for the master, one share for each sailor, one share for each apprentice, and a quarter share for each boy. The ship's share depends on its size.

The fisheries extend from Cape Noun to Cape Blanco. The shore is almost a desert, inhabited by a few scattered

tribes of Arabs who possess neither boats nor canoes, so that the fishermen have nothing to fear from them: the Moors of our day, not being seamen, would not dare to attack them on the south, still less in the open sea.

In the spring and summer the fishing is carried on in the north; in the autumn and winter in the direction of Cape Blanco, towards the south. The fishermen thus follow the migrations of the fish, which they learn from experience.

First, they fish for bait, at the distance of a mile or so from the coast; then they proceed to the deep sea fisheries.

After having opened and dried the fish, they cut off the heads and fins, press them, so as to dry them thoroughly, then salt them and store them in the hold. The fish thus preserved will only keep for a couple of months; if it were washed and salted a second time, as is done in Newfoundland, it would keep for at least six or seven months. Or, on the other hand, if there were establishments on the African coast where the fish could be dried in the sun and wind, as is done at Loffoden, a great deal of salt could be saved, or it could even be entirely dispensed with, as is the case in Norway. But they make no progress here.

The fishing-boats are brigantines sharp at both ends, with plenty of beam, in order to resist a gale. The trade winds, which blow constantly on these coasts, require a great deal of resistance. They carry a fore-topsail and a jib only; nevertheless some of them will make 400 miles in twelve days, by beating to windward.

Part of the cargo is landed at Las Palmas, in Gran Canaria; the rest is taken to Santa Cruz de Teneriffe. The price of the salt fish varies from three-halfpence to twopence-halfpenny the pound. The cargo consists chiefly of the sea bream [Brama Raii].

The fishing-boats make eight or nine voyages in a year. Sometimes they catch cod in abundance, superior to that of Newfoundland.

There are between thirty and thirty-six ships, employing from 800 to 1,000 men, sailors, boys, and masters; and they furnish the country with 160,000 cwt. of salt fish. This result is a very considerable one, even when compared with the great Newfoundland fisheries.

M. Berthelot, a retired fisherman, who has written a book on the deep sea fisheries, and is about to publish a new work on the migration of fish—a work abounding in new ideas—thinks that by better management the fisheries might be made much more remunerative. He also thinks that larger boats would be more economical, as there would then be no need of so many voyages. Finally, he says that the method of salting is entirely wrong. 'If the fishermen would adopt improvements, they might gain more money, by extending their operations. The coast is more abundant in fish than is that of Newfoundland, and 300 fishing vessels would not exhaust the supply.'

In spite of their habitual recklessness, the Canarian fishermen boasted ten years ago that they had never lost a ship. For more than two centuries they have ventured boldly on the sea which supports them. If the master

have a compass, it is only for form's sake, for he keeps it shut up in a box. None of the smaller boats have cabins; the sailors all sleep on deck, and the rigging is always in a wretched state; but they are extraordinarily daring, and are always prompt in handling the ship, quick at resource, able to extricate themselves from the greatest dangers. The danger over, they sleep soundly.

No sooner did fish become a necessary of life in the Islands, than the magistrates put a tax upon it. This barbarous plan might have put an end to the fisheries; it would have been far better to offer rewards for good kinds of fish. The salt fish is sold to the country people, fresh fish only in the towns; the islanders do not value it as they ought.

Next to the deep sea fisheries comes the night fishing, in little boats. The fishermen of Santa Cruz and Puerto, called *chicharreros* from the name of the favourite island fish *chicharro* (a kind of mackerel), fish by torchlight. Bright lights, or torches of resinous wood, attract the *chicharro*. All the boats, when lighted up, are arranged in a line, or oblong. They have a singular appearance when seen from the top of the cliffs.

For 200 years no changes have been made in the fishery system; routine reigns despotically. It ought to be improved, for it is capable of furnishing a livelihood as well as physical and moral amelioration for all.

Besides the deep sea fisheries and the chicharreros, there are also fishermen who fish with nets off the coasts. According to statistics there are 389 fishing vessels, great and small. As there are certainly not more than thirty-

five ships, of from 100 to 400 tons, employed in the deep sea fisheries, there must be 350 ships employed on the coasts of the seven Islands. The word ship is therefore incorrect; they are only small craft. By the same statistics we find 2,042 fishermen for the 389 vessels; if the 35 real ships take up 1,000 of these, there will only remain from 1,000 to 1,100 men for the 350 fishing-boats. Therefore they can be only small boats, manned by two or three fishermen at the most, and not ships. We are inclined to believe that the small boats do not amount to 300; the number must be exaggerated, unless the men only fish occasionally. The fish market in Santa Cruz proves a result far from corresponding with that which thirty boats employed would produce. We have been unable to clear up entirely this important point.

CASA FUERTE.

The southern part of the island of Teneriffe, the southern band as it is called, is a slight and gradual depression of the Sierra, differing from the north-west band, which falls to the sea more perpendicularly. Vegetation is more scarce in this zone, the heat much greater, and water scarce. The rocks are crumbling, and the soil is unfavourable to cultivation. The north-east winds blow directly on this district and dry it up completely, thus forming the chief impediment to cultivation. A few valleys are more fertile than the rest, as for example Adeje, which is tolerably well watered by a mountain torrent. This part belonged to the chief or *mencey* Abitocarpe.

When the conqueror divided the island among his officers, this valley fell to the lot of a captain who gave up or sold his rights to the Ponte family. The new owners obtained the privilege of establishing the right of primogeniture, and they built a fortress, Casa Fuerte, with a house attached to it. In 1657 the owner's name was Don Juan Bautista de Ponte Fonte y Paxes; he had the power of life and death and other important privileges, although he only possessed a few acres of land. The little hamlet containing fifty dwellings was made a town by the king. The domain of Adeje gradually increased, and now the little town, become a large one, contains nearly 2,000 inhabitants. Thirty years ago, a stud of Andalusian horses was established there. *Quantum mutatus!* The abolition of primogeniture has passed over it.

In 1676 the powerful nobleman was created Marquis of Adeje: he was now Don Juan Bautista de Ponte Fonte y Paxes, Marquis de Adeje, and soon afterwards Count of Gomera and Lord of Hierro, which made his name twice as long as before. Soon afterwards, a marriage with one of the Belvis Moncadas still further ennobled the owner of this small domain. His descendants being far too noble to live there, went to Madrid, leaving a governor to take care of the castle.

Of course this state of affairs is now done away with, and the estate has been divided.

Now that we have made acquaintance with its owners, let us examine the cage of this bird with such a lengthy name. The strong castle is nothing but a small bastioned

platform, with a Liliputian tower. It stands in front of the town, on a small plateau. Four men could take possession of it any day, and one cannon-shot, even in its best days, could have sent the tower over the ramparts. To do it justice, however, it gives a picturesque look to the valley.

A ladder acts as a drawbridge. We enter the citadel by a dark passage, lighted only by two loopholes; a trap-door is raised; we mount a few steps, and find ourselves on the platform. Four useless cannon are mounted on the side towards the sea, where they have been doing nothing for the last three or four centuries. These were supposed to be capable of keeping back the Moors, who never once came, the country being too poor. The base of the tower is a few yards square.

We now enter the armoury. Here are arquebuses three yards long, weighing twenty-five pounds; matchlocks, guns with circular locks and without tripods; a few halberds, swords six feet long, coats of mail; in short, a whole arsenal-full of old trumpery. Some really good pieces were sent, they say, to Santa Cruz, to be used in the carnival, and have never been returned. The lordly banner reposes in a chest, and the rats have half devoured it; it would fall to dust if taken out. All these wonders were to be seen a few years ago; now hardly any remains of them are left.

The garrison consisted nominally of a sergeant and eight militia gunners, who by a special decree were *exempt from all service*, but whose names were always carefully registered, as if they might serve some day.

In spite of the absurdity of this fortress and its utter worthlessness, the lords of Adeje still call themselves perpetual governors of Casa Fuerte, and the titular Marquis de Belgira, grandee of Spain of the first class, clings to the title; it is as good as many others.

Close to the citadel is the prison; it consists of a small casemate, where some uncomfortable hours have doubtless been passed in former times.

The mansion adjoins the citadel. In the centre is a large court, surrounded by a labyrinth of uncomfortable rooms unfit for any purpose; underneath are stables, cellars, and storehouses. Some wainscoting, a few badly carved chairs, the remains of painted panelling, a frieze with the gilding worn off, serve to show that the place was once inhabited. The chairs in the dining hall have twisted columns, and weigh fifty pounds; family portraits, each one more extraordinary than the other, adorn the walls.

Thirty-eight years ago M. Berthelot saw some pictures on the walls of the saloon, painted by Dominican monks, and richly framed.

It was in a small room near this that what Father Viera calls 'the treasure of the Canary Islands' was found: four large cupboards filled with valuable documents relating to the family, and also to the history of the early times of the conquest in which they took part.

'I prefer,' says M. Berthelot, 'to run the risk of being disbelieved rather than copy the quarto page of thirty lines, which does not contain all the names of the family,

for they are continued on the next page; titles and ranks, lordships, marquisates, baronies, all at the same time, on land and sea, and even in Portugal! with every order which can be imagined, general and unique, patron of Candelaria, adelantado mayor of New Galicia, twice grandee of Spain of the first class, gentleman in waiting, master of the horse, gentleman at arms, &c.—forty lines, in short. Our grandsons will be incredulous, but it is an historical fact.'

Victor Hugo says somewhere that the Spaniards receive more names at their baptism than they possess doubloons when they marry; and he is right. Everyone knows the story of the Spanish hidalgo, who arriving in the night at Milan, knocked at the door of an hotel.

'Who is there?'

'A friend.'

'Who are you?'

'Don Juan Cristobal de la Fuente y Zuniga de Andujar Casanueva y Veragna y——'

'Stop, stop! There is no room here for so many people!'

It is a hackneyed story, and yet, improbable as it sounds, we have just seen that it is true.

We have met with Spanish grandees and nobles in the Islands, polished, affable, well-educated, well-informed, some of whom are leaders of political and agricultural progress. They will be amused when they read these pages, which recall a remembrance of the good old times for the entertainment of the reader.

What an easy life the lieutenant in command must

have led in this fortress! What a pleasantry were these impracticable cannon, and these guns that would not go off! What a delightful view was to be had from this pretentious building which a giant might have blown down at a breath! And then the army, eight peasants exempt from service!

In spite of Don Quixote, this remnant of the absurd chivalry which has gradually disappeared before the march of progress was in existence fifty or sixty years ago. Castles, mansions, and fortresses, cannon and halberds, lords, monks, and barbers, all are now defunct. It is high time. Spain breathes again; absurdities are done away with; the nation seriously asserts itself, and intends to progress. Will the nobility help or hinder? It ought to understand that Spain being on the edge of a precipice, it is to its own interest to shake off the despotic and priestly influence by which the Bourbon Government has been guided.

Spain has shaken it off by a national effort.

Will she again succumb to it? That is the secret of the impenetrable future; but her customs, her past history, her present dissensions, foretell a coming struggle: nevertheless, let us hope for the best.

Chapter XVIII.

THE GUANCHES. MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The Canary Islands, as well as Madeira and the Cape Verd Islands, were known to the ancients; incontrovertible facts, which we have already mentioned here and there, prove that Europeans went there either to procure slaves, or for the sake of commerce. From very ancient times, Africans, Asiatics, Syrians, Carthaginians, and Romans had traded there; and during the middle ages, the Moors, Spaniards, and Portuguese frequented the Islands. These slave merchants and traders jealously concealed the locality whence they obtained their human cattle or their merchandise, and the most profound silence was observed with regard to this unfortunate insular race. Madeira, lying nearer to Spain and Portugal, being more accessible, and certainly inhabited in the early centuries of our era, was already depopulated about the year 1300, and therefore offered fewer attractions: in that age of conquests its possession was only coveted for the sake of its dye and medicinal woods and plants. Hierro and Gomera, smaller than the other Canary Islands, were nearly depopulated in 1500. Fuerteventura and Lanza-

rote, being nearer the coasts, had suffered still more from the slave dealers; Portuguese and Spaniards, the inhabitants of Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, all inheriting old traditions of slavery, had taken large numbers of the unhappy Islanders to the Mediterranean shores to row in their galleys, or to cultivate their lands as *fellahs.*

When the Conquerors settled in the Islands, they found there a splendid, heroic, and amiable race, unequally distributed as regarded density of population, but composed of men of the same race, speaking dialects which varied, but which were easily reducible to one. These Islanders were the Guanches.

Who were they?

Let us hear the accounts of the earliest historians, all Roman Catholic priests.

Were they Assyrians, some of those who built the tower of Babel, whom God scattered as far as the uninhabited islands, in the direction of Lybia (ancient Africa), as Josephus tells us? (Ant. bk. 1, ch. vi.)

Were they Israelites, part of the ten tribes taken captive by King Shalmanezer, who went into Africa in the days of King Hezekiah, as the Bible tells us? (Kings, bk. ii.)

Are we to admit the tradition of Esdras (bk. 2), which relates their migration to the West?

Are we to believe, as some have done, following literally this chapter of Esdras, that as these tribes of Israel took a year and a half to reach their destination, they must necessarily have gone to America? At the rate of twenty

miles a day, it would take exactly that time to reach New Spain (Mexico) by land.

The Spanish priests professed to have discovered that the Islanders were Israelites, sent there by God, to be converted by them to the Catholic faith.

The proofs alleged in favour of this hypothesis are derived from a few words resembling Hebrew, and from the existence of a tribe of *hopeangos*, which means circumcised. Now, circumcision being unknown among the Guanches, and these Hebrew words being quite unimportant, there is no authority for the above supposition, unless we allow that circumcision was once practised in the Islands, and afterwards disused.

In our opinion it is much more logical to see in the priests' desire to connect everything with the little kingdom of Israel a profound design of the Romish Church, tending to destroy all traditions and beliefs which might give to another race a more ancient origin or a superior importance. By creating a void round Israel, they succeeded in making ignorant people believe that Israel was the one source from which the whole world issued. Taking advantage of the tradition of Atlantis, they did not hesitate to people America with the tribes taken into captivity by Shalmanezer, and immediately on its discovery they explained the peopling of that part of the world (the existence of which Rome, always inconsistent, had previously denied), by the ancient Atlantis, an immense bridge submerged after the passage of the Israelites.

In spite of the absurdity of these puerilities, we may,

nevertheless, find in them a confirmation of the universal belief in a country west of ancient Africa, in the existence of the much disputed Atlantis.

When Rome, at the height of its power, had subjugated the north of Africa, from Abyssinia to Cape Noun, a serious revolt took place in Mauritania, and the Roman Proconsul and a number of other officials were murdered. The senate resolved to avenge their deaths, and to punish the rebellion. A formidable army invaded Mauritania; the insurgents were defeated, the most guilty put to death; after which the Romans loaded with chains those who had helped the rebels and led them to the shore; they were taken to the Canary Islands, with sheep, goats, and provisions, after having had their tongues cut out, 'so that they could not say that they had even for a moment triumphed over the Roman people.'

Unfortunately for this Romish fable, this fact is not confirmed by any historian; Father Abreu Galindo, who relates it, says he read it in 'a great book without beginning or end, very old and worn,' which was in the library of the church of St. Anne at Las Palmas.

What authority can we allow to a book without beginning or end, which no one has seen except he who quotes it? This precious book no longer exists—indeed, it never did exist, except in Abreu Galindo's imagination. This Roman Catholic writer had the blind faith so highly valued by bigots. He affirms that the Islanders came originally from Carthage, which was called 'country of the pagans.' However, he says, we must not think that the primitive Islanders were *pagans*, for if they came

from the land of pagans they would have belonged to the *most distant* province of Carthage adjoining Mauritania. It is, however, difficult to admit that the most distant province of a country does not form part of that country. The name of pagan would not have been very applicable to such submissive, humble, gentle, people, who worked so hard for the priests: to treat them as pagans, according to the acceptation of the word at that time, would have been to insult them; they would not have understood the lapse of two thousand years, nor the word pagan, which Galindo derives from Pago, the son of Dido, instead of, as others have done, from Pagus, Pagi, Pagini, dwellers on heaths, tillers of the ground. Galindo while avoiding one difficulty falls into another—from Charybdis into Scylla; he makes them out Moors! 'But let not the Islanders think,' says Galindo, 'that I thereby accuse them of being infidels and Mohammedan sectaries. No; for we know that Mohammed lived A.D. 588, while the Islanders were in existence before the time of Pliny, who was contemporary with Tiberius.' Could the Islanders comprehend this explanation, when they could not understand his explanation about Pagans? He concludes thus:

'As the whole creation in heaven and earth is subject to the will of God, when I treat of the nature and disposition of the Guanche race, I shall regard them as inferior creatures *made to serve*, since the Divine will has operated to this effect on their minds, and has *destined them to servitude*, just as certain stars influence others, &c.'

We had divine right in the matter of government—a pleasantry which has too long been in fashion; and this is its result—the divine right of servitude. When such absurdities have governed men for centuries, we must not be astonished when we see nations still brutalized by a state of voluntary or acquiescent servitude.

As the priests were the only historians, we are placed at a disadvantage; the Conquerors, being nearly all illiterate men, have not left any accounts of their adventures; or if a few fragments are to be found here and there, the priestly authors make use of them if they agree with the clerical ideas, and expunge them if they do not. We must, however, make an exception in favour of Béthencourt's chaplains, who are more *naïve* and truthful. Here follow some certain facts which will give an approximate idea of the aboriginal Islanders.

The Guanches were tall, strong, and active: the Spaniards, being middle-sized men, took them for giants; the Normans, picked men, of a magnificent race, found them taller, stronger, and more active than themselves. In height, the inhabitants of Lanzarote surpassed those of Fuerteventura, while those of Gran Canaria were still more uniformly remarkable for it. This is distinctly affirmed by the chaplains Bontier and Le Verrier, and by the Spaniards who came from Spain with Béthencourt when he endeavoured by means of them to conquer Gran Canaria; the size of the numerous mummies found after the Conquest also proves it beyond a doubt.

The strength of the Guanches was something extraordinary; the King of Fuerteventura, being held by three

soldiers, with his hands tied, broke his bonds, knocked down the three men, and escaped. When Spanish and Portuguese ships came in search of slaves to Hierro, Gomera, and Palma, they could only capture them by stratagem, either by surrounding a small number by a large force of armed men, or by enticing them on board the vessels; they never succeeded in capturing any of the Gran Canarians, who, on the contrary, took a great part of the Europeans who landed prisoners. They broke the strongest lances, clubs, and even small trees, with a strength which astonished and terrified the Conquerors; they threw stones with such force, that no shield or buckler could withstand them; and they were so skilful, that they never missed their aim.

Their agility was such that they ran as fast as horses, and jumped easily over a pole laid on the helmets of two soldiers between five and six feet high. They leaped the steepest ravines, and climbed precipitous mountains, with the help of a long stick, the point of which was hardened in the fire. They were admirable swimmers, able to swim for hours, and to cross the strait, nine miles in width, which separates Lanzarote and Graciosa.

It was remarked in the earliest days of the Conquest that the Guanches were very musical, and that their dancing was very rhythmical; the Canarian dances were violent and passionate, and proved the vigour of the dancers' constitutions; they made a great impression on the Spaniards, who were strongly addicted to that exercise. The famous Andalusian dances are probably derived from these; the crews of the Spanish vessels were at that

time composed almost exclusively of Andalusians, who would carry home these dances to their province.

The Guanches were a very gentle race. Certainly, they struck their enemies in battle, but those who have represented them as savage among themselves, as a species of Atlantic Red Indians, either did not know them, or calumniated them to palliate the conduct of the Conquerors. The Guanches very rarely made war on each other, except in Fuerteventura and Lanzarote. Even in time of war, they had frequent annual truces, which assembled them all to take part in national games four times a year, on the occasion of various customs, administrative fictions, just like the Egyptian and Israelitish truces, and the Greek Olympic games.

When any Europeans fell into their hands, they merely sent them to keep sheep among the mountains, in spite of the example of extermination and rapine given by the Spaniards. The Guanches learned from them to build, to cut stone, to saw wood, thus becoming the pupils, and by marriage the fellow-countrymen, of their slaves; with the utmost docility they allowed themselves to be catechised by any one who liked, and two monks among their prisoners made them build hermitages. Once only they killed some prisoners, when there were very strong reasons for proceeding to such extremities—flagrant treason, and impossibility of banishment.

When the inhabitants of Fuerteventura were kindly treated by Béthencourt, they remained submissive and faithful to him, and worked for him; they even served as his soldiers, wishing the inhabitants of the other Islands

to have the opportunity of receiving the benefits of the civilisation which the Norman had brought them, and above all, guarantees against the slave trade. Although of remarkable vigour for his age, Béthencourt when he landed at Fuerteventura did not yield to the love of fighting which tormented the whole world at that time. The cunning Norman understood that he could choose between a battle of Hastings, breaking their heads with gauntleted hands, or the employment of pacificatory means. He landed, and wisely determining to make himself not feared but loved, succeeded completely in doing so; from the very beginning, even when obliged to fight, he knew how to manage the Islanders; they became devoted to him. Every time the old man quitted the Islands, his subjects shed floods of tears. When he put to sea, his ship was escorted by these human Tritons to such a distance that many of them were drowned. Deceived by Bertin, the lieutenant of Gadifer de la Salle, and by F. Ordoñez who took a cargo of slaves on board his ship, they still preserved their natural gentleness and their love for the Norman.

Although the Guanches of Teneriffe, after years of struggling against Spanish pirates and warriors, and the Gran Canarians defended their independence admirably until their forces were exhausted, yet they never lost, even after ninety years of treacherous warfare, their great distinctive characteristic—gentleness. If a phrenologist were to study the Guanche head, he would find benevolence strongly predominate. In our days the Guanche blood still flows in the veins of some of the

Islanders, who have also inherited their ancestors' kindly disposition. The Spaniard of the peninsula is doubtless generous and hospitable, but he does not possess the peculiar gentleness which characterised the primitive Islanders, and now characterises their descendants in spite of the mixture of race.

The Guanches were men of undaunted courage; even firearms did not alarm these men of iron, who often gained signal victories over veritable armies. Although there were not at the very beginning of the struggle more than 5,000 men in Gran Canaria and between 3,000 and 4,000 in Teneriffe capable of bearing arms, and although the number of warriors diminished every day, with no possibility of gaining recruits, ignorant of the use of steel, having only stones, yet it took thousands of soldiers to conquer these two islands. At last they yielded—there were scarcely any fighting men left! Lugo could only conquer Teneriffe through the treachery of four chiefs, and he lost 700 men out of 1,000 in one day! Gran Canaria being by that time conquered, he was able to procure reinforcements; and he invaded Teneriffe three times before he was successful, with more than 1,000 men each time! It took more than ninety years to gain possession of Gran Canaria, in spite of the enormous resources of a former conquest, and of strong and continual reinforcements. It would be superfluous to prove the great courage of the Islanders by less striking and less well-authenticated facts.

Abreu Galindo calls the Guanches fickle and frivolous. Fickle because they were polygamists?—then the im-

movable Turks must be fickle. Frivolous because they were fond of violent exercise, dancing, and games?—but were not these Spartan institutions part of a system of political education indispensable to a nation possessing no metals, for whom bodily strength was an absolute necessity? Frivolous they certainly were not—they who for a whole century defended their independence to the death: they did not sell their country for a few glass beads, like the childish, really frivolous tribes of Oceania: they would not give away an island for a bottle of rum, like the American savages. Béthencourt owed the possession of half the Archipelago to their gentleness and amiability, and to their capability of understanding that he would protect them against robbers and pirates. Lugo and Herrera owed the other half to the sword, the musket, stratagem, perfidy, or treason; they did not win through superior courage, but by preponderance of numbers. That race was not a frivolous one which produced but four traitors, four kings! It must be admitted that they fully expiated their crime. Taken to the continent, and exhibited like wild animals, they died miserably in a corner of Italy, near Venice, after a wandering and wretched life, abandoned even by those who had exhibited them! Their statues still remain on the principal plaza of Santa Cruz. The Islanders must surely do away with this disgrace. When will there be a statue to Bencomo, the *mencey* of Taoro?

Carelessness of life was one of the peculiar traits of the race. For instance, when a king was crowned on the death of his predecessor, a Guanche would throw himself

from the top of a high cliff; his family was thereby placed under the immediate protection of the king.

The Guanches were great singers, and recorded the facts of their history in song. According to the chroniclers, their history anterior to the Conquest was thus known, as well as the piracies of the navigators who captured them in order to sell them in Europe. They had rhythmic songs for their bucolic poetry; a few fragments of their poetry have been preserved, but the airs are lost; of all their arts, music, or rather singing alone, had been preserved by them. Living on the mountains, continually threatened by subterranean fire, a prey to that terror of the ocean which was a characteristic trait of all prehistoric races, Egyptian and Oriental; isolated, prisoners in their islands, these unfortunate survivors of a submerged world were but the shepherds of a powerful nation. Let us suppose Europe to be submerged by a sudden cataclysm, then on the summits of the Alps or Pyrenees, a few half-civilised shepherds would alone survive, would transmit to future ages the wonders of modern civilisation; a few dogs, sheep, goats, and some uneducated men hardly recovered from their terror. They would sing; singing is the poetry, art, and life of shepherds. When they met after such a catastrophe, where all was hopelessly lost, they would weep over the ruins, and then, astonished to find each other alive, they would sing a hymn of thanksgiving!

Although the airs are completely lost, yet from the words which remain we can well understand the remarks of the chroniclers on the melancholy of the airs, which

were chiefly in a minor key. Bory de Saint Vincent says that even their dance-music was melancholy, especially the national air used in grand processions; this sacred dance was performed on an elevated platform; all the men in a row, facing the women, sang and danced *vis-à-vis*, brandishing laurel and palm branches.

Primitive races always have melancholy songs, slow, and in a minor key. This agrees with the melody, which is always simple and incapable of being made lively.

No musical instruments have been found, and at the time of the Conquest, the Guanches used only flutes, flageolets, and fifes made of reeds.

The beauty of the Guanche women has not been extolled by the Catholic historians; only a few, they say, were beautiful. In those Islands where agriculture was more particularly essential, from the necessity of procuring food by it, the women worked hard, and thus injured their beauty, while in those where milk and cheese were abundant, the women were beautiful. The inhabitants of Gran Canaria were handsomer than the other Islanders, and the women especially were magnificent.

'Go through the whole world,' say Béthencourt's chaplains, 'and you will nowhere find a race so fine as in these Islands, both men and women; and they are not only a magnificent race, but also intelligent, and capable of learning everything if there were anyone to teach them.'

This is certainly a pleasing portrait, but there is a reverse to the medal; in another place the fathers say that the women had an excessive development of the

lower lip, owing to their custom of feeding their children with pounded paste from their own mouths.

The chronicle of Azurara relates a curious fact, singularly resembling a custom of the Sandwich Islanders; the women were fattened before marriage. For this purpose the Guanches had a regular recipe, based on the use of milk and meal; it was necessary to attain a minimum of fatness beyond which the woman was pleasing, but below which she only inspired contempt, for corpulence was considered a deformity, and the woman needed only to be strong and vigorous.

Could a Guanche have several wives? According to some authors, this privilege was possessed only by the inhabitants of some of the Islands. Nothing is positively known on the subject, for the chroniclers, having always persisted in seeing nothing but shameless immorality in the Guanche marriage laws, have obscured the subject as much as possible.

There certainly was polygamy in the Islands, for it was legalised by voluntary divorce, which was obtained by the mere declaration of the husband.

There were among the Guanches a body of Vestal Virgins, endowed with many privileges, one of which was that any malefactor who took refuge in a house they possessed in Gran Canaria was exempted from punishment.

The Guanches were obliged to make way for every woman they met, and were bound by law and by their own customs to treat her with the greatest respect: they were obliged to relieve her of anything she was carrying, and to escort her home if she wished it. When the

Faican or high priest raised a Guanche to the nobility for any meritorious action, the assembled people were first asked: 'Has the candidate been disrespectful to women?' If the answer were affirmative, his head was shaved: if negative, he was made a noble, and two locks of hair were cut off behind his ears. This respect for women argues an advanced civilisation, very superior to that of subsequently discovered races. And does it not also prove a high state of morality, in spite of the assertions of the priests to the contrary?

The Guanches were a credulous people.

When the Conquerors landed in Fuerteventura, they found there two women, mother and daughter, who were *witches*, to use the priests' expression. Now the Guanches, being quite ignorant, were very simple; and these two women, Tibiabin and Tamonante, exercised a considerable influence not only on the Islanders, but also on their government. One of them occupied herself in settling disputes between the chiefs and their subordinates, by all of whom she was greatly respected; the other took the chief part in all official ceremonies. Nothing was done without these two women.

According to the Islanders, they had often and accurately foretold future events; one prediction of which the Conquerors were told was probably an ancient one preserved by these women. According to this tradition, deliverance was to come to the Islands from the sea, across which a white mountain should come. When Béthencourt's white sails appeared, Tibiabin and Tamonante announced the promised deliverance. When Béthencourt, seeing the

two kings of Fuerteventura at war with each other, thought the time was come to take possession of the island. One of the kings, after consulting with the two women, advanced peaceably towards the Norman, who embraced him and called him his son; a few days later he was baptized by the name of Luis, Béthencourt being his godfather. Did Béthencourt find an unexpected decisive support in the women by chance? Or had the cunning Normans secured it beforehand? The latter is more than probable.

The priests have evidently calumniated these women; the two witches were the chiefs of the body of Vestals; this being a religious body, the fathers called them witches in order to disparage them.

However it might be, the desired end was gained. The other king, seeing his fellow well treated, also yielded to the advice of the two women, and was baptized. Béthencourt gave him the name of Alonso. Thanks to the blind confidence of the Guanches in Tibiabin and Tamonante, the whole island was soon converted to Catholicism, and subjugated without bloodshed or violence. They had made the people believe that the new-comers were to be welcomed as messengers of God. The important part played by these women cannot be overlooked. They do not appear to have professed to work miracles; they were simply two clever politicians, who knew how to work upon the credulity and sincerity of the Guanches, and at the same time to serve the interests of the Conquerors.

The excuse always urged by the fathers of the various orders and the Conquerors, in order to justify the slave

trade and the murderous wars, is the inferiority of race and the cruelty of the Guanches. Now capital punishment did not exist in Teneriffe; the murderer had to give a number of animals to the relations of his victim; the rest of his property went to the State for re-distribution, and he himself was banished across the mountains. The butcher was out of the pale of society; he was not allowed to touch anything with his hands, but only with a stick. No one was allowed to kill any animal except in an isolated place set apart for that purpose. Women and children were forbidden to go near it; but as a butcher was necessary, he and his assistants were supported by the nation and obliged to live completely apart, for it was an office filled only by outcasts and criminals. Even in war, women and children were protected, and pillage was forbidden. These are not the institutions of a cruel race; in this essential point the Guanches were superior to the Spaniards.

No Guanche writings have come down to us: the fathers say the art of writing was unknown among them. This assertion would be simply absurd if it were not also proved to be absolutely false by Clavijo, the most trustworthy of the historians, and an eminently learned man, who tells us that hieroglyphic inscriptions, some of them carved in stone, were found in the grotto of King Tedote, in the ravine of Valmaco. One of these, shaped like a tomb, had a very deeply-cut picture carved on it. We cannot suppose that such a highly-civilised people had no means of transmitting their ideas, when such means are used by the most barbarous people. The

Roman Catholics, being possessed by the genius of destruction, annihilated all proofs of the existence of the Guanches, as they had tried to destroy the traces of Greece and Rome. The Guanche language was to a certain extent a rich one; in many cases it possessed several words to express the quality of a thing. Very few words have come down to us, and after a careful examination of the subject we are led to believe that the language of Atlantis, formed from primitive Keltic roots and a lost indigenous language, from which the Berber language is essentially derived, gave many words to the Egyptians, Greeks, and Israelites. Tradition confirms this, and a few remaining words corroborate this assertion of Plato's. The names of places and the various words we have quoted on different occasions will suffice to give an idea of this primitive language.

Necessity is the mother of invention. This necessity made the Guanches skilful in the art of preparing skins and leather by ingenious methods, and dyes as permanent as they were beautiful. They plaited certain textile plants very cleverly, made clay vases shaped like those of Egypt, and cylinders of coloured earthenware for necklaces, and also for counters, which they used like the Russians, or rather like the Mexicans. Instead of knotted strings, they had earthenware rings on leather thongs; the different sized rings indicated units, tens, and hundreds, following the decimal system. The Guanches made their kitchen utensils of wood; they made nets out of rushes, needles out of bones, and thread with pieces of leather cut very thin.

We are told, but on very slight grounds, that the Guanches were acquainted with drawing and painting. They certainly designed ornaments, and painted various things with coloured earths, as ochre for instance, but that is not art. In Viana's poem, mention is made of a portrait which the envoys of the Princess Guacimara's father took to Bencomo; it was drawn on a piece of wood with charcoal, ochre, the coloured juices of certain plants, and the sap of the wild fig. This is the only indication of any work of art.

The Guanches were very clever in cutting out and making clothes, especially coverings for the feet, of which there were three kinds—sandals, buskins, and boots. The women made pretty necklaces of shells: they wore longer dresses than the men, made of thinner and better-prepared skins; they dyed their hair.

The Guanches practised bleeding in the arm and forehead; they knew how to extract the juices of plants—euphorbia for instance—which they used to poison fish, without making them unwholesome, when the sea on retiring left them behind on the marshy shore.

Work is a relative obligation, as the necessity for it is more or less imperious. In the larger Islands, the maize, without cultivation, yielded seventy-fold, and sometimes more than a hundred-fold: barley and buckwheat were as productive, if not more so; wild fruits, flowers, and plants abounded, and the flocks were larger than were needed. There was, therefore, nothing to induce the population to work. Europeans, while bringing them servitude and civilisation, brought them labour also, which

they long considered a scourge and a fatal sentence: they were forced to work for the nobles, priests, soldiers, monks—for the Government, for the Kings—for every one in fact; and then either to work for themselves, or starve. No wonder they execrated labour!

Textile plants abounded in the Islands; it is inexplicable that the Guanches did not attempt to weave anything, but confined themselves to plaiting. *Phormium tenax* [New Zealand flax] attains an enormous size there, and is so textile that it unravels as soon as it is dry. If palm-leaves and aloes, so abundant in the Islands, did not suggest weaving, it must have been because the mildness of the climate rendered it unnecessary.

The Guanches made a kind of boot of goat-skin—the hair outside: the Spaniards called these boots *mahones*; they were like the Indian mocassins. They also used skins to make a sort of short smock-frock which they wore. This garment, called a *tamarco*, was sewn with needles made from sheep's bones, and fine thongs of leather made from goat-skins. They wore pointed beards; the women wound strips of leather dyed red round their heads, with three feathers in front; they dyed their clothes with saffron and with the dye-woods which abounded in the Islands; and they made caps of skins, which we have reason to believe were shaped like a sugar-loaf.

When the Guanches went to battle, they uncovered their heads like the Kelts; and round their heads they wore plaited green rushes which confined their hair; they did the same thing when swimming; their movements were so free, that whilst swimming they killed fish with

sticks: indeed they killed them in this manner only, in order to keep up their skill.

After what we have just said of the Guanche dress, it is difficult to comprehend why all the chroniclers say 'The Islanders wear no clothing,' especially when we read a few lines further, 'They cover themselves with skins.' The first statement was doubtless made merely for the sake of running down the Guanches, although, perhaps, not very untrue as regarded the inhabitants of the two Islands nearest to Africa, who were very lightly clad, owing to the warmer climate. But it was far otherwise in Gran Canaria and Teneriffe; there fashion had some sway, for the women painted themselves, and dyed their skins with the juices of certain herbs. Corbizzi's account, very clear and truthful throughout, describes the dress of the Gran Canarians in 1341, one hundred and fifty years before the conquest of the island: 'They had festal garments, which proves that they indulged in pomp and ostentation.' This sentence prevents any uncertainty on the subject. The Guanches were well dressed, for their skirts, which reached to the knee, were most skilfully plaited of palm-leaves and rushes. The *tamarco* was an elegant cap made of skin, beautifully dressed, and dyed with the most brilliant and enduring colours, extracted from the juices of plants, wood, or coloured earths: they had fur caps made of the whole skin of a goat, taken off in one piece; the two fore legs, with the hoofs left on, passed behind the ears, and fell on the neck, while the hind legs hung down the back, or were twisted round the neck. They painted various patterns, and even pictures, on their bodies.

The women paid particular attention to their feet and hair; they did not wear *mahones*, but leather sandals, fastened by exceedingly supple leather thongs; their hair was turned back and plaited. We may mention here that the hair and beards of the Guanches were smooth and straight, quite unlike those of the Keltic race. The women plaited in variously coloured rushes with their hair: they wore short skirts like the men, but thinner and more artistically made and dyed; the Vestals wore long white robes, with an amber girdle and necklace. These were not the dresses of savages; they showed taste, even luxury and elegance.

Their culinary skill was very elementary, but they used the Egyptian-Arabic oven, which was also found among the South American Incas—namely, a hole in the ground, heated and hermetically closed after the meat is put in: they stored their grain in large subterranean granaries (*silos*). Festivals and public games were held when the *silos* were filled, as in Egypt and all over Africa.

The Guanches knew how to make fermented liquors from certain fruits; they also made from them an extremely astringent liquor, with which they dressed wounds. They had a clever and simple way of making butter; they half filled a wooden vessel with milk, and hung it from a tree by a string, which they swung backwards and forwards like a pendulum. Two women stood four or five paces apart, and swung the vessel to each other, so as to make the butter come more quickly.

We have said that the butchers were looked on with aversion; let us add that they had a remarkable talent for

cutting up meat. With sharp stone instruments they cut it into an immense number of pieces, in extraordinarily thin slices. Every man not a butcher by profession who killed an animal was considered unworthy to fight, and was disgraced; in the oath tendered by the *Faican*. to those about to make nobles, they were obliged to swear that they had never killed even a goat; if they had done such a thing they were debarred from nobility.

There are many persons in the Islands who confidently affirm that the Guanches were altogether troglodytes, and that the Conquerors found no traces of any building ancient or modern. This is a great mistake.

It is true that the natives of Teneriffe lived only in the grottoes or caves formed by the basaltic rocks, but this was not the case in the other Islands. Variety in unity is one of the peculiarities of the seven Islands. In Palma, for instance, the inhabitants ate no fish, knowing no way of catching them, not even when swimming; in Lanzarote they eagerly devoured fish, which they caught while swimming. The Guanches of Gomera and Palma, like those of Teneriffe, were altogether troglodytes; not so the inhabitants of Gran Canaria, Lanzarote, and Fuerteventura. The chronicle of Azurara tells us that 'the Canarians knew how to make stone knives and *to build houses*.' The first navigators found beyond a doubt houses in the Islands; it is true that they were clumsily built of unhewn stone, with wooden roofs covered with palm-leaves, and not exactly suggesting any architectural design.

Bory de Saint Vincent imagined that he had discovered a sort of village hidden in a deep valley, but he was

mistaken. This so-called village was a sort of shed containing three rooms, made of earth; it had but one entrance, and was only capable of holding one family.

All the Canarians, however, did not live in houses—far from it; on the contrary, in Gran Canaria there is the finest specimen of a mountain honeycombed with caverns, and the race is so eminently troglodyte that even to this day when the Teneriffe caverns are uninhabited, more than 3,000 people live in the *cuevas* of Gran Canaria. Living in houses was evidently a caste privilege, especially when we consider that, according to Béthencourt's chaplains, the Canarians living in houses wore their hair drawn back and plaited like the Chinese, while the rest of the natives twisted their hair round their heads, or confined it in a pointed skin cap, or by means of plaited rushes. In every country the manner of wearing the hair has indicated social distinctions.

The Islanders possessed not only houses, but temples. 'At Fuerteventura,' says Abreu Galindo, 'there were houses or places of assembly called *essequenes*, which were round, and composed of two circular walls. The innermost of these two walls was hollow; the door which went through both walls was small. In the centre, milk and butter were offered. They paid no tithes, and did not even know what they meant.'

These were evidently temples. The circular form had a spiritual significance, the two concentric circles doubtless had a symbolic meaning. The milk and butter were offered by a priest, probably the *Faican*: priest is perhaps not quite the right word. After a long and

careful search into the Guanche worship, the most certain facts are these. In the Islands there was a wealthy sacerdotal family, endowed either with flocks or lands, public worship being free and gratuitous. Was this family noble? It was known by the name of *faicayes*,' and they said 'to be a *faicay*,' for 'to be a priest.' These are Galindo's words, and he adds, 'There were at that time four *faicay* brothers.' If they were not priests, they were at least men who conducted public worship, and who were unpaid. If there could be a doubt on the subject, the next phrase would at once dispel it: 'they did not pay tithes.' Now, as the priests were then paid by tithes, these men must have been priests, since the chronicler was astonished at their not being paid.

They believed in an Eternal God, say the fathers. If they had this belief, there is nothing surprising in their having priests, or at any rate a religious caste chosen from among the nobles. In their worship they raised their hands to heaven, and sacrificed on the mountains, by pouring milk on the ground from a height; this milk was carried in a sacred vase called *ganigo*. The name of their God was *Achoron Achaman*, which means 'He who upholds the heaven and the earth;' and *Achuhuyahan Achuhucanac*, which means 'He who sustains every one.'

Thus they believed in a God who made heaven and earth, and made the earth to nourish all the living creation. This was the Keltic and Egyptian creed. In consequence of the destruction of Atlantis and the survival of a few ignorant shepherds, religion necessarily returned

to its most primitive form, and all that civilisation had in process of time introduced into it disappeared.

The Guanches had a temple which was long believed to be a tomb; its remains, neglected for 450 years, are gradually disappearing. It is a kind of stone pyramid in Gran Canaria, with respect to which we have no information of any kind. In this building and in the shape of their temple we can trace a similarity to the ancient pyramidal and circular constructions of ancient Egypt and Karnac in Brittany.

According to Cadamosto, the Canarians were idolaters, and worshipped the sun. All the chroniclers have quoted his account, and thus propagated a signal error. Nevertheless we find, from comparing the various chronicles of the Conquest, that far from being idolaters, the Guanches worshipped one God, the Creator and Preserver of the world. The mistake arose from the fact that the inhabitants of Teneriffe were accustomed to swear 'by the light of day,' and that it was a disgrace to violate this solemn oath.

They offered sacrifices of milk, butter, fat, and fruit, to the God of nature, always in a consecrated spot on a *height*; perhaps they thought themselves nearer to God there. The Spaniards gave to the mountains where these temples existed in their time names which still cling to them and indicate the association—*Montes de los Santos*, (Mountains of the Saints), *Santillos de los Antiguos* (Holy places of the ancients).

In Hierro, the men and women prayed apart, the former to the Eternal God *Eraboranam*, the latter to

the Preserver *Morayba.* Galindo says that the Guanches addressed our Saviour and the Blessed Virgin by these names long after their conversion to Christianity. There is nothing astonishing in this. After five centuries of Christianity, the Romans continued to invoke the great god Pan. Even in our own days the tradition of Virgil, saint and soothsayer, still exists in Calabria; and the drovers of Provence and Languedoc call their cattle Vesta, Mars, &c.

According to Viana, the Guanches believed in a hell situated in the side of Teyde, as the Greeks placed Vulcan's forges in Lipari or Etna. He says that the devil lived there, whom they called *Yruena.* Clavijo says that they believed in an evil spirit. This is evidently an error. The Guanches did not believe in evil, and were extremely astonished when they saw the Europeans breaking their engagements and promises. They had no word to denote an evil spirit; when they offered prayers in seasons of great calamity, they went to the consecrated places in procession, carrying palm and olive branches, singing melancholy airs, and dancing their sacred dance. When they prayed for rain they beat the sea with rods, knowing that rain comes from the ocean vapours.

They practised a kind of ablution at the birth of a child, and when asked if it were a religious ceremony, they replied that it was an ancient and salutary custom. The priests affirmed that it corresponded to baptism.

The Conquerors remarked a stone wall which cut in two the island of Fuerteventura, running right across it; this wall was more than eleven miles long. These Keltic

walls, which the Romans rebuilt in Britain, are also found in China and Tartary; they indicate a singular unity of race, which we do not hesitate to refer to the primitive Keltic type, in accordance with some new theories which we may some day publish. Besides, being strongly built, this wall was an important defence, when we consider the state of the native strategy, and the arms—sticks and stones. It was also an evident proof of respect for property, of the idea of country, and the rights of defence which it confers, as well as the necessity and duty of fighting to preserve it. These ideas indicate a people really far-seeing, to whom their country was sacred.

Having no education, the Guanches, in spite of their wonderful intelligence, which astonished all the Conquerors, never succeeded in attaining to any scientific knowledge. It seems that they only used plants in medicine; on the other hand, according to the chroniclers, they were never ill, or rarely so. They cicatrised wounds, and for pains in the limbs they used plasters made of grease; contusions from falls or blows were rubbed with butter; and other maladies were cured by the help of certain plants. The butter which they used for medicine was kept a long while; for this purpose sacred vases (*ganigo*) were kept filled beforehand. Some of these vases are still to be seen.

The Guanches had no doctors; the public health is so good in these Fortunate Islands, that even in our days some of the Islands possess none; those which do, give them very little employment. Civilisation alone, with the train of evils which it brings, has rendered doctors

necessary for the wealthy classes, and those who follow the European mode of life.

In order to kindle a fire, the Islanders rubbed a piece of dry light wood against a soft piece; quick rubbing will light it instantly. Before the arrival of the Europeans, the Islanders did not know how to make bread; they ground their corn in a hand-mill, composed of a moveable stone about a foot in diameter, turned by the hand on a fixed stone. Numbers of these mills are still used in the Islands; they are very simple and excellent. Thus they obtained flour, which they mixed with milk or water; and this, slightly salted, formed the national dish which still exists, called *gofio*. The Guanches, like the modern Islanders, ate very little meat, some vegetables, and fruits, especially the *tunera* or *hijo tuno* (prickly pear). They knew how to dry figs and salt fish very successfully. Milk and cheese formed an important part of their food. This wholesome diet still prevails in the Islands. It is probable—and the popular belief and the writings of the chroniclers confirm the idea—that the Guanches ate lizards, which were then much more common than they are now in the Islands (although there are still plenty of them). At that time they attained a size unknown at present, and equal with that of the American iguana, so common in Brazil and St. Domingo, where it is thought a great delicacy. It is a saurian between three and four feet long, resembling a lizard, from which it differs in having an immense *goître* beneath the throat, and a kind of scaly crest from the head to the tail. Its flesh is considered extremely good; the Indians are especially fond of

it. Whatever might be the case as to such an eccentric taste, their diet of milk, flour, honey, butter, kid, mutton, and lamb, added to constant bodily exercise, kept the Guanches in a state of health and personal beauty, at which the Normans themselves—the finest men in Europe —were astonished.

We omitted to mention that at certain seasons the Guanches were able to gratify their great liking for a particular kind of shell-fish. Heaps of empty shells, called in Hierro *concheras* (heaps of shells) still mark the places where the ancient inhabitants of the Island held their feasts.

The modern Islanders have added nothing to this diet except potatoes and a few vegetables. Salted cod—that never-failing *bacallao*, which pursues you in all Spanish and Portuguese colonies—is not disagreeable to them; they have always been accustomed to it.

The Guanches drank nothing but milk-and-water; even now the Islanders only drink wine on special occasions. We have spoken chiefly of the larger Islands; let us say a few words about the natives of Palma, Gomera, and Hierro.

The ancient Guanche population of the Island of Palma formed a part of the Beni Aoura tribe still existing in Africa. Probably a small number of this family or tribe had withdrawn altogether to Palma. The early historians of the Islands, Viana, Viera, Galindo, and Espinosa, called them Aouarites. The island was divided into twelve tribes, having twelve chiefs; these tribes were often at war, and both the men and women were so strong and courageous,

that for ninety-four years all the efforts of the Conquerors could not subdue them. When Alonso de Lugo set out from Seville with a thousand men to conquer Teneriffe and Palma, he went first to Palma, and his thousand soldiers were not more than enough to conquer the almost dispeopled island. Besides, he conquered, as we have said, because the natives, trusting to his word, submitted without fighting, betrayed by him and by one of their own chiefs, who starved himself to death in order to expiate the crime of having been deceived by the Conqueror. The women were as strong as the men. One of them being taken prisoner, seized her captor, and was about to throw him down a precipice had he not plunged his dagger in her breast. When the Spaniards landed in the island, a woman appeared and challenged them to fight. Obliged to flee before their numbers she deceived them by feigned attacks. This terrible amazon seized one of the soldiers, and carried him off with the greatest ease; when hotly pursued, she still retained hold of her victim, and was only stopped by a precipice, down which she fell pierced with a thousand wounds.

'Their women are so brave and strong that they outdo the men in heroic actions,' says Viana. Thus, contempt of death, endurance in suffering, courage pushed to infatuation, beauty of form, and wonderful strength, were the qualities unfailingly displayed by the Guanches of Palma and Gomera to their conquerors. Loyal-hearted barbarians, they were deceived; credulous, they were the puppets of treacherous men. Spanish authors compare them to the Spartans, with whom they had, indeed, many

points of resemblance. One very curious fact is that the Guanches of Palma and Gomera applauded, like the Spartans, the daring robber who stole arms or cattle. They called him cunning: possessing already strength and courage, cunning was complimentary to him. In Hierro, on the contrary, a robber was blinded of one eye, and of the second in case of a second offence.

The natives of Lanzarote and Fuerteventura were brave, strong, and active, like those of the other Islands, but taller and darker. The inhabitants of the mountains and plains would naturally differ in these respects; and also the heat in the Islands near Africa would have a considerable effect on the complexion. These islands were probably devastated first of all, and the population diminished in proportion as the slave-merchants carried them off to the European markets, where all the Guanches were thought to be very dark.

Gomera enjoyed the reputation of possessing the most beautiful women and the most immoral population, according to the priests, who thus excused themselves for having reduced the population in ten years to less than one thousand poor wretches, living in the mountains, famished, ruined, and degraded, through the avarice, baseness, extortions, and brutal ferocity of the conquerors.

The Guanches of Hierro are those most minutely described by tradition and history. Courage pushed to blind audacity, exceptional strength; their origin was purely Berber, like that of the natives of Palma, they

were in fact part of an African tribe, in which we find the pure Kanar type. The small islands were, alas! so ravaged, pillaged, and depopulated that it became necessary to re-people them with colonists from Flanders, which then belonged to Spain. We still find there descendants of some of Alva's prisoners, the *Gueux* of Brabant and Hainault.

The most striking fact with regard to Hierro is that in this island capital punishment was in force: they crushed the head of the murderer with a stone on the sea-shore. Some authors affirm that this custom was general throughout the Islands, but such was not the case. People may have been occasionally put to death in the other Islands, but the law distinctly forbade it; in Hierro it was impossible to get rid of the murderer, he could not be sent across the mountains as was done in the large mountains, and this was the reason for capital punishment.

In spite of variations, everything was essentially the same—manners, customs, language, religion, government; and yet there was no communication between the Islands before the arrival of the foreign ships.

We shall conclude this sketch of the Guanches by endeavouring to revive for our readers their ancient political and religious life; we shall then point out their probable origin and the problematical geography of the submerged kingdom of Atlantis.

We cannot conclude this chapter without mentioning that the most absurd charges have been made against the Guanches. If it were only a matter of travellers' tales it

would not signify, but scientific men have repeated them from carelessness or ignorance. For instance, Lord Macartney declares that the Guanches perished from brandy drinking; whereas they were killed or sold, and had no brandy until after they were destroyed. To this day there is not a more sober population anywhere. He also says that in his own time the kings of Spain paid pensions to the descendants of the Menceys; whereas the Menceys were taken to Europe, where they perished miserably, exposed to public curiosity, after having amused the Court of Spain for a moment.

If there are any descendants of the Guanches still remaining they are very few, and partly of Spanish descent as well. Glas says that in his time there were four Guanche families who had never intermarried with the Spaniards; but this is more than doubtful.

La Harpe, who put his name to a 'History of Voyages,' seems to have taken a pleasure in carefully preserving all the fables and tales of travellers. He has even enlarged upon them; he does not recoil before the most audacious assertions, and it is with imperturbable gravity that he affirms that the Peak of Teneriffe is forty-five miles high! that the sun looks smaller at the top of the Peak than at the bottom, &c., &c.

Bailly, Burgess, and the celebrated physician Borda have repeated what earlier writers related. Occupied solely with one science, they have attached no importance to anything beyond it: they maintain the existence of Guanches because they were shown for *money*. Pretended

Guanches, wretched impostors, whose seriousness deceived their credulity.

Such assertions, and many others which we pass over in silence, ought to be exposed, and such arrant blunders ought not to be perpetuated under the protection of famous names.

Chapter XIX.

SOCIETY—CUSTOMS—DRESS.

If we were to look on Canarian society with the eyes of a stern moralist, we should soon perceive that it exactly resembles Spanish society, which in its turn resembles Italian society, &c. Looking on matters in this light, we should be only soured by the prospect; for here as elsewhere we should find the meritorious isolated, vainly competing with the worthless owner of rank or wealth; misery and luxury, vice, fraud, vanity, falsehood, resting on a solid basis of hypocrisy. We should see man influenced from infancy by money, the State, or women, and in his old age by the priests. A melancholy spectacle.

If on the other hand we were to study society in its comic aspect, we should find in the Canaries, as elsewhere, ample material, and we could amuse our readers by exhibiting any number of puppets and marionettes.

We are neither moralist, misanthrope, nor jester, and we shall content ourselves with describing as much of Canarian society as those who compose it allow the passing traveller to see, which is not very much.

Mankind, they say, is made for society; nothing can be more untrue as regards the Canary Islands than this

assertion, if by society we understand constant intercourse, assemblies, family and friendly gatherings, fêtes, balls, dinner parties, and promenades. People lead a very quiet life in the Canaries; not only do the ladies go out very little, but we might say that there are not in Santa Cruz, Orotava, Laguna, or Gran Canaria, the elements of sociability; and when they are met with occasionally, the custom of the country is opposed to much society, to the expenses it involves, and to all its requirements; and this is not because most people's means are small, for it is just the same with the rich. A few family gatherings, very rarely a ball, a few dinner parties, these are all. Does this arise from avarice, jealousy, or dislike? No, we believe that it is rather the result of the original Spanish character, and also of the character peculiar to the Islanders. This needs some explanation.

In Spain (the great towns, such as Madrid, Seville, and Barcelona excepted), social intercourse is carried on in a somewhat dull manner; life is monotonous, more contemplative and melancholy than in the countries of northern Europe. Sociability, family intercourse, hospitality, social intercourse between relations, friends, and acquaintances—that sociability which is indispensable to the northern race, is incompatible with the Spanish character. Madrid contains the Court, the nobility, the Cortes, high dignitaries, and officials; amongst this section of the nation, education is *European*, hardly *Spanish*, information is more extended, travelling has rubbed down the angles, and above all made people more sociable. The difference between the nobility of Spain and that of

Russia, England, France, and Germany, is very trifling; while between a native of Toledo and a native of Madrid there is a wide gulf. In Seville and Barcelona there is an extensive trade and commerce, as well as landed property; accordingly the Catalans and Andalusians are sociable and lively, fond of that society where wit is appreciated, as well as balls, theatres, and promenades. At Cordova, the Andalusian is another creature; so is the Catalan when sixty miles from his capital, at Tarragona for example. Thus in Spain the spirit of sociability is wanting, except in the great towns. If in these great towns social education be European, as commerce, trade, office, and universal education require, it is not here that we must seek the genuine Spanish nature; in order to understand it thoroughly we must study it in the small towns where external influences have not denationalised it. Now in the Canary Islands there is not a single town possessing more than 20,000 inhabitants: their manners and customs are precisely those of second or third rate Spanish towns: the same sad gravity, melancholy mien, apathy; and besides all these there is another characteristic resulting from the climate—indolence. Wrestling, cock-fighting, bull-fights, and theatres, will excite the populace for a time; then they relapse into their normal apathy. To the greatest mental activity, resulting from the contemplative life of the brain, is joined almost absolute immobility of body, a slow step, and a grave low voice. The most energetic passion which will urge them to deeds of violence will not suffice to raise their voices, flush their cheeks, or animate their countenances; the

eye alone—which is generally magnificent—lights up, darts flames, or expresses the utmost gentleness; you may see a lover stand for hours near a *reja* [iron window grating] conversing with his lady love, and not a muscle of his face will move, not a gesture will animate this living statue. We must add that there is no social intercourse between men and women, they live apart.

In the north of Europe, women are far more cultivated than in the Islands or than in southern colonies in general. They gather round them first relations, then friends, then the world, in proportion to their fortune, education, and position. Well-educated and well-bred, woman in the north never loses her sway; having gained it by her youth and beauty, she maintains it by her grace and tact; in later years she can disguise old age. On the other hand, the southern woman, uneducated, and with no knowledge of the world, although more beautiful, loses her power, after having wielded it despotically, and is incapable of forming a centre of attraction by her wit and attractiveness. With comfortable means, with wealth even, Spanish women in general do not know how to give their homes the air of comfort and the irresistible attractions resulting from gentleness, affability, in a word from sociability.

The impassibility of the Islanders is well known, but beneath this calm, which surprises one at first, violent passions are hidden: admiration, hatred, love, gambling, these are the most powerful; they will gamble until they are ruined, until they have lost everything, although they do not carry gambling quite so far as in Spain, and not

nearly to such extremes as in America, where a man will stake his life. Hatred occasionally leads to murder, but hatred and vengeance are less violent in the Islands than in Spain, and murders are rare; what there are are almost always committed by Spaniards, not by the Islanders.

Admiration takes the most extravagant forms. Once, after the performance of a play of Zorilla's, the author was leaving the theatre when he was accosted by an Andalusian.

'Are you Zorilla?'

'Yes, sir, at your service.'

'The author of the play which has just been performed?'

'Yes.'

'Well then, walk upon my cloak, that I may say that Zorilla has set his foot on it!'

And in spite of all he could say, the great poet was forced to set his foot on the cloak spread out before him. The Andalusian thanked him, and walked off in triumph.

At a bull-fight, cigars, money, jewels, handkerchiefs, hats, are thrown to the *banderillero* and *espada* after a good stroke. The Seville peasants will throw their embroidered waistcoats into the arena.

Jealousy is an integral part of love, its spice and salt. When a lover is possessed by it, it is necessary to be careful, for it may lead to the same result as hatred—to the stroke of a knife. However, this rarely happens, and the matter has been greatly exaggerated; still it does occur.

The men associate only with each other. Politics, gambling, and business form the topics of conversation; the plaza, the club, the apothecary's and barber's shops, are where they meet. There are no cafés except one in Santa Cruz; on the other hand, there are several clubs. Politicians meet at the apothecary's and the club; at the barber's you hear the news and scandal of the day. Gambling is carried on everywhere; even the women indulge in it at home.

The women also associate only with each other. Incessantly occupied with trifles, frivolous, credulous, generally ignorant, they spend their time in gossip and scandal concerning their neighbours, chattering incessantly, generally all at once, with astonishing volubility. To this perpetual murmur of voices is added the constant fluttering of fans, the movement of which gives an opportunity of displaying an elegance and dexterity which have not been overpraised.

If you come with a friend to make an evening call on one of these feminine assemblies, you are shaken hands with and welcomed with cries of '*Viva!*' most flattering to your feelings; it seems as if you were bringing liberty to a number of Trappists, or a drop of cold water to souls in purgatory; you are addressed by your Christian name as if you were a brother or intimate friend. Canarian families show to great advantage when seen at home; there is a freedom from constraint and an affability which would surprise the stiff London or Parisian gentleman, and which has something very attractive about it: friendliness is quickly established, the Christian name so cavalierly

used has a charm for everyone; it is not, strictly speaking, any sign of real intimacy—would that it were—no, it is merely a graceful custom, resulting from a pleasant cordiality.

We are only giving a general description, to which of course there are numerous exceptions; even in the towns where idleness is the characteristic of the women in easy circumstances, the *far niente* is not universal, there are some accomplished women in Teneriffe. At Orotava we have met ladies some of whom cultivated flowers and were botanists enough to give us from memory some of those frightfully scientific names which make the language of botanists a thorough jargon to the profane; while others were excellent musicians, playing or singing really well; while others produced various handiworks with fairy-like dexterity. We have seen some beautiful drawings executed by a young lady who had never had a master. Many others read, and occupy themselves with their households. This homage paid to truth, we think it may be affirmed that the women in general have not enough to do.

What is specially wanting in the Islands as well as in Spain is the *home*. There is nothing more stupid than evening parties, dinners, and suppers, frequently are; society on each occasion is stiff, disguised, hypocritical.

What a difference between these assemblies, and the pleasant conversations amongst intimate friends! In the north of Europe, besides formal parties we have friendly gatherings, where conversation is instructive, interesting, witty. Nothing else has such an influence on society;

one may learn better in this way how to think, and gain more knowledge of life, than by mixing in formal society. There is nothing of the kind in the Canary Islands; but it exists in some degree at Madeira, where it has been imported by invalids from the north. If families do assemble in Teneriffe, there is sure to be gambling going on; no sooner have the guests arrived than the cards appear.

The Canarians, like the Spaniards, are taciturn while playing; they almost always are when under the influence of strong passion. This is not the case in serious conversation on business or politics; then they gesticulate, and accentuate their words; a conversation between clever men in Spanish is curious and interesting to watch. They have great natural wit, and are generally endowed with a marvellous memory; their countenances are animated, their eyes sparkle, and their gestures supplement and complete their words. The Islanders have the talent, peculiar to southern races, of expressing their thoughts in a form almost always poetical or original, and their language, grander than Italian, and more rhythmic than French, charms the ear by its melodious and harmonious sonorousness. In our opinion there is no language superior to Spanish; as spoken by the Islanders, it derives all its charms from the grace and energy with which they speak it, supplementing it by gestures which are always sober and graceful. In speaking, the Portuguese gesticulate and the Italians mimic, the Islanders confine themselves within proper limits.

The Canarian women are less graceful and more stiff

than the Andalusians, but they are more dignified; they do not speak so well as the Castilians, and their voices are not so pleasant as the men's, being high, and thus disagreeable in conversation.

The men dress like Englishmen, nearly always entirely in black. Well gloved and shod, their delicate hands and feet testify to the beauty and elegance of the race. They are generally slender, or rather thin, which gives them an air of distinction. In the Canary Islands there is not that great difference between men and women which is a characteristic trait of the Portuguese race, among whom the man is infinitely superior to the woman. In the Canaries, the woman is worthy of the man, and both are remarkable.

Nothing can equal the typical beauty of this race, its elegance of form, or its nobleness of carriage. English women perhaps afford the most perfect examples of beauty of complexion and muscular strength, but they have not the delicately moulded statuesque beauty or noble carriage of the Canarian women, and at the same time the *meneo* [swimming gait], the *garbo* [elegance] (for there must be special words for these things), which distinguish the Andalusians from all other Latin races. Unfortunately, a sedentary idle life too soon induces *embonpoint* in these beautiful creatures.

To do full justice to the Canarian women, we must add that their colourless complexions are clearer than those of the Andalusians, and that the blue veins are visible beneath the skin; their lovely heads are crowned with jet black hair. One should see on Sunday mornings

these beautiful young girls moving silently along, the long skirts of their tightly fitting black dresses trailing on the ground, their heads covered with mantillas with which they know perfectly how to frame their faces and at the same time to show off their figures to the utmost advantage. They are not perhaps all beautiful, but they all appear so, and have an air of distinction. Some may prefer the short skirts and tiny satin slippers; for ourselves we think this ballet-dancer costume out of place in the streets, and greatly prefer the trailing skirts, the dress held up in front by a tiny hand, the foot, marvellously small, seen at every step. A brilliant flower fastened in the hair is the crowning charm.

The lower orders in the country wear a black broad-brimmed sombrero or wideawake, short jackets with small buttons, open to display a white shirt, tight trousers over which they wear drawers of leather or dark cloth; they have also leather gaiters, half open, or ornamented with fringe, buttons, and embroidery in bright colours. In winter they wear a white woollen poncho, or round cloak with a hole through which the head is passed. They always carry a long stick, like an Alpenstock. The women wear the same broad-brimmed sombrero, and a short scanty dress; sometimes they have gaiters, but more frequently yellow leather boots. Over their shoulders they put a handkerchief with the ends crossed in front. A very few still wear the Andalusian jacket. The peasants, gay, robust, and vigorous, are models of masculine beauty, and the women, who are nearly as strong as the men, are generally good-looking.

We do not find the people in rags in the Canary Islands as we do in Madeira or the Cape Verd Islands; they are cleaner, they have more character, and if less gentle and yielding, yet they have more heart; they are less servile, and more moral, their manners may not be so agreeable to strangers, but they have more self-respect.

The Canarians are considered the best soldiers in the pay of the Spanish monarchy, and the Spanish soldier is perhaps the best in the world; they are tall, active, robust, sober; they possess the courage which proceeds from a kind of fatalism, and finally, they are more amenable to discipline than for example the Andalusians. The whole time we were at Santa Cruz we mistook the militia for troops of the line; and only learned our mistake from the officers who furnished us with information on the military organisation. The Canarians are no sooner equipped than they are finished soldiers, ready for marching, encamping, and privations, trained to arms from infancy.

The women, besides managing their households, work in the fields like the men; in the towns they manage the shops, act as hawkers, and carry immense loads on their heads.

The Canarian peasant is hospitable, generous, a little shy at first, but very cordial after a short acquaintance. There is only one drawback to this picture, the Canarians are ignorant, and thence arises a childish blind credulity which formerly led to fanaticism. If they had a little education given them immediately, which is greatly needed, this honest, active, vigorous race would enter into the

enjoyment of a liberty of which it is worthy, and to which it has every right.

Canarian ladies are not fond of walking, which is a curious fact, as Spanish ladies have a passion for it. The passing traveller has no other means of calculating the population of the towns and becoming acquainted with the inhabitants than to go to the churches or to visit families by means of letters of introduction. In France and Italy these letters are not often of much use, but it is not so in Spain, still less in the Canary Islands; there a letter is as good as a passport, and the house is open to him immediately. A foreigner will find few resources or amusements there, but he will always be sure of a welcome; he will remark that the rooms are large and lofty, the houses large and well ventilated; in the centre are large open courts, *patios*, filled with flowers in beds and vases; sometimes they have a white marble fountain.

The men spend their evenings at the club; strangers are admitted if introduced by a member. The Casino at Santa Cruz has just been luxuriously re-furnished, with English comfort and a certain degree of elegance. This club contains rooms for cards, billiards, reading, and also magnificent drawing-rooms where all the *élite* of the island assemble twice a-year; there is also an excellent library, which is always being added to from funds set apart for the purpose. Almost all the newspapers in French, English, and Spanish, are taken in. Magnificent balls are given by the members. We did not see the working men's club, which is also joined by many

young men of the upper classes, who thus set a good example of fraternisation. A masked ball is given there every year, to which all the ladies go.

These clubs have a bad influence on society, though less so than in England. Men neglect their homes for them; the evil is real and confessed, but it is the custom, and everyone takes it as matter of course. Women are more and more left to themselves, and there is less and less intercourse between the sexes.

At Santa Cruz gaming has some limits, and people do not often ruin themselves by it. In other respects, the club habits are not in themselves bad for men; billiards are good for the body, reading for the mind, discussions on politics and business are good for all. Politics are vehemently discussed there, and it is a proof of the vitality and energy of the race, that although neglected by the mother country they cannot separate themselves from her, but discuss her interests, deplore her misfortunes, blush at her shame, and glow at the remembrance of her glories. There is no trace of the cowardly apathy of a worn-out race, egotistical indifference, or brutal ignorance; no, it is a vigorous race, to which nothing relating to the mother country can be uninteresting. One ought to see the papers discussed on mail days, in order fully to comprehend the real interest which the Islanders take in politics, and to be convinced that it is not the result of puerile curiosity.

Not fifty years ago Spanish society had no aim in life, it sought and found occupation in pleasure only; bad morals, elegance pushed to extravagance, reckless gam-

bling, ruinous luxury,—the moral and political degradation of Spain had reached the lowest depth. The Canary Islands, faithfully copying the mother country, offered the same spectacle; but in 1834 the revolution disarmed the monarchy and the clergy, and the nation improved in morality and prosperity. Feeling himself something in the State, almost a citizen, the Spaniard occupied himself with loftier thoughts, and the revolutionary march of events wrested him from his torpor, and from the pursuit of merely material matters. The Islands benefited by the change; their separate government, combined with the constitutional usages of the metropolis, has put a fresh life into them, and raised and purified society. This movement gave rise to the Casinos, as political centres. This evil cannot have such a bad effect as the total abnegation of citizenship; those who take no interest in the State must perish. But on the other hand the State is based on the family; political life is always proportionate to family life, which is the reason why family life is found in free countries. *Home* is English, American, Dutch, and Swiss; it is unknown in Latin countries, which instead of citizens possess only inhabitants. Let us hope that liberty will bring back the Islanders to their families, and that the clubs will be abandoned to the young men.

At Orotava there is a temporary Casino, until a new building be finished. Puerto and Laguna also possess a Casino. With rare exceptions, the *élite* of all these towns, as regards intelligence, rank, trade, and landed property, are members of these clubs.

There is a good theatre at Santa Cruz, but we cannot

share the enthusiasm of certain Islanders who have compared it to the finest theatre in Europe. Such exaggerations are absurd. To hope to gain the good graces of the inhabitants of the country one is describing by extravagant praises is a great mistake; we will content ourselves with saying that the theatre at Santa Cruz is very suitable and very good for Teneriffe; if it were larger, it would be too large; if richer, it would be in bad taste. The *zarzuela*, the delightful national comic opera, is performed there.

A Norman village gave its name to the vaudeville; the zarzuela had a somewhat similar origin, which I will relate, as it is but little known. Six or seven miles from Madrid, on the right bank of the Manzanares, was an old hunting lodge, which was rebuilt by Charles V., enlarged and beautified by the Philips, and completed by Charles III., the Builder; it was called the Pardo. This palace stood in extensive woods, which were surrounded by a wall more than fifty miles in length. These royal follies may be met with in every country; they were especially prevalent at the beginning of the eighteenth century; all the Courts of Europe ruined themselves in this way.

Philip V. said at the inauguration of a fountain at La Granja: 'Thou hast amused me for three minutes and cost me three millions!'

In the middle of the woods around the Pardo were two pretty places belonging to the King—the Quinta, surrounded by beautiful gardens and lakes, and the zarzuela, consisting of one storey only. The Infant Don Fernando who had built it caused recitals and songs to be performed

there; and this was the modest beginning of the slow but continued development of a style of drama peculiar to Spain, which has taken its name of zarzuela from the small house in the Pardo.

Comedies and other plays are also performed at Santa Cruz; the actors are a Spanish company who act alternately for several months at a time at Santa Cruz and Las Palmas.

The theatre and the market are built on the ground formerly occupied by the Dominican monastery. When the sale of church property took place, the town bought this land, but when it wanted to make use of it, a formidable opposition was raised. According to ancient custom, the church contained tombs, and the clergy charged the authorities with desecration. The populace sided with the authorities, and the governor referred the matter to the home Government. There was a violent and passionate struggle in Madrid. The trial went on and on, and seemed as if it would last for ever; the chances were equal. On the Queen's fête day, the Captain General always received the foreign consuls and the civil and military officials; on this very day the steamer from Cadiz arrived, and the official despatches were brought to the Captain General at the very time when all the guests were assembled. He begged permission to read the official despatch only, and ran through it with an unchanging countenance, which no one could read. 'Gentlemen,' said the Captain General, 'if any of you wish to see a curious sight, and have an hour to spare, be good enough to follow me.' They set out, and arrived at the

old monastery. It was surrounded by an immense wooden balcony, projecting about six feet. The Governor gave a signal, and at a blow the whole balcony fell, amidst the frantic cheers of the surrounding crowd. A cloud of dust darkened the air and covered all the gold-laced uniforms. The Captain General had had information some days before, and had ordered the supports to be sawn through for the sake of affording an unexpected sight to the people.

The traveller who goes to the Canaries without having previously visited Spain will be startled on his first arrival. Tired with the voyage, he will go to bed early, delighted to be able to stretch himself in a large bed, protected by the indispensable mosquito curtains. After several nights in a wooden box two feet wide and as hard as the knifeboard of an omnibus, it is indeed delightful to lie down in a real bed. But the traveller will hardly have gone to sleep before a formidable noise will make him start up, a harsh voice will cry out in good Spanish in the Mos-arabic fashion: 'Sleep in peace; all is quiet; the sky is clear. It is half past eleven.' It is the *Sereno*. As the sky is almost always clear, *sereno*, this name has been given to the vigilant guardian whose duty it is to protect your rest and to tell you the time and the state of the atmosphere. In spite of the distance and the lapse of time, we utter our malison on this wretched official, who never screamed under our window without making us start up in bed or from our writing-table as if he were an electrical machine. Would that he had some demon to awake him every half hour!

We had letters of introduction to several families in Teneriffe, of only a few of which we could make use, to our great regret, for we met with a hearty welcome whenever we did avail ourselves of them. As our days were passed in excursions on horseback or on foot, and our evenings far into the night in taking notes, and our time was limited, it was impossible to indulge much in the pleasures of society, which, as everyone knows, are very exacting. Well, every time we rang the bell of a house, instead of the ordinary sound of a bell the most extraordinary sound was heard, exactly like a peal of bells. Behind each door there is a wooden wheel about a foot in diameter, and round this wheel are a dozen little bells, which are all set in motion when the bellwire is pulled. These are in every house; they are no doubt useful, but they make a very disagreeable noise.

The love of very diminutive dogs is a characteristic of the Canarian; there are some very pretty ones in the Islands, but they are not of a native breed, we believe that they come from Cuba; we have also noticed a splendid breed of greyhounds, evidently of African origin, recognisable at first sight as identical with the greyhounds of Kabylia, or the Touaregs of the Atlas mountains.

Riding is one of the greatest pleasures of the Spanish race; wherever it has settled, horses have been introduced in great numbers; the Canary Islands are an exception to this rule. We must acknowledge that we have not been able to discover the cause. Fodder is cheap, barley and oats reasonable; but even were it otherwise, it would not

explain the fact. Horses could be turned out to grass very easily, and the mountains are accessible all through the winter. The Government has set up three studs, but to no purpose, in spite of the excellence of the breed, the extent of pasture land, and State assistance. The fact is, that mules and draught-horses suffice for the populace, and the upper classes do not care for exercise. At Santa Cruz you can hire carriages, but not saddle-horses. The camel is hardly ever ridden, it is only used for carrying loads.

It is somewhat difficult for those who have not lived in the Islands to gain a correct idea of the status of each of the social castes which form the population, and of their relations with each other. Just at first one is struck by the apparent equality which seems to prevail, but a longer experience somewhat alters one's ideas. However, we believe we may affirm that there is much more of that relative equality which is the aim of every democracy in the Canary Islands than in Portugal, and a little more than in Spain. It is certainly undisputable that there is far more liberty in every way in the Islands than in the mother country.

The nobility in the Islands maintain their rank with honour and integrity. The absence of a Court, the simplicity of manners, the small number of wants, have enabled the nobles, even when poor, to live nobly, without those compromises of conscience and baseness which are the current coin of high positions which cannot be otherwise maintained under a despotic sway. Another great preservative of the personal dignity of the Island nobility

has been the independence resulting from landed property. The nobility formerly consisted of what were called 'the twelve good houses;' ever since the Conquest each of these had its own estate, and was induced to remain in the Islands by the love of country and of its own property. The rights of primogeniture have been preserved down to modern times, and the land has thus remained in families. Those who did not belong to the *doce buenas casas* and yet were noble possessed lands in fee. We may quote here the famous punning quatrain of Fernan Caballero, which describes exactly and very wittily the real position of the Island nobility. Unfortunately, it is impossible to preserve the puns in a translation:—

Es el don de aquel hidalgo
Como el don d'algodon,
Que no puede tener don
Sin tener ántes el algo.

Don in Spanish is a sign of nobility, like the *de* in French; *algodon* is a word meaning cotton, in which the *don* is preceded by *algo*, which means *something*. We may translate the lines thus:

The *don* of that noble,
Is like the *don* in algodon,
Which cannot have the *don*
Without first having *something*.

It is the old formula of the middle ages, 'no noble without land.'

The possession of land was not, it is true, invariably lucrative, still it always afforded a means of livelihood to the poorest gentleman. The vine first, and now cochineal, has made the land extremely valuable. Thus the nobility

are independent, and able to live comfortably, without oppressing their labourers. The former strong bad feeling between the upper and lower classes no longer exists. Since the sale of church property, estates have been divided, and the abolition of entail has completed the work. The lower orders now possess land, and are growing more and more prosperous. Labour, which has become very remunerative, has created a kind of union between the landowners and the labourers, who themselves possess small portions of land.

The landowners themselves manage their estates, and a very remarkable degree of equality has arisen in consequence. Formerly the distinctions of rank were very marked. The separation between classes was absolute and immutable; those who were not noble were somewhat servile, those who were so were somewhat haughty. All at once this state of things was put an end to; and during the last half century not a single government has lasted ten years; perpetual changes have stirred up ambition and kindled greed. From this vast disorganisation, apparent to the eyes of Europe, from violated laws, abuse of authority, falls, elevations, in a word, from this state of perpetual revolution, has arisen what may save Spain, so much has all this confusion favoured the growth of individual instinct of independence. Foreigners seeing these causes think Spain lost, but their effects are quite the contrary; practical liberty has arisen from despotism, practical equality from instability of office. To the same causes are to be attributed the moral amelioration and better education in Spain proper. In our

opinion, Spain is better off in regard to civil government than she was under Charles III., more moral than under Charles IV., more powerful than under the Philips; she is perhaps the best balanced nation in Europe: ten years of American institutions, of hard work, and of peace, may once more raise Spain, as well as her decaying arts, commerce, and literature, to the rank she occupied under Charles V.

If the equality which prevails in the mother country be far less than that which we see in the Canary Islands, it is owing to the differences in the character of the two races. The great gentleness and amiability of the Canarians renders them very different from the Spaniards, who are much rougher, less affable, and often cruel.

The middle classes have no special characteristics by which they may be defined: lawyers, doctors, landowners, and merchants associate freely with each other, with the nobility, and with those below them. The working classes readily become merchants and shopkeepers. The nobility take to reading, to arms, and the liberal professions. This movement is not as yet much felt, still it deserves notice. How different in this respect are the Canaries from Madeira! Here there are fewer lackeys, less pomp, no populace in rags. The army, clergy, and magistracy do not try for pre-eminence through violence or ruinous ostentation; they live on good terms with each other, without much ambition, and without ostentation, simply and honestly contenting themselves with the superiority arising from education, talent or fortune.

Commerce, it is said, is beginning to follow European

ways, and some failures have taken place, as unexpected and startling as meteors; not long ago they were extremely rare. There are hardly any lawsuits, hardly any robberies, hardly any crimes of any kind.

The traveller who comes from Madeira to the Canaries feels a satisfaction which he cannot at first explain. It arises from the absence of beggars. In Madeira you are perfectly tormented by them; you cannot stir without an escort of these gentry, if you stop it is worse. If you enter a house they wait outside, and will not go away without alms. They do not often trouble natives, but foreigners are doomed to be perpetually pursued by them. In the Canaries, on the contrary, beggars are rarely met with. It is very different in Spain, where begging is a regular trade, whose profits, however, have much diminished during the last few years, for the great towns have been partially freed from this vermin. We know that the Spaniard is said even while begging to preserve his dignity, to feel that he is descended from a race of conquerors, and not degraded by his rags. These ready-made phrases pass from one to the other like those doubtful coins which no one dares to keep, for fear they should be false, and which, meanwhile, no one will test, for fear their conscience should hinder their further circulation. Let us congratulate the Canarians on having cured themselves of this horrible plague. Fifty years ago in Teneriffe ships' crews had to be carefully watched on arriving, lest they should catch the skin diseases by which the beggars were devoured.

The Islanders are said to be coarse feeders. We saw

nothing of the kind, and shall therefore merely state the charge; there is little variety of food, and the consumption of melons, pumpkins, and gourds is something marvellous. The people live on *gofio*, potatoes, vegetables, and a little mutton; they eat great quantities of *mojo*. This needs explanation. Mix coriander seed, pounded garlic, vinegar, salt, red pepper, and olive oil; shake it well, and you have *mojo*: it is fit for the gods. In good houses the fare is nearly the same as in Spain.

While Santa Cruz and Las Palmas possess theatres, Laguna boasts an arena for cock-fights. During the season large crowds go to see them. These cocks, bred by their owners at a great expense, have an arena set apart for them capable of containing a large number of people, where they fight and die on Sundays, to the great delight of the spectators. The betting is high; at the last match between the champions of Orotava and Laguna the winner gained 400*l.*

Wrestling is highly appreciated in the Islands. There are famous wrestling-matches at Tacoronte, which attract large crowds every Sunday; they generally go on for two months at a time, but other villages occasionally give some. The wrestlers seize each other by the neck and legs, contrary to the Roman rules, which only allowed the wrestlers to seize each other above the waist. These games sometimes lead to quarrels, decided sometimes by fists, sometimes by sticks, never, it is said, with knives. The Tacoronte balls are thought a great deal of by the inhabitants of the north-west valleys of the island.

During the carnival, balls are given in the towns, but

the street carnival is given up to the lowest classes; ladies content themselves with throwing eggs full of flour among the merry crowd, from their balconies. The carnival, it is said, was formerly kept up by the richer classes; this is no longer the case. It is the same all over Europe. The celebrated carnivals of Venice and Rome have completely died out. It is not long since the Islanders used on one of the three days of carnival to cut off the head of a puppet representing Judas. This is no longer done.

The Canarians of both sexes have an unconquerable passion for jewelry. Some of it is false, but very little in comparison with that used in England. A Spaniard or a Canarian would not wear a silver watch. Nine-tenths of the watches sold in Spain and the Islands are gold. The proportions are reversed in England and America. There you may see gentlemen and wealthy merchants pulling out enormous silver watches, some of which are worth from 30*l.* to 35*l.*; in general they cost between 8*l.* and 12*l.* They are excellent watches. The Spaniard requires a gold watch, then a gold chain, and if he can afford it the chain will have ornaments making it twice as dear; then he will buy charms, then rings; everything in fact that he can possibly wear.

We must not forget one of the chief characteristics of the Canarians, the love of appearing in uniform. One should see the number of epaulettes which make their appearance on the slightest pretext—a church ceremony, or an official inspection—in order to form some idea of it. For instance, no one would believe how many superior

officers there are at Santa Cruz, where there are hardly any troops. The evident pleasure with which they display their fine uniforms is shared by the spectators. They forget what they cost. This system of having such numbers of officials does not, perhaps, admit of a remedy. The number of officers residing in the Canaries as officials is further increased by the Madrid Government, which, always jealous, like all despotic governments, sends to the Canaries all those officers whose presence on Spanish soil seems menacing to its safety. Whilst we congratulate on their speedy return these exiles, superior men, from whose society we derived great pleasure, and who proved to us their ardent patriotism as well as their high education, we are nevertheless certain that they will inaugurate for Spain an era fruitful in calamities. What has come by the sword will go by the drum. This is an old proverb, and the Spanish generals will not belie it. No good can come from a bad source; military rule is not only sterile but fatal.

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